

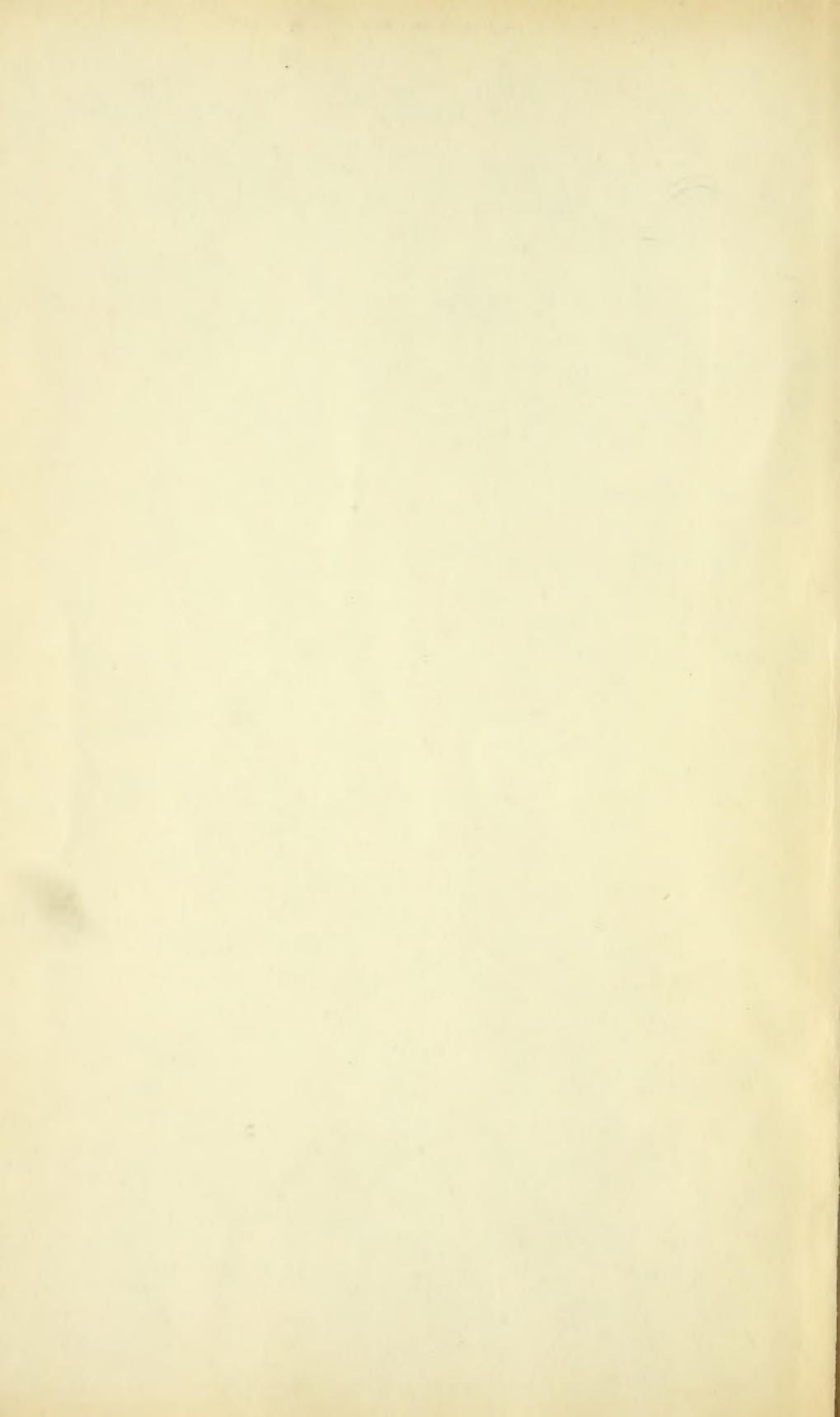
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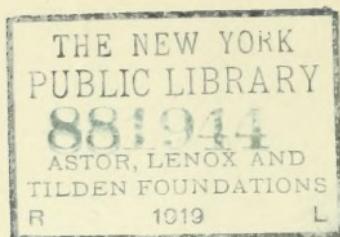
BY

FRANCES LETCHER MITCHELL.

— WHICH KIND OF MEN KNOW NOT (BELIKE) THAT THE NATURE OF AN HISTORIE (DEFINED TO BE, REI VERE GESTÆ MEMORIA) WILL NOT BEARE THE BURTHEN OR LODE OF A LIE, SITH THE SAME IS TOO HEAVIE.—*Holinshed.*

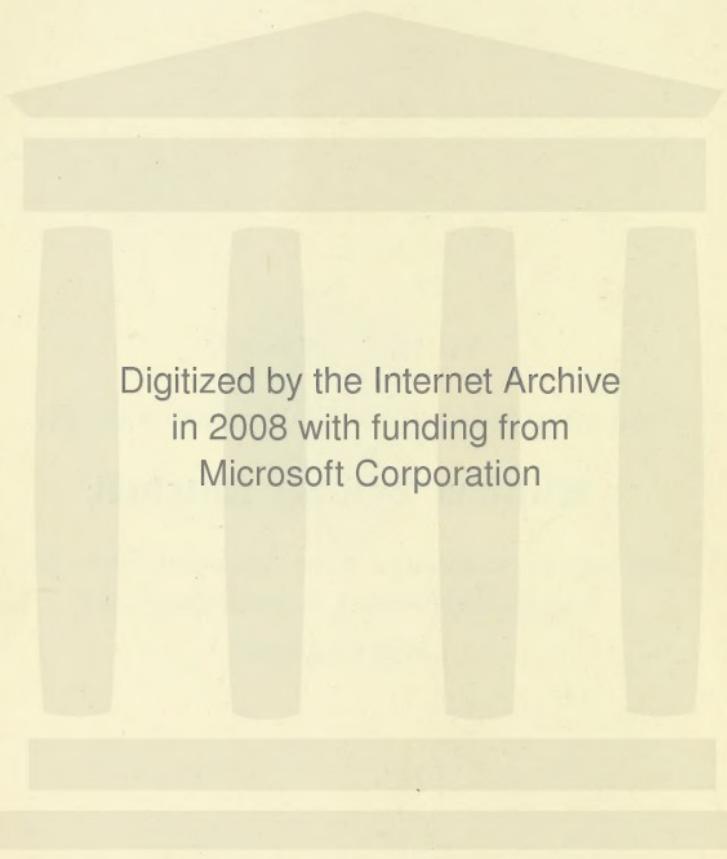
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TO THE MEMORY
OF MY HONORED AND MUCH LOVED FATHER,
William Letcher Mitchell,
MY HEART TENDERLY DEDICATES THIS VOLUME.



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The author is deeply indebted to Colonel C. C. Jones, Jr., for permission to use from the Colonial and Revolutionary Periods of his "History of Georgia" and from his "Confederate Addresses," any facts desired. There is no higher authority on Georgia history than Colonel Jones. His statements are absolutely true. The author has felt it a sacred duty when she did not have him for a guide, to assert nothing without good evidence—most of her data being obtained from living witnesses.

Colonel Jones' recent death has filled our State with mourning, and literature has sustained an irreparable loss. His courteous interest and quick sympathy were an inspiration to the author in the preparation of this volume, and she takes this opportunity to lay her humble offering upon the tomb of her father's friend, who was as distinguished for patriotism and courage as for the eloquent and scholarly pen with which he recorded the history of his beloved State.

Athens, Georgia, November, 1893.

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INTRODUCTION.

Long before the idea was formulated in the brain of Christopher Columbus, of a new world beyond the pillars of Hercules, the fair territory which in process of time became the State of Georgia, was divided between two powerful Indian nations, the Creeks and the Cherokees.

These nations were subdivided into tribes. Their principal settlements were in rich valleys or near large streams. The brave and comely Cherokees dwelt in the north, among the hills and mountains; the Creeks occupied the middle and southern portions of the country, and the islands along the coast.

In figure these Indians were tall and well shaped; their manners were dignified, their countenances were open and placid, with heroism and bravery stamped upon their brows. Their complexion was reddish brown, and their long, coarse hair was as black as a raven's wing. In all their actions they exhibited an air of independence and superiority.

The Cherokees were reserved in conversation, circumspect in deportment, grave in manner, very tenacious of their liberties, and ready at all times to sacrifice their lives in defense of their territory and their rights. The Creeks were more haughty and arrogant, very ambitious of conquest, and—though constantly engaged in warfare—were ever magnanimous to a vanquished foe.

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The Cherokee women were tall, with delicate forms and cheerful countenances; the Creek women were shapely, though low of stature, with regular features, high foreheads, and large, black eyes.

In the charming land of the Cherokees there were sixty-four towns and villages, and the Creek Nation contained a much larger number.

These Indians were far from being savages. They were politically well organized, occupied permanent seats, and were largely engaged in the cultivation of corn, beans, melons, and fruits.

Tobacco was cultivated and universally used; the Indians believed smoking to be peculiarly pleasing to the Great Spirit, Whom they fancied was Himself addicted to this habit. The pipe was their constant companion—their solace in fatigue and trouble, their delight in hours of ease; whether upon the warpath, engaged in hunting and fishing, or lazily reclining in their huts, it was ever near them; a symbol of peace and friendship, it was used in religious and political rites. The large pipes, called calumets, were employed only on occasions of ceremony, and were generally highly ornamented.

As it was an emblem of peace and good-will among Europeans to drink from the same cup, so a similar idea was conveyed among the Indians by taking a whiff from the same pipe. Quantities of ancient pipes and calumets have been found in their burial mounds.

The Indians regarded corn as a direct gift from the Great Spirit, and observed festivals—attended with interesting ceremonies—both when it was planted and gathered. Each year, at the harvest, a certain portion was set aside for the

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support of the head Chief or King; this portion was deposited in a public granary, where were also stored, for his use, dried fish and jerked meat. Travellers and strangers were fed from this store; thence rations were given to the warriors when setting out upon an expedition, and, if they never returned, their wives and children were the especial care of the King, and were fed from the public granary. In addition to the food obtained by cultivating the land, the splendid forests, which stretched from mountain to seaboard, were full of game, and the rivers abounded in some of the best varieties of fish. These Indians also watched and nurtured with great care the nut-bearing trees—walnut, hickory and pecan—which sprang spontaneously from the generous soil.

Their agricultural and domestic implements—including earthen and copper vessels, and stone mortars and pestles for crushing corn—were of the most primitive description, but answered well the purposes for which they were made. It seems singular that they should have been ignorant of the use of iron, but such was the case. They probably procured copper from the ancient mines on Lake Superior. The bones of animals and large fish were manufactured into articles for domestic use. Their arrow-heads, made of stone, were noted for beauty of material and excellence of workmanship: the arrow shafts were made of the light cane that grew on every river bank.

These Indians were more provident of the future, more attached to their homes, and less scornful of manual labor than was usual among Red Men. Living under a sunny sky, they usually needed and wore but little clothing. When winter compelled them to cover their bodies, they

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used well-dressed skins, or blankets and shawls made either from coarse grass or the inner bark of trees. Their feet were protected by buckskin shoes. Both men and women were fond of ornaments for ear, nose, and lip, and the custom of tattooing was almost universal. They delighted in necklaces, bracelets and anklets, and even waist-bands of pearls and shells were worn. Before they came in contact with the white race, they seemed rarely to have used gold and silver.

Their rude cabins were made of upright poles, daubed with earth, leaves, or moss. The dwelling of the Chief was usually in the center of the village, and was larger and more carefully finished than the houses of the common people. Safe conduct and welcome was everywhere given to the trader, who made long and arduous journeys to procure, by exchange, such articles as could not be obtained at home.

In their government, the head Chief or King was invariably chosen from the most worthy. Despotic to some extent, he was yet assisted in all matters of State by a Council, and the Council House was the most important edifice in a town. At once king, judge and adviser, the Chief controlled the public granaries, appointed the time for planting and gathering corn, declared war and made peace, fixed the dates for festivals, and had the right to compel the labor of the whole community for any public work. Next in rank was the War Chief, who led the armies, and in council sat nearest to the King. Then the Chief Priest, whose influence was all-powerful in spiritual affairs; without his advice no hostile expedition was ever decided upon by the Council.

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These Indians treated their women with a certain respect and consideration, but regarded them as their inferiors. The men assisted in making crops and in other outdoor work, so that all the drudgery was not left to the women, as was common with Indians in some other parts of the New World. As a matter of course, the women did the cooking, and also most of the work in manufacturing pottery, mats, baskets, moccasins and tunics. They took care of the children, and were such careful and tender mothers, that a deformed, lame or sickly child was seldom seen.

At an early age the boys were drilled in manly sports, and taught the secrets of hunting and fishing. The Indian youth, like the applicant for knighthood in European Countries, had to undergo a season of fasting, and general purification of body and soul, before he entered upon the dignity of manhood and assumed its responsibilities.

A man never married a member of his own tribe, and marriage gave him no right to the property of his wife. Divorce was a matter of mutual consent; in case of separation, the wife kept the children and all property belonging to them.

Next to warfare, hunting was the favorite pastime of the men. Dogs were domesticated, and abounded in all their villages; they were the constant companions and friends of their masters, and not infrequently were given the rite of burial.

Believing in the immortality of the soul, and in a future state of reward and punishment, these Indians worshiped one Great Spirit as the Creator, from Whom came all good things, especially wisdom. They believed in the existence of evil spirits, from whose influence it was the duty of the

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priest, conjurer and medicine man, to protect them. More or less distinctly, they recognized a soul in each individual, and they believed that in accordance with their conduct in this life would be their good or evil state in the next world. With such views, it was natural that they should have profound veneration for, and attachment to their relations and great men, and that they should jealously watch over and defend their graves.

Breathing the soft air of a genial climate; surrounded by forests and streams that supplied them food with little effort; relieved, in a great measure, from any severe struggle for clothes and shelter, these Indians were, upon the whole, a gentle, agricultural people, with pleasure-loving dispositions. Without any thought of change, they lived their simple lives, unconscious of the throbbing life on the other side of the Great Water, and of the existence of the pale-faced warriors who were destined to force them from their beloved country and the graves of their fathers.

The first Europeans known to have set foot in this earthly paradise were the renowned knight, Hernando De Soto, and his companions. De Soto had aided Pizarro in the conquest of Peru, and was ambitious to achieve a similar conquest and to gain a larger booty; so he obtained a permit from the King of Spain, to subdue Florida and all the land northward.

Allured by the report of the existence of gold, he led his enthusiastic little army into Georgia. It was composed almost entirely of young cavaliers in whose veins flowed some of the best blood of Spain. They were accustomed to hardships, skilled in the use of weapons, and their imaginations were inflamed with visions of glory and wealth. They

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wore fine armor and costly clothes, and their horses were richly caparisoned. They had servants to wait on them, mules to carry burdens, an abundance of provisions, and tools and implements of every kind that could be needed.

De Soto entered Georgia at the southwest and held his course towards the head-waters of the Savannah and Chatahoochee rivers, an Indian guiding him through the unknown region. Twenty-five miles by water below the city of Augusta, he found a large town, shaded by mulberry trees, where he was entertained royally by a Queen whose chief seat it was, and who ruled as undisputed sovereign over an extensive Province. She welcomed De Soto with courteous words, and, drawing a long string of pearls from over her head, put it around his neck in token of friendship. She was very dignified and queenly, and the Spaniards were much impressed by her appearance. De Soto, in acknowledgment of her beautiful gift, and as a pledge of peace, took from his finger a ring of gold set with a ruby, and gently placed it upon hers. She supplied the Spaniards with provisions, canoes, and whatever else was needed for their comfort during their sojourn.

In that age, adventurers claimed for their King all lands which they explored, and took liberties with the natives and their property, without a thought of the injustice of their actions. So the Spaniards rewarded the kindness of their entertainers by searching the sepulchres of the town, from which they took "three hundred and fifty weight of pearls, and figures of babies and birds made from iridescent shells."

When De Soto announced to the Queen his contemplated departure, she was so angry at the outrages that her people had suffered from the strangers, that she refused to aid

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them, either with guides or otherwise. De Soto was offended at her resentment, placed her under guard, and, when he resumed his journey, compelled her and her female attendants to accompany him, on foot, to the confines of her territory; for, through her influence, he knew he could control the natives while traversing her territory. One of De Soto's officers, the Knight of Elvas, wrote in his journal: "We passed through her country an hundred leagues, in which, as we saw, she was much obeyed." This same Knight criticized De Soto's treatment of the Queen as unwarranted. Forcing her to walk was a very great indignity, as, when she moved abroad, she was accustomed to be seated upon a palanquin borne on the shoulders of men.

When the Spaniards arrived among the Cherokees, within the present limits of Franklin county, a Chief presented DeSoto with two deerskins, as a mark of friendship, and in one village seven hundred wild turkeys were brought to him for the refreshment of his army.

It was in the blooming month of May, when the Spaniards reached the picturesque region of the Cherokee Nation. For two days they rested at a village in Nacoochee valley, and then started westward; in this march the Queen escaped into the forest, and every effort to recapture her was fruitless, so thoroughly did she conceal herself. Her jurisdiction extended to what is now the southeast corner of Murray county, and De Soto had intended to liberate her when he reached that point. He rested there four days, and then pursued his journey. Everywhere he met with kindness, receiving presents of the choicest and best that the land afforded.

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On the fifth day of leafy June, De Soto reached what is now the town of Rome. His men and horses were so worn and jaded that perfect rest was an absolute necessity; the people were so hospitable, and the country so beautiful, that he remained there thirty days. What an evidence of the humane disposition of those Indians: they generously treated the intruding strangers whom they could easily have exterminated.

When the men were thoroughly rested and the horses again in good condition, De Soto set out down the valley of the Coosa river, and was soon beyond the confines of Georgia. He had entered this State early in March, 1540, and left it on the second day of July of the same year. Thus did these Spanish cavaliers behold the primal beauties of Georgia's forests, rivers, valleys and mountains, and enjoy the hospitality of her primitive people.

The aborigines lived so near the heart of Nature that they learned her secrets, and were unconscious poets. Their language, abounding in vowels, was soft and musical. Every proper noun had a meaning that was significant and often wonderfully poetic—as, Cohuttah (Frog mountain), Tallulah (Terrible), Toccoa (Beautiful); Amicalolah (Tumbling Water), Hiwassee (Pretty Fawn), Okefinokee (Quivering Earth), and Chattahoochee (Rocky River). Neither the Greeks nor the Cherokees had a written language, and their history is a matter of tradition. The Creek language bore a resemblance to classic Greek. Their legends—wild, romantic, often tragic—are still full of interest for their pale-faced successors.

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THE LEGEND OF NACOCHEE.

Long before the Anglo-Saxon had made his first footprint on these western shores, there dwelt in a lovely valley in north Georgia, a young maiden of wonderful, almost celestial beauty; her name was Nacoochee (The Evening Star). She was the daughter of a Chieftain, and in doing honor to her, the people of her tribe almost forgot the Great Spirit who made her and endowed her with such strange beauty.

A son of the Chieftain of a neighboring, hostile tribe saw the beautiful Nacoochee and loved her. He stole her young heart, and she loved him with an intensity of passion that only the noblest souls can know. They met beneath the holy stars and sealed their simple vows with kisses. They found fitting trysting-places in this charming valley, where, from the interlocked branches overhead, hung festoons in which the white petals of the clematis and the purple blossoms of the magnificent wild passion-flower mingled with the dark foliage of the muscadine. The song of the mocking-bird and the murmur of the Chatahoochee's hurrying waters were marriage-hymn and anthem to them. They vowed to live and die together.

Intelligence of these secret meetings reached the ear of the old Chief, Nacoochee's father, and his anger was terrible. But love for Laceola was even stronger in the heart of Nacoochee than reverence for her father's behests.

One night the maiden was missed from the village. The old Chief commanded his warriors to pursue the fugitive. They found her with Laceola, the son of a hated race. Instantly an arrow was aimed at his breast. Na-

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coochee sprang before him, and received the barbed shaft in her own heart. Laceola was so stupefied by this horrible catastrophe that he made no resistance to his enemies, and his blood mingled with hers. The lovers were buried in the same grave, and a lofty mound was raised to mark the spot.

Deep grief seized the old Chief and all his people, and the valley ever afterwards was called Nacoochee.

A solitary pine, which was long a landmark in this lovely vale, sprang up from the mound which marked the trysting-place and grave of the maiden and her lover.

HOW THE CHEROKEE ROSE RECEIVED ITS NAME.

A proud young Chieftain of the Seminoles was taken prisoner by his enemies, the Cherokees, and doomed to death by torture; but he fell so seriously ill, that it became necessary to wait for his restoration to health before committing him to the flames.

As he was lying, prostrated by disease, in the cabin of a Cherokee warrior, the daughter of the latter, a dark-eyed maiden, was his nurse. She rivalled in grace the bounding fawn, and the young warriors of her tribe said of her that the smile of the Great Spirit was not so beautiful. Was it any wonder that, though death stared the young Seminole in the face, he should be happy in her presence? Was it any wonder that they should love each other?

Stern hatred had stifled every kindly feeling in the hearts of the Cherokees, and they grimly awaited the time when their enemy must die. As the color slowly returned to the cheeks of her lover, and strength to his limbs, the dark-eyed maiden eagerly urged him to make his escape.

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How could she see him die? But he would not agree to seek safety in flight, unless she went with him; he could better endure death by torture than life without her.

She yielded to his pleading: at the midnight hour, silently they slipped into the dim forest, guided by the pale light of silvery stars. Yet before they had gone far, impelled by soft regret at leaving her home forever, she asked her lover's permission to return for an instant, that she might bear away some memento. So, retracing her footsteps, she broke a sprig from the glossy-leaved vine which climbed upon her father's cabin, and, preserving it during her flight through the wilderness, planted it by the door of her new home in the land of the Seminoles, where its milk-white blossoms, with golden centers, often recalled her childhood days in the far-away mountains of Georgia.

From that time, this beautiful flower has always been known, throughout the Southern States, as the Cherokee Rose.

The Indians have passed away from this beautiful land they loved so well; but the memory of them still lingers, and will linger forever in the melodious names of Georgia's mountains, rivers and vales.

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CHAPTER I.

COLONIAL PERIOD.

There lived in England, in 1732, a man named James Oglethorpe, who was a lover of his kind, and had the deepest sympathy for the poor and oppressed of all countries. He was a soldier and a statesman; but public life could not spoil his amiable disposition or harden his warm heart. He was generous to his friends and charitable to the poor. So keen was his sense of honor that no bribe of power or fortune could tempt him to turn from what he thought his duty. Wherever he heard of suffering, there he liked to go, in order to do all in his power to relieve it. So it very naturally happened that, being a member of parliament, he should have been appointed one of a committee to visit the debtors' prisons and report their condition. He was greatly touched by the misery and bodily suffering endured by the inmates: their pale faces and wistful eyes haunted him continually.

In those days it was the law in England to imprison a man for debt, whether the amount was large or small; and the jails were full of persons whose only offense was their

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inability to pay the money they owed. The statesmanship of James Oglethorpe found a remedy for this evil by planning to give them homes in the New World.

The adventures and romance connected with the western continent kept the eyes of Europe fixed upon it with eager interest; to colonize it was the highest ambition of the most powerful nations, who readily granted charters and encouraged adventurers.

So it chanced that in the reign of King George I. of England, one of his subjects, Sir Robert Montgomery, obtained a grant of land lying between the Altamaha and Savannah rivers, for the purpose of founding a colony there, to be called the Margravate of Azilia. He agreed that if no settlement was made within three years, his grant should be void. To induce people to settle there, the noble lord wrote a flaming pamphlet and painted his future Eden in glowing terms. He called it "the most amiable country of the universe," and assured the public that "nature had not blessed the world with any tract which could be preferable to it; that Paradise with all her virgin beauties may be modestly supposed, at most, but equal to its native excellencies."

"It lies," he continues, "in the same latitude with Palestine herself, that promised Canaan which was pointed out by God's own choice to bless the labors of a favorite people." However, the scheme failed; and at the end of the specified three years Azilia was without inhabitants, save the red men of the forest.

Long before Georgia was colonized it was often the theatre of war, being a doubtful borderland between the Spanish possessions in Florida and the English settlements

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in Carolina. On all occasions the French on the west, and the Spaniards on the south, tried to excite the Indians against the feeble colonists in Carolina, who themselves often provoked the red men by acts of violence.

The British government resented the monopoly of the Indian trade enjoyed by France and Spain, deeming this trade and an alliance with the Cherokee Nation so important that Sir Alexander Cumming, of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, was sent on a secret mission to obtain their friendship. He penetrated into the very heart of the Nation, and so successfully accomplished his mission that the Cherokees swore allegiance to the king of England. Seven of their prominent men accompanied Sir Alexander when he returned, and were finely entertained for four months; then they were sent back to their homes in upper Georgia, much gratified by their visit, greatly impressed with the power and wealth of the English nation, and firmly resolved to maintain friendly relations with it. So, the embassy of Sir Alexander Cumming secured peace for the exposed settlements in Carolina, and was of the utmost importance to the colony which, in the near future, was to be planted on the Savannah river.

This was the land to which Oglethorpe now turned his eyes as a refuge for the distressed. He interested many benevolent individuals in his scheme; parliament appropriated a large sum of money to aid him, and George II., on the 9th day of June, 1732, made a grant of the entire territory lying between the Altamaha and Savannah rivers. The new colony was to be named *Georgia*, in honor of the King who granted the charter. The land was conveyed to Oglethorpe, and twenty-one other gentlemen.

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who were officially known as the "Trustees for the Establishment of the Colony of Georgia." They held their first regular meeting in London, in July, at which was read the charter that conveyed the land to them for twenty-one years, distinctly stating the benevolent purpose for which the colony was to be founded. It excluded Roman Catholics from the benefits of the country, but the poor of Great Britain, and oppressed Protestants from all countries, were to find a welcome. The thrifty Huguenots, the gentle Moravians driven from Austria, and the Salzburgers, exiled from their Alpine valleys because they were followers of Luther, all were to find homes and safety in Georgia, the only colony ever founded for sweet charity's sake. A hope to convert the Indians was another of Oglethorpe's good motives.

The Trustees chose James Oglethorpe governor of their colony. He had asked permission to accompany the emigrants and establish them in Georgia, agreeing to pay his own expenses and devote his whole time to the enterprise. So, in November, he embarked in the good ship Anne, having on board one hundred and thirty persons—one hundred and sixteen of whom were emigrants. In January the ship arrived at Charleston, and the passengers were cordially welcomed by the Governor and the citizens generally. The Anne had made a safe passage and the health of the emigrants was good; the death of two delicate little boys, one only eight months old, cast the only shadow that rested upon their hearts as the good ship plowed through the waters of the broad Atlantic.

From Charleston, Oglethorpe sailed to Beaufort; and while the emigrants went ashore for rest and refreshment,

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he ascended the Savannah river to make some explorations and select a place to settle. On a bold bluff he found a fine situation for his town, which, from the river that flowed by, he called *Savannah*.

He visited and conciliated the Indians in that section; in his first interview he formed a warm friendship for Tomochi-chi, the king of an Indian Confederacy, who presented him with a buffalo robe painted on the inside with the head and feathers of an eagle, saying: "The feathers of the eagle are soft, and signify love; the buffalo skin is warm, and is the emblem of protection: therefore, love and protect our little families."

At Yamacraw, (the Indian name of the bluff), Oglethorpe found a woman named Mary, who could speak both the Creek and English languages, and who acted as his interpreter. She was born at the chief town in the Creek Nation, and through her mother was descended from a sister of the old king of the Creeks. Her Indian name was Consa-pon-a-kee-so. Her father, who was a white man, had carried her to Carolina when she was seven years old, to be raised and educated; there she was baptized and given the Christian name, Mary.

When Col. John Musgrove was sent by the Carolina government to make a treaty of alliance with the Creeks, he was accompanied by his son John, who became acquainted with this Indian maiden and married her. Oglethorpe found John and Mary at Yamaeraw, where they had established a trading-house: as Mary exerted a powerful influence over the neighboring Indians, he purchased her friendship with presents. Afterwards, he paid her a regular sal-

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ary of one hundred pounds a year to act as his interpreter. Her husband died three years after Oglethorpe first met her. While she was a widow, he persuaded her to establish a trading-house on the south side of the Altamaha river, and there she married Capt. Jacob Matthews. In this way, Oglethorpe placed an influential friend on his southern frontier.

As soon as he had selected a site for his town, Oglethorpe returned to Beaufort, and the following Sunday was celebrated by the emigrants as a day of Thanksgiving for their safe arrival. He provided the dinner out of his private purse; besides the emigrants, the gentlemen of the neighborhood and their families were invited. There were prepared for this feast "four fat hogs, eight turkeys, many fowls, English beef, and other provisions; also, a hogshead of punch, a hogshead of beer, and a large quantity of wine." At the table everything was conducted in the most agreeable manner; no one got drunk, neither was there the least disorder among the crowd.

A few days after this memorable repast the emigrants set sail for Savannah and built their new homes beneath the pines that then crowned Yamacraw Bluff. The town was laid out in streets and squares, and the plan has never been altered. It was in the month of February, 1733, that work was begun on the first town in Georgia. The delicious perfume of the yellow jessamine was already mingling with the odor of the pines; the trees were vocal with the songs of birds, and the balmy breath of spring was quickening all nature into life and beauty. It was a goodly land, and the colonists, now no longer emigrants, worked with a will, receiving much valuable assistance from their Carolina neigh-

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bors. The Governor of Carolina sent, for their protection, a detachment of military, called the Rangers, and also an armed bark, called the Scout-boat. It was not long before Oglethorpe's colonists were settled in their new homes.

Having to build a fort at the eastern extremity of the bluff, besides erecting residences, their labor for a while was very arduous; but they all shared in it with energy and cheerfulness. Oglethorpe was present everywhere, planning, superintending and encouraging. He was assisted in laying out his town, by Col. William Bull, of South Carolina, who also generously lent four of his negroes, expert sawyers, to help get out boards for houses. He brought his own provisions to feed them, being resolved to put the colony to no expense; so his benefaction was bestowed in the most noble and useful manner.

Oglethorpe claimed no labor from the colonists for himself, but had a tent pitched under four clustering pines which he had ordered to be left standing near the bluff, and he lived in that tent for nearly a year. Afterwards, he contented himself with hired lodgings in one of the houses of his people.

Tomo-chi-chi had given them a warm welcome, and Oglethorpe had paid him liberally for as much land as was needed. In nothing did the founder of the colony of Georgia show his wisdom and executive ability more than in his conduct towards the Indians. He constantly exhorted his people to be prudent and upright in all their dealings with them. "It is my hope," he said, "that, through your good example, the settlement of Georgia may prove a blessing and not a curse to the native inhabitants." His fame soon reached the interior, and in a short time treaties were made

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with the Upper and Lower Creeks, the Cherokees in the mountains, and the Choctaws on the borders of the Gulf of Mexico. The Indians had great confidence in him, because he always acted towards them in good faith. Without their friendship the condition of the infant colony would have been precarious. The vast Atlantic was rolling between them and the mother country; the Carolina settlements were few in number, and had to struggle for their own existence. The Spaniards in Florida were only waiting for an opportunity to dispute their claim to the soil, and the Indian tribes who owned the country, were jealously watching the encroachments of the white race upon their hunting-grounds. Fortunately, however, the planting of a colony in Georgia had been confided to a man who had the prudence, wisdom and skill to do it successfully.

It was now that Tomo-chi-chi's friendship was of the first importance to Oglethorpe and his people; and his kindness and fidelity to the whites should ever receive the most grateful acknowledgment. While we honor Oglethorpe as the founder of our beloved State, let it not be forgotten that in his hour of doubt and danger, this son of the forest was as his right arm, and the Indian's active friendship was the surest guaranty of the safety, and even the very existence of the new settlement. To the day of his death, Tomo-chi-chi was the faithful adviser and protector of the young colony; as such, let his name be honored by every Georgian!

The very next year after Savannah was founded, a company of Salzburgers arrived there, and were cordially received. They wished to settle some distance from the sea, among the hills and dales, where the country was supplied

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with springs and would remind them of the dear land from which they were exiled. In their behalf, Oglethorpe himself went with a company of his people and some Indians to make a tour of observation. They penetrated nearly thirty miles into the interior, and chose a pleasant spot on the banks of a river where were hills, valleys, small creeks, and springs of clear, pure water. The Salzburgers were highly delighted with the situation and beauty of the country; and their first act, when they reached this land of safety, was to sing a psalm. Then they set up a stone which they found upon the spot, and named the place Ebenezer, "the stone of help." Truly could they say: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

The region around Ebenezer was afterwards called St. Matthew's Parish, and is now Effingham county, named in honor of Lord Effingham, who, some years afterwards, so nobly defended the resistance of the colonies to the mother country, and resigned his commission in the British army rather than fight in a cause which he thought unjust.

The new town was under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Bolzius, who had resigned an honorable and lucrative position at home, to accompany his countrymen to Georgia.

Oglethorpe showed fine judgment in locating his towns where they could best be protected from attacks, either of the Indians or Spaniards.

The next settlement was made at Darien, by a party of Highlanders from Scotland. When they were resting in Savannah, prior to departing for their new home, some Carolinians tried to dissuade them from going so far south, telling them that the Spaniards, from their houses in the fort,

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would shoot them down. With a spirit worthy of the countrymen of Wallace and Bruce, they replied: "Why, then we will beat them out of their fort, and shall have houses ready built to live in."

Again did Oglethorpe show his wisdom, in placing these brave and hardy men at an outpost on his southern frontier; and well did these valiant spirits fulfill the trust! Georgia, both as a colony and State, owes a large debt of gratitude to them and to their descendants.

The next settlement was made directly by Oglethorpe, who, in 1735, ascended the Savannah river to a point just below the falls, and built a fort which he named *Augusta*, in honor of a royal princess of Great Britain. So advantageous was this situation that the town which soon sprang up, became a center for Indian trade, superior to any either in Carolina or Georgia. Oglethorpe was so pleased at the enterprise of Mr. O'Bryan, who began the work of settlement, and built a well-furnished storehouse at his own expense, that he recommended the Trustees to give him five hundred acres of land.

Having obtained the territory between the Altamaha and St. Mary's rivers, by a treaty with the Indians, Oglethorpe erected a fort on Cumberland Island, which he named Fort William, and one on Amelia Island, which was called Fort St. George.

The next company of emigrants who came over, was located on St. Simon's island, and their town was called Frederica, in honor of Frederick, Prince of Wales, eldest son of George II. The town was laid out by Oglethorpe, with wide streets crossing each other at right angles, and planted with rows of orange trees. It became his favorite

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residence, and near there was his small cottage, with fifty acres of land—the only property he ever owned or claimed in Georgia.

After Oglethorpe had remained fifteen months in Georgia he left Thomas Causton in charge and returned to England that he might inform the Trustees, and the public generally, of the true condition of the colony. Judging that its security would be promoted by taking with him some intelligent Indians, who, by personal observation, might obtain an idea of the greatness of the British empire, he invited Tomo-chi-chi and five other chiefs to accompany him. They all accepted the invitation, and the aged king, then past ninety years, resolved to take his wife, See-nawki, and his adopted son, Too-na-howi.

When Oglethorpe said good-bye to his people, who attended him to the boat which was to take him to Charleston, they could not keep back their tears, at parting from one whom they looked upon as their “Benefactor” and “Father.”

The Indians produced a great sensation in London. People flocked to see them and gave them many and various kinds of gifts.

They were presented to King George with much pomp and ceremony. On this interesting occasion Tomo-chi-chi and his wife were dressed in scarlet, trimmed with gold. He presented eagle feathers, the trophies of his country, to the King of England, and in his speech said: “These are the feathers of the eagle, which is the swiftest of birds, and who flieh all around our nations. These feathers are a sign of peace in our land, and have been carried from town to town there; and we have brought them over to leave with

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you, O, great King! as a sign of everlasting peace. O, great King! whatever words you shall say to me, I will tell them faithfully to all the kings of the Creek nations."

The Indians remained four months in England, and were then sent home in a public ship, in which quite a number of new colonists embarked. Their visit awakened among the English a new interest in the condition of Georgia, and an earnest desire to enlighten the Indians.

The news of the visit of the chiefs to England, and of the beautiful and novel presents which they had brought home, soon spread all over the two Indian nations, and the generous Tomo-chi-chi freely divided his treasures with the chiefs who remained at home. So their visit did much to perpetuate the friendly relations between the natives and the young colony.

Oglethorpe did not return to Georgia until the next year, when he brought several hundred emigrants, among them two young ministers who afterwards became very famous—John Wesley, fresh from Oxford University, and his brother, Charles, who was private secretary to Oglethorpe. Their special mission was to preach the gospel to the Indians, and improve the moral and religious condition of the colony.

The first Sunday-school in the world was established in Savannah, by John Wesley, about two years before Robert Raikes was born, and at least fifty years before he began his system of teaching poor children on Sunday.

The Trustees never lost sight of the fact that Georgia was a Protestant colony, and in all their deliberations its religion was a matter of constant solicitude; indeed, Georgia exhibited the unique spectacle of allowing no one to

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settle within her borders who was not judged by competent authority to be worthy of the rights of citizenship. Each emigrant was subjected to an examination, and had to furnish satisfactory proof that he was entitled to the benefits that the Trustees could confer.

In 1738, Rev. George Whitefield, the most eloquent divine of his day, came to Georgia. When he visited Ebenezer, he was so much pleased with the orphan school which the Salzburgers had established, that he determined to open a similar one for the rest of the colony. For this purpose he crossed the Atlantic many times, bringing back a considerable number of settlers at each voyage. By his fervent zeal he obtained money, both in England and America, and the Trustees gave him five hundred acres of land in trust for his orphan home, which he established at Bethesda (House of Mercy), a few miles from Savannah. Under his fostering care, it flourished greatly, and it still exists, the most fitting monument to his memory.

The civil and military affairs of the colony were entirely in the hands of the Trustees, under whom Oglethorpe acted; but the immediate government of Ebenezer was given to Mr. Bolzius and his colleague, Mr. Grinau, who most judiciously managed the settlement.

The Trustees, at first, made some grave mistakes in government. They prohibited all trade with the West Indies, because their most important article of export was rum. They would not permit negroes to be owned by any colonist, saying that the cost of a negro, which was then about thirty pounds, would pay the passage of an emigrant to Georgia, supply him with tools, and support him for a year, at the end of which time he could earn his own living. But

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they agreed, if they had to feed both a negro and his master for a year, they would be crippled in their ability to send out white settlers who needed homes, to supply which was their object in founding the colony.

Besides these drawbacks, there were many military features connected with the government of the colony, military service being required for a certain number of acres of land. All these things caused great dissatisfaction among the people. The military service involved so many hardships that not a few emigrants deserted the new colony and moved to North Carolina, where the land was held in fee simple.

When the colonists saw their Carolina neighbors growing rich with unhampered commerce, and broad fields cultivated by negro labor, their discontent was so great that the Trustees were forced to alter those regulations. When they, also, changed their policy as to the tenure of land and the introduction of negroes; the prosperity of the colony was immediately increased.

Fifty acres of land were offered to each settler, almost without money and without price. So, emigrants, principally Scotch and German, flocked in, and in eight years the population increased to more than 25,000. Raw silk was exported to England, indigo was a staple article of production, cotton was being planted as an experiment, and, at last, the prosperity of the colony rested on a firm foundation.

CHAPTER II.

COLONIAL PERIOD. (CONTINUED).

England's claim to the territory of Georgia rested upon the discovery of Sebastian Cabot, who, under a commission from the King, had sailed along the whole eastern coast of North America and set up stone crosses at intervals, as tokens of possession.

Spain claimed it as a part of Florida, though the Spaniards had never settled except at St. Augustine and a few adjacent points. So the two countries, wrangling over this tract of land, were in a constant state of irritation. Spain looked upon the colonization of Georgia as an intrusion upon her rights, and demanded its surrender; England refusing, she prepared to expel the invaders.

But there were other sources of discord. Trade with Spain was not free, and the English merchants on the coast of Florida were constantly violating the Spanish laws in regard to it; if they were caught and punished, their countrymen considered them martyrs rather than violators of the law of nations.

An English grievance was, that fugitive slaves from Carolina were not only welcomed in Florida, but lands were given them as a bribe to run away from the English colonies.

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Oglethorpe, foreseeing that war would be declared against Spain, returned to England to obtain soldiers to defend Georgia.

In less than a year he had returned with six hundred men, well equipped and disciplined. So careful was he to have his regiment recruited from the respectable classes, and with gentlemen of family and character for officers, that it was one of the best in the service of the King. To attach the enlisted men to the colony which they were to defend, and to induce them eventually to become settlers, permission was given each one to take a wife with him, and additional pay and rations were provided for her.

Oglethorpe was appointed commander-in-chief of all the militia forces in Georgia and South Carolina, and henceforth bore the title of General in the colonies.

At length (1739), England declared war against Spain. In July of that year, before war was actually declared, Gen. Oglethorpe undertook a very perilous mission, which proved to be of the utmost importance to his colony and also to the mother country. In view of the conflict which he saw was inevitable, he considered the friendship of the Indians of vital consequence, and knew that they should be fortified against the endeavors of the Spaniards and French to draw them from the allegiance which they acknowledged to the British Crown.

The journey was long and dangerous, but the salvation of Georgia depended upon the success of his mission, and perils could not daunt his brave spirit. It was arranged, through the faithful Tomo-chi-chi, that an assembly, composed of all the principal chiefs among the Georgia tribes, and even among those as far west as the Mississippi river,

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should be held at Coweta—on the Chattahoochee river—the most important town in the Creek Nation. It was several hundred miles from Savannah, and days of travelling through trackless forests were required to reach it. Gen. Oglethorpe took only three men with him besides his servants. Some Indian traders, whom he procured at Augusta, acted as guides. Each night, wrapped in his cloak, he lay down to sleep on the ground with his portmanteau for a pillow; or, if it happened to be wet, he sheltered himself under an arbor made of cypress boughs.

Forty miles from Coweta he was met by a deputation of Chiefs, who escorted him the rest of the way. The Indians were greatly pleased that he should have undertaken such a long journey to visit them, and he quite won their hearts by coming among them with such a small escort, in fearless reliance on their good faith, by accommodating himself readily to their habits, and by his commanding figure and dignity of manner.

In solemn Council, terms were agreed upon that satisfied both Oglethorpe and the Indians. As one of their “beloved men,” he drank the foskey, or black-medicine drink, and smoked with them the calumet, or hallowed pipe of peace. This diplomatic exploit was as remarkable as the journey.

“When we call to remembrance,” says a Georgia historian, “the distance he had to travel through solitary pathways, exposed to summer suns, night dews, and to the treachery of any single Indian who knew—and every Indian knew—the rich reward that would have awaited him for the act, from the Spaniards in St. Augustine or the French in Mobile, surely we may proudly ask, what soldier ever

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gave higher proof of courage? What gentleman ever gave greater evidence of magnanimity? What English governor of an American province ever gave such assurance of deep devotion to public duty?"

The next year Gen. Oglethorpe was ordered to invade Florida, and to call upon South Carolina for aid. So he and the adopted son of the lamented Tomo-chi-chi, who had recently died, with two thousand men—a portion of whom were Creeks—set out on an expedition against St. Augustine.

He found it much more strongly fortified and the garrison more numerous than he had expected. He besieged it closely for several weeks, but when some Spanish galleys succeeded in running the gauntlet and carrying fresh supplies to the fort, he thought it wise to raise the siege and retire, as his troops were becoming enfeebled by sickness.

For two years the Spaniards acted only on the defensive, which gave Gen. Oglethorpe time to strengthen his fortifications and prepare for the invasion of Georgia, with which the Spaniards retaliated in 1742. They had a formidable land and naval force, consisting of fifty vessels and about seven thousand men, under the command of Gen. Don Manuel de Montiano, the Governor of St. Augustine.

They soon appeared off St. Simon's bar, with the intention of taking Frederica. This was a time of great peril for Georgia, but the heroic spirit of Oglethorpe rose with the danger. In writing to the Trustees of the situation of the colony, he said: "We are resolved not to suffer defeat; we will rather die like Leonidas and his Spartans, if we can but protect Georgia and Carolina and the rest of the Americans from desolation."

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This time the Governor of South Carolina would render no assistance, and Gen. Oglethorpe had to rely upon his own resources. His navy consisted of one small ship, two guard schooners, and some small trading vessels; these and two land batteries at Fort Simon, were his sole dependence to dispute the passage with the Spaniards.

On this occasion he commanded in person, and made a gallant defense; but the Spaniards forced their way up the Altamaha river and landed five thousand men, who marched back to attack the fort, which, however, had been abandoned before their arrival. Their next move was to advance upon Frederica, and a detachment was within a few miles of the town before they were discovered and the alarm given.

Gen. Oglethorpe immediately attacked them with such forces as were at his command—a few rangers and a company of Highlanders—and charged with such effect that the enemy were routed. Then he hastened to town for additional aid. In his absence, Spanish reinforcements poured in, and his men were driven back by a body of troops under Don Antonio Barba. The Highlanders, under Lieutenants McKay and Sutherland, wheeled aside in the retreat, and, concealing themselves in a grove of palmettoes, laid in ambush for the pursuing Spaniards, whose victory was turned into a crushing defeat. The Spanish officers tried to rally their men, but in vain. They were in a panic, and orders were unheeded. Barba was taken prisoner, after being mortally wounded.

This brilliant engagement was known as the *Battle of Bloody Marsh*, and was won by gallant troops against great odds; their good fortune was due to generalship and unsurpassed courage.

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The Spaniards retreated to their camp near Fort Simon, and Gen. Oglethorpe collected all his forces in Frederica.

Learning of dissensions among the Spanish commanders, Gen. Oglethorpe determined to make a night attack upon their main body, and, by surprising them in their divided state, drive them from the island. He was disappointed in carrying out this plan when he was in sight of the enemy's camp, by the desertion to the Spaniards of one of his soldiers, a Frenchman. Knowing that the weakness of his little army would be revealed to the enemy, Gen. Oglethorpe's quick wit found an escape from the threatened danger. In order to deceive the Spanish Commander, he had recourse to the following stratagem: he liberated a prisoner and gave him a sum of money to carry a letter, and give it privately to the French deserter. It was written in the French language, and as if from a friend of his, telling him to make it appear to the Spaniards that Frederica was in a defenseless state, and urge them to attack it at once; but if he could not bring on an attack, he must try to persuade them to remain three days longer where they were, as, within that time, six British ships-of-war, with two thousand troops from Carolina, were expected.

This letter fell into the hands of Gen. Montiano, as Gen. Oglethorpe had hoped it would. The Spaniards were terribly perplexed over its contents, and the Frenchman put in irons as a double spy, though he bitterly denied any knowledge of why the letter was written, or any intention to betray the Spaniards.

While a council of war was deliberating what course to pursue, three ships did actually come in sight off the bar. The Governor of South Carolina had sent them to Gen.

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Oglethorpe's assistance. At once believing them to be the ships mentioned in the letter, the Spaniards, in a moment of consternation, burned the fort, hastily embarked, and fled.

The success of Gen. Oglethorpe in this campaign was truly wonderful. With a handful of men, he had defeated and baffled a well-equipped army, destroyed some of their best troops, captured provisions, ammunition and military stores, and saved Georgia from a formidable invasion.

The eloquent Whitefield said: "The deliverance of Georgia from the Spaniards is such as can not be paralleled but by some instances out of the Old Testament."

The avowed object of the Spaniards was to exterminate the English colonies in America, and if they had succeeded in their demonstration against Frederica, all the other colonies would have been in danger. Appreciating this, and deeply sensible of their obligations to Gen. Oglethorpe, the governors of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina sent him special letters of thanks and congratulated him on his success. The citizens of Port Royal also sent congratulations, much to the chagrin of the Governor of South Carolina, who was conspicuous by his silence.

For a long time Gen. Oglethorpe expected the return of the enemy, and bent all his energies to repairing damages and strengthening his fortifications. In a few months his defensive works were stronger than ever. The next spring, taking a detachment of his troops and a considerable body of Creek warriors, he carried the war into Florida.

St. Augustine was still too strong for him to attack; so, after compelling the Spaniards to abandon all their ad-

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vanced outposts and retire within their fortifications, he returned, having performed the extraordinary march of ninety-six miles in four days. This ended his expedition against the Spaniards.

A Charleston merchant, writing to a London correspondent, under date of August 10th, 1743, says: "Georgia is a Gibraltar to this Province and North America, however insignificant some People may make it."

It was five years after Gen. Oglethorpe's last invasion of Florida before peace was declared between the contending nations, but Georgia was not again seriously disturbed.

On the 23d of July, 1743, Gen. Oglethorpe left Georgia for England, and never again returned, but to the end of his long life he felt the deepest interest in her welfare.

Thus for ten years had this "Romulus, father and founder of Georgia," devoted his time and money to a most noble, philanthropic, and patriotic work.

CHAPTER III.

COLONIAL PERIOD. (CONCLUDED.)

Upon Gen. Oglethorpe's departure for England, Mr. William Stephens was appointed to take his place, while Maj. Horton was left in command of the Georgia troops with his headquarters at Frederica.

The latter gentleman was one of the most interesting characters in the colony. He had been a person of family and fortune in England, but, like many others, had been ruined by extravagance and forced to seek a new home. He joined Gen. Oglethorpe's regiment, and, upon his arrival in Georgia, settled Jekyl island, named by Gen. Oglethorpe after an eminent lawyer and eloquent statesman of England, Sir Joseph Jekyl.

He cleared four hundred acres of land, covered with live-oaks, and planted ten thousand orange trees, running in avenues along the island. The rest of the clearing was planted in barley, rye and hops, which he used in making beer and porter for the regiment.

Not long after this, the Indian woman, Mary, who was again a widow, married the Rev. Thomas Bosomworth, who, at one time, was the chaplain of Gen. Oglethorpe's regiment. Besides the good service she had rendered the colony in concluding treaties with the Creeks, she had also obtained their assistance in the war with the Spaniards.

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However, from the time of her marriage with Mr. Bosomworth, who was then in the employ of the "Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge," a great change took place in her private character and in her feelings towards the colony.

At the instigation of her husband, she made exorbitant demands upon the government for her past services, and claimed absolute possession of a vast tract of land, including the site of Savannah and the surrounding country. She assumed the title of Empress, made a speech to the assembled Creeks, over whom she held despotic sway, explaining to them the justice of her claims, abusing the colonists, and threatening them with her vengeance. The Indians became terribly excited, and pledged themselves to stand by her to the last drop of their blood.

This trouble seriously imperilled the colony, and it was a work of time and embarrassment to convince the Indians of the avaricious and unscrupulous character of Mr. Bosomworth. The government did not deny that Mary ought to be liberally compensated for her labor and losses in the service of the colony, but it had no intention of being swindled by an unprincipled man.

After years of negotiation, this vexatious affair was settled by paying Mary four hundred and fifty pounds for her losses, her unpaid salary as government agent and interpreter for sixteen and a half years, and giving her the island of St. Catherine, as she and her husband had settled it. In the meantime, Mr. Bosomworth had been dismissed in disgrace from his public position.

The house in which the Bosomworths lived on the island, stood for nearly one hundred years. It was a very singular

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edifice, being wattled with hickory twigs, and plastered within and without with mortar made of lime and sand. It was surrounded by spacious piazzas. Here the remainder of their lives was spent, and tradition points out the spot where this remarkable couple are buried.

One by one, the pet schemes of the Trustees for the regulation of the colony, had been abandoned, and such sumptuary laws as forbidding any one to wear gold and silver, or to use them in ornamenting furniture or equipages, had become a dead letter. Truly, Georgia was struggling out of her infancy.

The Trustees had also been disappointed in their expectations of reaping a golden harvest from vine and silk culture, the latter industry having languished after the bounty was removed. Then, too, the olive trees and other exotics, procured at great expense, withered and died after a short life in the public garden at Savannah. The introduction of negro labor, and the increased profits to be derived from raising cotton and rice, caused the final abandonment of the earlier interests.

The money used in Georgia at this time was either copper coins, or notes payable by the Trustees, called *Sola bills*. In 1752, the colony having grown quite beyond their management, these Trustees, after twenty years of faithful labor, resolved to relieve themselves of this arduous responsibility, and surrendered their charter to the Crown. Then Georgia became a *Royal Province*, having the same privileges, regarding land, trade and negroes, as her sister colonies. Henceforth the governor was appointed by the King, and the laws were made by a legislative body con-

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sisting of two houses, the upper one appointed by the King, the lower house elected by the people.

The first royal governer was Capt. John Reynolds, of the British navy. He was received with great respect and joy when he arrived at Savannah. There was a public dinner, and big bonfires at night—the Georgians hoping for better days under the new government.

During his term of office, Capt. Reynolds made a tour of the southern part of the province, and laid out a town on the Ogeechee river, which he named Hardwick, after his relative, the Lord High Chancellor of England. He recommended it as a fit place for the seat of government, as it was more central than Savannah. However, as the home government never furnished him any money to improve it, Hardwick was never any more than a small village.

During this administration, two transports from Nova Scotia, having on board four hundred French Catholics, arrived at Savannah. It was against the law of Georgia for them to settle within her territory, but, to the honor of the Governor, he received them kindly. It was too late in the season for them to go North, and their provisions were nearly exhausted, so they were distributed about the province, and maintained at the public expense until the following spring, when they departed. Gov. Reynolds did not come up to the public expectation, being so tyrannical and unpopular that he was removed in his third year, and Henry Ellis, a learned scientist, appointed to succeed him.

Among other demonstrations, when Gov. Ellis reached Savannah, a band of schoolboys, who had formed themselves into a military company, tendered him a welcome. When they paraded before him, he complimented them

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upon their soldierly appearance and well executed manoeuvres. The little captain made the following speech : "Sir, the youngest militia of this province, presume, by their Captain, to salute your Honor on your arrival. Although we are of too tender years to comprehend the blessing a good government is to a province, our parents will, doubtless, experience it, in its utmost extent, and their grateful tale shall fix your name dear in our memories."

Mild but firm, Gov. Ellis' term of office was like "the calm hour of sunshine after a tempest has blackened the sky." He was an old man when he came to Georgia, and the climate did not agree with him, so he resigned, and was succeeded by Sir James Wright.

During all this time, settlements were being made in different parts of the province, the most important being that of Midway District, with its seaport, Sunbury, beautifully situated on the Midway river. By far the greater number of these settlers were men of education and wealth, who took a prominent part in the future history of Georgia.

A new era of prosperity had dawned for the Province when the treaty of Paris once more diffused the sunlight of peace over Europe, and as Florida was ceded to Great Britain, there was no longer a jealous, intriguing neighbor on Georgia's southern frontier. The two provinces now had the same interests and acknowledged the same king. Then, too, Georgia's territory was more clearly defined, extending on the west to the Mississippi river.

As it was thought necessary to acquaint the Indians with these changes, a convention was held at Augusta, composed of the governors of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, and representative chiefs from all the

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tribes between the Altamaha and Mississippi rivers. Gov. Wright presided over the convention.

The Indians renewed their fealty to England, and the lower Creeks, for a consideration agreed upon, gave to Georgia a large portion of the territory lying on the coast, between the Altamaha and Savannah rivers. When this important treaty was concluded, the fact "was announced by a salute from the guns from Fort Augusta."

Gov. Wright showed something of the wisdom of Gen. Oglethorpe in dealing with the Indians, and insured amicable relations for many years by making stringent laws to regulate the conduct of traders in their intercourse with them.

Ten years later, by a treaty with the upper Creeks and Cherokees, Georgia acquired land amounting to nearly two and a half millions of acres, comprising the territory now embraced by the counties of Wilkes, Lincoln, Taliaferro, Greene and Oglethorpe.

At this time the Province was divided into twelve parishes, with Savannah the capital and commercial metropolis; Augusta was a growing village, and all the forts in the Province had been strengthened by the energetic Governor.

Emigrants still continued to arrive, attracted by the salubrious climate, the fertile soil, and the field and forest that so abundantly rewarded the laborer's toil.

There can be no doubt that the chief cause of Georgia's prosperity while a colony, was her landed policy, called *headrights*, which gave two hundred acres of land to each head of a family, and fifty more to each child. There was no charge, except the cost of surveying, and the tiller of the soil was the owner of the land. When the *headright* land

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courts were opened in Augusta and Petersburg, after the land above mentioned was obtained from the Cherokees, there were, on the first day, more than three thousand applicants for land.

Is it any wonder that Georgia increased more rapidly in population than any of her twelve sister colonies? At the end of her colonial existence, she could boast of having acquired nearly three times as many people as any of the other colonies during the same period. The landless of other countries and other colonies came in great numbers to obtain a home where they could own the soil they cultivated. It has been said of this policy of Georgia that: "It put the crown of industrial glory on her head and the rock of conscious independence beneath her feet."

Georgia was now exporting rice, indigo and skins to Europe, and lumber, horses and provisions to the West Indies. Tobacco was cultivated with great success by the settlers from Virginia, and all the necessaries of life were easily raised on her soil. There was one newspaper in the Province, called the "*Georgia Gazette*," which was issued every Thursday at Savannah.

Communication with the mother country was a work of time, as it was by means of small sailing-vessels. So, when King George II. died, it was nearly four months before the news reached Savannah. Then the Legislature, which was in session, was immediately adjourned, and funeral honors paid him; after this, his grandson, George III., was saluted as king, with all the pomp and ceremony that their means allowed. This was the first and only time a king was proclaimed on Georgia soil.

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This restful condition of the colony did not long continue. The obnoxious Stamp Act, and other measures adopted by the mother country to force the American colonies to assist in paying her enormous war debt, caused a spirit of resistance in Georgia that became more and more intense, until the tocsin of war was sounded in 1776.

CHAPTER IV.

REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.

When the American colonies of Great Britain decided to rebel against the home authority because they were taxed without representation, Georgia, though the youngest, was the most prosperous of them all, and had the fewest inducements to take part in the revolution that was impending.

Many of her influential and wealthy citizens were opposed to severing the connection with their mother country, trusting to the sense of justice in the members of Parliament to correct the grievances of which they complained; but the majority saw that freedom could only be purchased by perfect independence of England. These men were called "Liberty Boys," prominent among whom were Joseph Habersham and Noble Wimberly Jones, whose fathers remained true to their allegiance to the Crown.

It was the principle of right and justice involved in this quarrel that made Georgians feel that the cause of the other colonies was their own; and they lost no time in manifesting their sympathy, and in preparing to take an active part in the coming struggle.

Gov. Wright was an ardent royalist and resented any effort to lessen the authority of the King or to resist the measures of Parliament, and this rendered him very ob-

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nxious to the “Liberty Boys.” In a letter to the home government he spoke of “their strange enthusiastic ideas of liberty and power”; but, to his credit be it said, he was always the courteous gentleman, and was never betrayed into any act of violence or revenge because he differed, in political opinion, with many of his people.

After the battles of Lexington and Concord, in Massachusetts, the greatest need of the Northern Revolutionists was powder, and a band of “Liberty Boys” determined to help them by seizing the magazine in Savannah, which was thought to be such a substantial structure that it was never guarded. For this purpose, Joseph Habersham, Edward Telfair, William Gibbons, Joseph Clay, John Milledge, and a few others, met at the house of Noble Wimberly Jones and hastily arranged a plan of action. Late one night they broke open the magazine, and took away six hundred pounds of gunpowder. A part of it was sent to South Carolina for safe-keeping, and the rest hidden in the garrets and cellars of their homes.

The Governor offered £150 reward for the offenders, but so patriotic were the citizens of Savannah that the reward was never claimed, though the guilty parties were well known. Some of this very powder was shipped to the Revolutionists in Massachusetts and used at the memorable battle of Bunker Hill.

By his love of liberty, Mr. Noble Wimberly Jones, so prominent on this occasion, had already made himself odious to Gov. Wright, who refused to recognize him as Speaker of the Lower House of the Legislature when he was elected to that office. Twice was he elected, and twice did the Governor refuse him. For the third time he was

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chosen, and only when he patriotically declined to serve, was Mr. Bulloch elected in his stead.

The citizens of Savannah had previously shown their indignation against the King, when they spiked all the cannon and threw them down the bluff, a night or two before his Majesty's birthday, 1775, that the usual ceremonies might not be performed; but the indomitable will of the Governor caused a few of the spikes to be drawn with great difficulty, the guns remounted, and the royal birthday kept with the usual formalities.

It was on this occasion, while the royalists were celebrating the day, that the first Liberty Pole was erected in Georgia in front of Tondee's Tavern, whose *long room* was the famous meeting place of the "Liberty Boys."

This same year (1775) a memorable Congress was held in Savannah, on the 4th of July. It was composed of representatives from the twelve parishes into which Georgia was then divided. They set forth their grievances in plain terms; expressed their abhorrence of tyranny, their sympathy with the miserable condition of their sister colonies, and sent respectful addresses both to the King and the Governor.

The latter would not condescend to take any notice of the one addressed to him, as he did not consider the Congress legal. A wave of liberty was sweeping over the Province, and, though he did all in his power to oppose the tide, he was powerless to stem it.

This Congress practically annulled the operation of the objectionable acts of Parliament within the limits of Georgia, questioned the supremacy of the Crown, and inaugurated the measures that ultimately elevated the Province into the dignity of a State.

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This body of sterling patriots, whose presiding officer was Archibald Bulloch, issued an order to capture an English vessel loaded with powder that had been sent over to Savannah for the use of the Royalists. A Georgia schooner, assisted by some barges from South Carolina, was successful in attacking and capturing the vessel off Tybee roads. Georgia's share of the powder was nine thousand pounds, five thousand of which was sent to the Continental Congress for the use of the revolutionists at the North.

This Georgia Congress was the first one in America to order the seizure of English property; and the Georgia schooner was the first vessel commissioned to fight in the Revolutionary war.

The first bold revolutionary act in Georgia was the imprisonment of Gov. Wright. Joseph Habersham, a "Liberty Boy," and Major of the Georgia Battalion, volunteered his services to make the arrest. He was only twenty-four years old, but a man of remarkable decision of character, and possessing moral as well as physical courage. With a company, selected by himself, he went to the Governor's house, where he was engaged in conference with his Council. Leaving his companions, Major Habersham passed the sentinel at the door, and, boldly entering the Governor's presence, laid his hand upon his shoulder, saying: "Sir James, you are my prisoner."

The members of the Council, thunderstruck at this daring act, and not knowing what force he had, or what might happen, fled precipitately from the house and left the Governor alone. Major Habersham allowed him to remain as a prisoner in his own house on his solemn promise not to leave it, or to hold any communication with the officers or

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soldiers on the British ships then lying in Tybee roads. A guard was placed around the mansion to prevent any communication from outside.

Gov. Wright was intensely mortified at his situation, and one night, a month after his arrest, found means to effect his escape through a back door, and made his way to a friend in Bonaventure, four miles from Savannah, where a boat was waiting for him, by which he was taken to one of the armed ships lying at the mouth of the Savannah river. Not long afterwards he returned to England, and kingly rule in Georgia came to an end.

In January, the Provincial Congress was again assembled in Savannah. They elected five members to the Continental Congress then in session in Philadelphia, three of whom served.

The famous Declaration of Independence, of July the 4th, 1776, was signed on behalf of Georgia by three men that the State has delighted to honor, Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall, and George Walton. Each one of these men has his name given to a county, and thus has Georgia perpetuated the remembrance of their services.

So slow was communication between the colonies, that it was the second week in August before the news of what had been done in Philadelphia on that memorable 4th of July, reached Savannah, where it was hailed with wild delight.

The Declaration of Independence was read for the first time in Georgia by Archibald Bulloch, the Governor, to his Council, and then to a large audience at the Liberty Pole. After the reading, the Georgia Battalion discharged their field pieces and fired in platoons. Then the crowd

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proceeded to the battery at the Trustees' gardens, where the famous document was read for the third time, and the cannon was fired.

Gov. Bulloch and other officials, with the militia, had a grand dinner out of doors, under the shadow of the cedar trees, and this was the toast they drank: "To the United Free and Independent States of America."

At night the town was illuminated, and there was a greater mass of people assembled than was ever before seen on any occasion in Georgia. The "Liberty Boys" buried the King in effigy. They had a solemn funeral procession, attended by the military with muffled drums and fifes, and laid him in a grave before the court-house, while one of their number read the following service over him: "For as much as George the third of Great Britain hath most flagrantly violated his Coronation Oath, and trampled upon the Constitution of our country and the sacred rights of mankind: we, therefore, commit his political existence to the ground—corruption to corruption—tyranny to the grave—and oppression to eternal infamy; in sure and certain hope that he will never obtain a resurrection to rule again over these United States of America. But my friends and fellow-citizens, let us not be sorry, as men without hope, for *Tyrants* that thus depart—rather let us remember, America is free and independent; that she is, and will be, with the blessing of the Almighty, great among the nations of the earth. Let this encourage us in well-doing, to fight for our rights and privileges, for our wives and children, for all that is near and dear unto us. May God give us His blessing and let all the people say, Amen!"

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This was the most memorable day Georgia had seen since the little colony was planted on Yamacraw Bluff.

Thus boldly did Georgia cast off the yoke of Great Britain and bravely face a war with one of the mightiest empires in Christendom.

Gov. Bulloch did not live to see the issue of the coming struggle; in less than a year he died. He had a fine figure, and was one of the handsomest men in Georgia. It had always been the custom to keep a sentinel at the Governor's door, so when Archibald Bulloch was elected Chief Magistrate, Col. Lachlan McIntosh, commander of the troops in Savannah, ordered Mr. Belshazzer Shaffer, a prominent Hebrew citizen, to be posted there as sentinel. Mr. Bulloch requested him to be removed, saying: "I act for a free people, in whom I have the most entire confidence, and I wish to avoid, on all occasions, the appearance of ostentation."

The Salzburgers at Ebenezer, in these stirring times, were true to their adopted country. They said: "We have experienced the evils of tyranny in our native country; for the sake of liberty, we have left home, lands, houses, estates, and have taken refuge in the wilds of Georgia; shall we now, again, submit to bondage? No! we will not!"

During the war that followed, their much-loved church was converted into a stable by the British soldiers, though sometimes, also, used as a hospital for their sick and wounded.

When the war was over, the church was repaired, and the Salzburgers again gathered for worship under its holy roof.

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When it became plain to all men that war was inevitable, South Carolina sent a delegation to Georgia, proposing that, as her population and resources were small, Georgia had better place herself under her jurisdiction. Brave little Georgia treated this suggestion with contempt.

Georgia, though the youngest and weakest of the colonies, on all occasions acted a most generous part towards all the others. Before the fighting began in Georgia, provisions and money were frequently sent to the North to be used for the benefit of those whom the British had driven from their homes. At one time, five hundred and seventy-nine barrels of rice were sent to the poor in Boston.

It is impossible, in this small volume, to mention all the heroes of 1776, so let it be a sacred duty of our youth to read the larger histories of our beloved State, and thus make themselves familiar with the actions of those gallant men who stood by Georgia in the hour of her greatest need.

CHAPTER V.

REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD. (CONTINUED.)

During the war that followed the Declaration of Independence, Georgia was almost immediately overrun by British troops; and many of her principal citizens and their families were often obliged to flee from home for their lives.

The British, by giving the Indians costly presents, enticed many of them to fight under their flag. Then there were citizens of Georgia who deserted the standard of freedom and joined the enemy; these were called Tories. Thus Georgia had three foes to combat—the British, the Indians, and the Tories. The patriots were called Whigs. In the mother country, the two great political parties, at that time, were the Whigs, who were opposed to allowing the King absolute power, and the Tories, who were in favor of it: these characteristic names were adopted by all the American colonies.

Besides all this war trouble, Georgia had to frame a constitution which would define her rights as an independent State. This was done in Savannah the 5th of February, 1777; and a law was made by which a governor, bearing the title of Honorable, should be elected annually by the people. Parishes were abolished and counties made, instead. It has been a pleasant custom in naming the counties in Georgia, to remember the debt of gratitude which the State owed to her famous sons, to those friends in

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England who espoused the cause of justice, humanity and liberty, and to foreigners who assisted in the war for independence.

Scarcely had Georgia assumed the position of an independent State when the King's troops, assisted by some Tories and Indians, made an incursion from Florida and attacked Fort McIntosh on the St. Illa river. This post was in command of Capt. Richard Winn, a young officer who had distinguished himself in the defense of the Fort on Sullivan's island in South Carolina. His garrison consisted of only sixty men, and they gallantly repulsed the enemy after a five-hours fight; then, unable to get reinforcements, they were, the next day, compelled to surrender, forcing the British commander to give them good terms. They left two of their men with the enemy as hostages; these two gentlemen were taken to St. Augustine and confined in the castle there for nine months.

The news of the capture of Fort McIntosh spread like wildfire over the State, and men flocked to the standard of Col. McIntosh, who was already advancing to the Altamaha river.

Gen. Howe, at Charleston, who was in command of the Continental troops of the Southern Department, was notified of the invasion of Georgia, and at once went to Savannah; but, before his strong detachment could be brought into action, Col. McIntosh had met the enemy, who, surprised at this unexpected demonstration, abandoned the enterprise and retreated into the heart of Florida. It was not expected that the British would so easily give up their design, and preparations were made to meet a second in-

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vasion. A large proportion of the militia were ordered into service, and a camp was formed at Midway Church.

Button Gwinnett, who was now governor of Georgia, conceived the ambitious project of following the enemy into Florida, both with the militia and continental troops, and thus signalize his administration by a feat of arms. This scheme, planned without due caution, failed entirely, and was of no benefit to the State.

Not long after this, a very unfortunate affair occurred. There had been enmity for some time between Gov. Gwinnett and Lachlan McIntosh, who was now a general, and it resulted in a duel. They met near Savannah, fought with pistols at the distance of twelve paces, and were both seriously wounded.

Gen. McIntosh recovered, but Gov. Gwinnett died twelve days after the combat. His death caused great excitement, and, although Gen. McIntosh was acquitted at his trial, the friends of Gov. Gwinnett used every opportunity to hinder him in military service; he left his State and offered himself to Gen. Washington, who at once assigned him to duty with the Continental army. Though he rendered signal service in the common cause for nearly two years, his heart was always with his own State and people.

Col. Samuel Elbert was now put in command of the troops in Georgia. Even thus early in the war, Georgia was in a bad condition. The paper money, which for a while was accepted at par, had depreciated in value, and people did not like to take it in exchange for produce; the southern frontier was unguarded; the long seacoast was without any proper defense; all the forts erected under Gen. Oglethorpe were in ruins, and provisions were so scarce

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that Gov. Treutlen forbade the exportation of corn, rice, flour or anything that could be used as food for the support of the soldiers.

The Continental Congress had done all that it could to aid Georgia, by raising two battalions to serve in the State, and by sending four galleys for the defense of the sea-coast.

The Tories, with a cruelty that would have disgraced savages, plundered, burnt and murdered in the sparsely populated districts which could offer no resistance. They had a safe hiding-place with the King's troops in Florida.

It was a favorite scheme of the Georgia authorities to capture St. Augustine and thus remove a thorn from the side of the State. A dream that was never realized.

In 1778 Great Britain sent three commissioners to America—the Earl of Carlisle, Sir Henry Clinton, and Mr. William Eden—to treat with the Continental Congress, and see if the present difficulties could not be arranged; but it was too late then for fair words, and nothing but absolute freedom from the dominion of the mother country would now satisfy the insulted colonies.

This year closed the active fighting by large armies in the Northern and Middle States, and the scene shifted to the South, where the principal fighting was done until the war ended.

Early in the approaching winter, the British massed their forces, hoping speedily to crush both South Carolina and Georgia. They decided that our State should be invaded from Florida by Gen. Augustine Prevost, and that Col. Archibald Campbell should sail from New York with two thousand men and a fleet, to attack Savannah, which was

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guarded by Gen. Robert Howe with about nine hundred Continental troops. Thus attacked both by land and sea, it was confidently hoped that Georgia would be completely subdued and glad to submit to the absolute rule of King George.

To prevent Gen. Howe at Savannah from suspecting their plans, Gen. Prevost sent out two expeditions from St. Augustine; one by sea, under command of Col. Fuser, to attack Sunbury, and the other by land under Col. Prevost, who was to march through the lower portions of Georgia, laying waste the country as he went, and then join Col. Fuser.

Col. Prevost set out on his expedition with one hundred soldiers, and when he reached the Altamaha river was reinforced by the Tory, Col. McGirth, with a troop three hundred strong, a part of whom were Indians. On their march they took as prisoner, every Whig who was found on his plantation, and carried off every article of value on which they could lay their hands.

At Bulltown swamp and North Newport Bridge (afterwards called Riceborough Bridge), the patriots gathered to dispute the advance of the Red Coats, but the resistance made by hastily collected militia was too feeble to retard the invading force.

In the meantime, Col. John White, with one hundred men and two pieces of light artillery, was posted at Midway Church, where he had constructed a slight breastwork across the road, hoping to keep Col. Prevost in check until reinforcements could arrive from Savannah.

A fleet messenger was sent to Col. Elbert to inform him of the danger, and Maj. William Baker, with his mounted

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militia, skirmished with the enemy at every possible point that would impede his progress.

It was in a skirmish one mile and a half from the church that Col. Scriven was severely wounded, and, falling into the hands of the enemy, was killed in retaliation for the murder of the royalist, Capt. Moore, in Florida.

Col. Scriven was renowned for his patriotism, and beloved for his virtues. Capt. Thomas Glascock, a gallant young officer, was by his side when he fell, and very narrowly escaped being captured.

Later on, in this same action, a cannon ball passed through the neck of Col. Prevost's horse, and both horse and rider fell to the ground. The commander of the artillery, thinking the British officer was killed, quickly advanced his two field pieces to take advantage of the confusion that followed, and Maj. James Jackson, imagining that the Red Coats were retreating, shouted "*victory!*" Col. Prevost was uninjured by his fall, and, speedily remounting, collected his men and advanced with such force that Col. White had to retreat.

The British did not advance more than six or seven miles beyond Midway Church, for the Tory, Col. McGirth, who well knew that part of the country, reconnoitering with a strong party, discovered that Col. Fuser had not arrived before Sunbury. This fact, and the knowledge that Col. White and Col. Elbert had united their forces at Ogeechee ferry and were prepared to dispute his further progress, determined him to abandon his enterprise and return to St. Augustine.

Much of the labor of throwing up the breastworks at the ferry was done by Mr. Savage's negroes. The ties of in-

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terest and affection between the negroes and their masters had already grown into a strong bond, and, in many cases that have never been made public, negroes rendered timely aid to their masters' families in the hour of need.

Before Col. Prevost started on his return to Florida, he burnt Midway Church and all the houses within his reach. The entire region he traversed was marked by smoking ruins, and the inhabitants were subjected to insults and indignities. Everything that could be carried away—plate, clothing and bedding—was stolen by the British soldiers and the Tories. Col. Elbert had sent Maj. John Habersham to propose to Col. Prevost some general arrangement by which that region might be protected from pillage and conflagration. The British officer refused to make any terms for the security of the country, saying that the inhabitants had voluntarily brought the trouble upon themselves by rebelling against their lawful sovereign.

The British showed unusual severity against Liberty county, because its citizens had been so active in resisting the oppressions of the mother country. They made immense sacrifices for freedom, and endured every hardship that can be imagined. Both the British and Tories robbed their houses, destroyed their beds and clothing, and, worst of all, burned down their venerated church (Midway), broke open the tombs in the churchyard, and scattered their contents to the winds. Is it any wonder that the citizens of Liberty county were distinguished for their implacable hatred to tyrants?

Their pastor, Rev. Moses Allen, chaplain to the Georgia brigade, had exposed himself to the particular resentment of the British, by his patriotic exhortations from the pulpit

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and his animated exertions on the battle-field; on that account he was denied the privilege of a parole when he was taken prisoner at the fall of Savannah. He was put on board a prison ship, and, in trying to regain his liberty by swimming to land, was drowned. His body was found by his friends when it was washed ashore, and they asked the captain of a British vessel to let them have some boards to make a coffin, but such was the captain's vindictive spirit that he refused, and their beloved pastor was denied the right of common burial.

Thus was the patriotism of the people tried, but they never faltered in the work they had set themselves to do—fight until they forced the British to recognize the independence of Georgia.

CHAPTER VI.

REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD. (CONTINUED.)

Col. Prevost was retreating from Georgia, and beyond reach of easy communication, when Col. Fuser, having been detained by head winds, arrived in front of Sunbury. The town was unprotected, except by the small garrison that held Fort Morris, the most important fortification constructed by the State during the war. The Fort was in command of Col. John McIntosh, with one hundred and twenty-seven continental troops, and some militia and citizens from the town, all numbering less than two hundred.

The enemy had five hundred men with battering cannon, light artillery and mortars.

Col. Fuser at once demanded the surrender of the Fort. Col. McIntosh returned the memorable answer: "Come and take it!"

At this time, there were four different armies threatening our State: one from New York, under the command of Col. Archibald Campbell; one from Florida, under Col. Prevost; one under Gen. Augustine Prevost, which had not yet taken the field, and the one under Col. Fuser, who, instead of attacking Sunbury, hesitated and waited for news of the movements of Col. Prevost.

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To all the threats of the enemy to bring destruction upon the country, Col. McIntosh boldly answered: "We have no property, compared with the object we contend for, that we value a rush." And when it was threatened that a house should be burned for every shot fired from the Fort, his answer was that he would apply the torch to his end of the town, whenever Col. Fuser fired it on the other side, "and let the flames meet in mutual conflagration." For his cool bravery on this occasion, the Legislature voted him a sword with the words, "*Come and take it!*" engraved upon it.

When Col. Fuser learned that Col. Prevost was too far off to render him any assistance, surprised and chagrined, he raised the siege, retreated from Sunbury and went to Frederica, having received instructions to thoroughly repair the military works at that point.

As soon as possible, Gen. Howe collected his forces and marched to Sunbury, which he found in a very defenseless condition, and owing its safety entirely to the spirited conduct of the troops in the Fort.

The ruins of the old Fort can still be seen at Sunbury.

Gen. Howe memorialized Congress upon the danger that threatened the Georgia coast, and upon the lack of men and ammunition; but he did little more for our State, as he was deficient in the ability necessary to best utilize the limited resources at hand. It was decided, finally, that all available forces should be concentrated at Purrysburg, a town some miles above Savannah, on the Carolina side of the river, so that they could advance to the relief of any threatened point.

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Col. Owen Roberts, with his artillery, was hastily sent to Savannah, which was in an unprotected condition, with its land approaches entirely open to the enemy. At its eastern extremity there was a battery with a few mounted guns, which, however, only bore upon the river.

Early in December, 1778, the alarming news reached Georgia that Col. Campbell, with his fleet, and Gen. Augustine Prevost, with all their forces, were on their way to attack Savannah and overrun the State. Gen. Howe was at once notified, the militia hastily summoned to the field, and all the public records packed and moved to a place of safety.

The report was only too true, and the first vessels belonging to the British fleet soon made their appearance at Tybee. The squadron was commanded by Commodore Sir Hyde Parker. Preparatory to their attack on Savannah, a portion of the British landed at Brewton's Hill, less than two miles from the city.

On the morning of the 29th of December, when Col. Elbert, who had command of the Georgia brigade, discovered the enemy in the act of landing there, he called the attention of Gen. Howe to the importance of the position, offering, as he had an intimate acquaintance with the locality, to take his command and prevent the British from getting possession. Gen. Howe committed the fatal blunder of rejecting this offer.

It was the best position for defense in the whole neighborhood; a regiment posted there, with a few pieces of artillery could easily have destroyed an advancing enemy. It was the key to Savannah, and when Col. Campbell effected a lodgment there the fate of the city was sealed.

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Gen. Howe formed his line of battle across the road leading from Brewton's Hill and Thunderbolt to Savannah; his strength was only six or seven hundred men, some of them very raw troops. He waited there for the approach of the British, who were two or three thousand strong, led by Col. Campbell, a brave and experienced officer.

Col. George Walton, who led about one hundred Georgia militia in this fight, warned Gen. Howe that there was a private path through the swamp on their left, by means of which the enemy could gain their rear, and urged him to have it properly guarded; but he neglected this warning as he had that of Col. Elbert.

Col. Campbell, more alert, heard from an old negro of the private way, and for a small reward had his troops conducted through the swamp, surprised Gen. Howe's army by attacking it both in the front and rear, and making a vigorous charge all along his line. The little Georgia army soon gave way, and Gen. Howe ordered a retreat which was made in great confusion.

As soon as Commodore Parker perceived this success of the British, he moved his small armed-vessels up to Savannah, captured the shipping at the wharves, and cut the town off from all communication with South Carolina. Gen. Howe did not stop in his retreat, until he crossed the river, thus leaving Georgia without any continental troops, and at the mercy of the British.

In this engagement, so disastrous to the patriots, the British loss was only one captain and two privates killed, and one sergeant and nine privates wounded.

When Savannah was taken, many brutal outrages were committed by the British officers and privates. Some of

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the citizens who were not in the engagement at Brewton's Hill were bayoneted in the streets, and those who refused to enlist in the King's service were placed on prison-ships, where their sufferings were terrible.

Among the victims consigned by British vengeance to a horrible confinement, was the venerable Jonathan Bryan, now bending beneath the weight of years and infirmities. When his daughter entreated Commodore Parker to mitigate his sufferings, she was dismissed with vulgar rudeness and contempt. The venerable patriot was finally exchanged, and afterwards, although eighty years old, fought under Gen. Wayne.

A prominent Hebrew patriot, Mr. Sheftall, was imprisoned in a guard-house in company with drunken soldiers and negroes, without a morsel of food for two days, and was then transferred to a prison-ship. Two Hebrew ladies, Mrs. Judy Minis and her mother, were such outspoken Whigs that they were confined to their home, and finally ordered to leave the town.

A colony of this ancient race had settled in Savannah a few months after it was founded, coming over in the second ship that left England for Georgia, and bringing with them the sacred books of the Law, which are still used in the synagogue at Savannah. They were devoted and patriotic citizens, and always stood gallantly by their adopted country in her hour of need. Their wanderings and persecutions before they reached this haven of safety, add another chapter to the romance with which the first settlement of our State is invested. An illustration of this is the

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HISTORY OF THE NUNEZ FAMILY.

Dr. Samuel Nunez belonged to a distinguished family in Lisbon, was a physician of eminence, and had an extensive practice, even during the period when the Hebrews of that city were under the surveillance of the Inquisition. Jealousy and rivalry caused him to be denounced before that dreaded tribunal, as a result of which he and his family were arrested as heretics and thrown into the dungeons.

At that time, the Hebrews were not permitted openly to engage in their religious rites. They had no synagogues or places of public worship, but assembled for devotional purposes at the houses of each other. Their prayer books were concealed in the seats of chairs, which opened by springs.

It had been long observed that these families never ventured abroad on Friday evenings, as that was the preparation time for their Sabbath; suspicions were thus awakened as to their real faith, though, for form's sake, they all attended mass. The familiars of the Inquisition, who were usually spies, were set to work to discover the nature of their Saturday gatherings. Detecting them at worship, they were all thrown into prison and their prayerbooks seized.

Dr. Nunez was a most popular man, and physician to the Grand Inquisitor, who did all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the Nunez family; but one member of it—Abby De Lyon, who died in Savannah—carried to her grave the marks of the ropes on her wrists when put to the question.

They remained in prison for some time, but, as the medical services of Dr. Nunez were very much in demand in

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Lisbon, the Ecclesiastical Council, under the advice of the Grand Inquisitor, agreed to set his entire household at liberty, on condition that two officials of the Inquisition should reside constantly in the family, to guard against their again relapsing into Judaism.

The doctor had a large and elegant mansion on the banks of the Tagus. Being a man of considerable fortune, he often entertained the principal families of Lisbon. On a pleasant summer day, he invited a party to dinner, and among the guests was the captain of an English brigantine which was anchored at some distance down the river.

While amusing themselves on the lawn, the captain invited the family and a few guests to go with him on board his vessel and partake of luncheon. The spies of the Inquisition were among the guests who accompanied them, and while all were below in the cabin, enjoying the hospitality of the captain, anchor was weighed and the sails unfurled. There being a fair wind, the brigantine shot out of the Tagus, was soon at sea, and carried the entire party to England.

It had previously been arranged, and the captain had agreed, for a thousand moidores in gold, to convey the family to England. To avoid detection, they were under the painful necessity of adopting this plan of escape. The ladies had concealed all their diamonds and other jewels, by quilting them in their dresses. The doctor had changed all his securities into gold, which was distributed among the gentlemen of the family and secured in leather belts about their persons. His house, plate, furniture, servants, equipage, and even the dinner cooked for the occasion, were all

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left; these were subsequently seized by the Inquisition and confiscated to the state.

On the arrival of Dr. Nunez and family in London, the settlement of Georgia and the fine climate and soil of the country were subjects of much discussion. The ship, upon which Gov. Oglethorpe was returning to his new settlement, was about to sail. The doctor and his family, not one of whom could speak the English language, embarked as passengers.

From this famous family has sprung a long list of highly respectable descendants—in Savannah, Charleston, Philadelphia and New York—who to this day are rigid in their attachment to the doctrines of their faith.

Col. Campbell, leaving Col. Innes in command at Savannah, followed up his advantage vigorously. By January, 1779, for a distance of fifty miles above the city, there was found no one to oppose him, though he was without artillery, horses, or a provision train. King George's troops occupied every important point, and strenuous efforts were made to awe the region into submission. In the meantime, Gen. Howe had been removed, and Gen. Benjamin Lincoln given the command of the Southern Department, with headquarters at Purrysburg.

All that part of our State that was in the hands of the British suffered frightfully. No mercy was shown to the families of those who were fighting for independence. Hundreds of women, children and negroes were fleeing from Georgia, they knew not where; their only aim was to escape from the terrible "Red Coats."

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Gen. Prevost, marching up from Florida, had almost immediately taken Sunbury. He changed the name of the fort from Morris to Fort George, for the King. Then he went directly to Savannah, where he assumed the command of all the King's forces in Georgia.

Gen. Lincoln's army was so weak and undisciplined that he could only act on the defensive, and try to prevent the enemy crossing into Carolina. Augusta, alone of all the military posts in our State, had not yet submitted to the King.

In this condition of affairs, about the middle of the month, Col. Campbell, with one thousand men, set out to capture that town. The Georgians, in small companies of mounted men, at several points made a stand against the enemy, and slightly impeded their progress.

In one of these skirmishes, at Burke Jail, Capt. Joshua Inman, commanding a company of cavalry, with his own hand killed three of the enemy; the famous Tory leader, McGirth, was wounded in this same engagement.

When the British appeared before Augusta, the Georgia forces gave the town up without a struggle, knowing that a fight would involve a useless sacrifice of life, and retreated across the river. Col. Campbell tarried there but a few days, leaving a Tory, Col. Brown, in command, while he marched towards Wilkes county to overawe the inhabitants.

Thus, in a short time, our State was completely in the possession of the British, and severe penalties were inflicted on all who refused to take the oath of allegiance to King George.

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As soon as it was known in Wilkes county that Augusta was taken, every man who was able to get away hastily collected his household effects and cattle, and fled with his family to Carolina. Those who could not refugee placed their wives, children and negroes in the forts that had been built as a protection against the Indians, and associated together for mutual protection. Col. John Dooly was their leader, while the British, under Col. Hamilton, watched their movements. Skirmishes occurred at Carr's Fort, Cherokee Ford, and Long Cane, in all of which engagements the Tories were commanded by Col. Boyd.

Very soon after this the deep despondency of the Whigs was brightened by a great victory, which was brought about in this way:

Col. Boyd, who was in South Carolina with his Tory regiment, was ordered to join the British army near Savannah; for this purpose he crossed over into Georgia, intending to visit Augusta on his way. This design was frustrated, because he was confronted by Col. Elijah Clarke and Col. Pickens, who respectively commanded the Georgia and Carolina militia. They joined battle on the 14th of February, on Kettle Creek, in Wilkes county. On this occasion Col. Dooly, with great patriotism, gave the command of all the forces to Col. Pickens of South Carolina, who divided them into three divisions, with Dooly commanding the right wing, Clarke the left wing, and himself the center. He enforced strict orders against a shot being fired until they were within thirty-five paces of the foe.

This little army of patriots found Col. Boyd unconscious of any danger. His horses were turned out to forage among the reeds in the swamp, while his men, who had

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been on short rations for three days, were cooking their breakfast—some of them parching corn, and others preparing the beeves that they had killed.

The Whigs attacked them in this unguarded condition, and after close fighting for an hour, drove them through the cane-brake and over the creek. The Tories fought with great desperation, and left many dead and wounded on the field. Col. Boyd, a brave and active Irishman, was mortally wounded early in the engagement, which was an irreparable loss to the British.

On the opposite side of the creek, there was a piece of rising ground just in the rear of the Tories, and Col. Clarke—with his usual foresight, perceiving that the enemy would try to make a stand upon it—succeeded in gaining its summit, and beating back his foes after some severe fighting. His horse was killed under him, but he quickly mounted another, and rushed again into the fight.

The forces of Pickens and Dooly also pressed through the swamp, though it was with great difficulty. However, the victory was complete, and the enemy routed at all points, leaving seventy of their men either killed or wounded on the field, and seventy-five were taken prisoners. Many horses were captured, and a large quantity of arms, equipments and clothing obtained, making a great accession to the scanty stores of the patriots. In this battle, Stephen Heard, one of the most active of the Georgia officers in this war, performed a distinguished part. He not only encouraged the Whigs by his patriotic speeches, but did his share of the fighting.

The patriots numbered four hundred and twenty men, and the Tories about seven hundred, of whom not more than

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three hundred ever reached Col. Campbell at Augusta. This victory was far more important than the numbers engaged would indicate. It broke up the bands of Tories in North Carolina, who so often made raids into Georgia, and they never assembled again, except in small parties or under the immediate protection of the British. The battle of Kettle Creek decided their fate.

When the fighting was over, Col. Pickens extended to Col. Boyd every courtesy in his power, detailing two men to furnish him with water, and bury him when he died; which melancholy event happened early in the night. He, also, took charge of certain valuable articles which the dying officer had upon his person, promising to send them to his wife and to write her an account of his last moments; this promise the gallant Pickens faithfully fulfilled.

The prisoners taken in the battle of Kettle Creek were carried to South Carolina, tried, found guilty of treason, and condemned to death; but only five of the most notorious were executed, the rest being pardoned.

On the spot where the town of Washington is now located, at this time stood Fort Heard. A party of Virginia emigrants, under the leadership of Stephen Heard, had settled this neighborhood in 1774, and built the fort to protect themselves against being surprised by the Indians, and near it the Georgia army encamped after this engagement.

Amid the general gloom which now encompassed our State, the victory at Kettle Creek shone like a star of hope, dissipating despair and enkindling confidence in the hearts of the Whigs.

CHAPTER VII.

REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD. (CONTINUED.)

After the victory of Kettle Creek, many of the citizens of Wilkes county, who had gone to South Carolina for safety, returned to their homes, with their families and property; but it was not long before they became much alarmed by the approach of a body of Indians, and to Col. Clarke was committed the trying duty of remaining on the frontier to guard the forts.

Both the British and the Tories continued their cruelties whenever opportunity offered. Col. Clarke's house was pillaged and burned, and his family ordered to leave the State. Mrs. Clarke and her two daughters left home with no means of conveyance except a small pony, and even this was taken from them after they had proceeded but a short distance on their journey. These indignities did not in the least intimidate Col. Clarke, but only nerved him to renewed action.

Skirmishes with the enemy continued to be frequent, and, though only partial in their results, showed that the love of freedom and a spirit of resistance were still abroad in the land.

About this time, Col. John Twiggs, with the militia of Richmond county, passing in the rear of the British—who were occupying Augusta—surprised one of their outposts

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at Herbert's, where seventy men were stationed. The patriots killed and wounded several of the enemy, and compelled the rest to surrender unconditionally. Not long after this, Col. Campbell determined to evacuate Augusta, as the Tories in upper Georgia had been so completely routed, and the Whigs were every day becoming stronger in numbers.

He commenced his retreat late in February and joined Col. Prevost at Hudson's ferry, on the Savannah river, having been annoyed the entire distance by small bands of patriots who hung upon his flank and rear. His decision to abandon Augusta was so suddenly made and so quickly put into execution, that he did not pause to destroy the quantity of provisions which had accumulated there.

After the British departed, Gen. Ashe, of North Carolina, with some twenty-three hundred men, crossed the river at that point, and pursued them as far as Brier creek, where he halted and encamped in the angle formed by the confluence of the creek and the Savannah river.

All this time, Gen. Lincoln was still at Purrysburg, where he had gathered about him some three or four thousand troops. Gen. Rutherford, with about eight hundred men, was encamped at Williamson's House at Black Swamp, and Gen. Williamson, with his division of twelve hundred men, was holding Augusta.

Thus, finding himself in command of nearly six thousand men, Gen. Lincoln resolved to stand no longer on the defensive, but either expel the British from Georgia, or confine them within narrow limits on the seacoast.

So he called a council of war, composed of all his generals. It was decided that all the troops, except a guard

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at Purrysburg to watch the movements of the enemy, should be rapidly concentrated at the position then occupied by Gen. Ashe, with a view to marching onward and recovering Georgia.

In the council of war, Gen. Ashe stated that his camp on Brier creek was perfectly secure; that the British were afraid of him, thinking his numbers greater than they were, and that all he required to give battle to the enemy was a detachment of artillery with one or two field pieces. Gen. Lincoln immediately ordered this assistance to be sent to his camp. Unfortunately, Col. Campbell, becoming aware of Gen. Lincoln's design of aggressive warfare, determined to frustrate his plans by a rapid blow, and, as a first step in that direction, to dislodge Gen. Ashe.

For this purpose he sent Maj. McPherson towards Brier creek bridge, to deceive Gen. Ashe by a feint and mask the main movement, which Col. Prevost was to conduct in person. That officer, with nine hundred men, made a détour of between forty and fifty miles, crossed the creek above the point occupied by Gen. Ashe, and had actually gained the rear of his army before the alarm was given. So badly prepared were the Whigs for this attack, that when a courier brought the tidings of the near approach of the British, and they formed in line of battle, the militia were without ammunition, and had to be supplied at that late hour. They were miserably armed—some of them had rifles, some shotguns, a few had muskets, and many of them had no weapons at all.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of March 3d the battle began. Gen. Ashe had reduced the number of his army

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so much, by sending detachments to do duty at other points, or to perform some special service, that he had not more than eight hundred men in this fight.

The center and right wing of this small force did not stand the shock of Col. Prevost's artillery for five minutes after they were attacked, but broke and fled in confusion. The left wing alone, under Col. Elbert, remained facing the enemy, and they fought so stubbornly that Col. Prevost had to order up his reserves to support his right wing, which was opposed to this gallant body of men. The enemy greatly outnumbered him, but Col. Elbert prolonged the fight until nearly every man in his command was either killed, wounded, or captured. The fleeing Whigs took refuge in the deep swamp bordering on the Savannah river, and Sir James Baird, who was pursuing them with his light infantry, cried out: "Every man of you that takes a prisoner shall lose his ration of rum." This was the reason that so many of the militia were so cruelly bayoneted in that fatal swamp by the exultant British soldiery. Only those who were good swimmers escaped to the Carolina shore; many were drowned in making the attempt.

The demoralization of Gen. Ashe's army was complete. He lost one hundred and fifty men, either killed in battle or drowned; twenty-seven officers, with one hundred and sixty-two non-commissioned officers and privates were taken prisoners. Their loss of arms was almost total—a very serious blow at this time, as they could not be replaced. Strange to tell, the British had only five privates killed, with one officer and ten privates wounded.

The only ray of light that shone through the darkness of this sad defeat was shed by the bravery of Col. Elbert and

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his command. He fought until he was struck down, and he was on the point of being killed by a soldier with uplifted bayonet, when he made the masonic sign of distress. An officer noticed it, responded instantly, stayed the soldier's arm, and saved Col. Elbert's life. As a prisoner on parole, in the British camp, he was treated with great respect and kindness. Honor and reward were promised him if he would join the British, but all such offers were promptly rejected.

Col. McIntosh, the hero of Fort Morris, had stood his ground with Col. Elbert until nearly every man was killed, and then he was captured. As he was surrendering his sword, a British officer tried to kill him; and he was only saved by the timely interference of his kinsman, Sir Aeneas McIntosh, of the British army.

Another distinguished prisoner, taken after a gallant defense, was Col. Francis Harris. He was a native Georgian, his father having settled here soon after the colony was planted. When a mere lad he was sent to England to be educated. He was in college when the disturbances began between Great Britain and the colonies, and such was his devotion to his country that he refused to remain in England, and arrived in Georgia just in time to be among the first to take up arms against the mother country.

The Continental Congress at once gave him a captain's commission, and in a short time promoted him to the command of a battalion. When Charleston was besieged by Gen. Prevost, he went to its relief, commanding a detachment of Continental troops. He, with other Georgians, was conspicuous at the battles of Camden and Eutaw, in South Carolina.

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Gen. Ashe was so much censured for his imprudence and incompetency at the battle of Brier Creek, that a court of inquiry, composed of Gen. Lincoln and the generals in his army, was held at Purrysburg, and he was ordered to appear before it, to answer for his conduct on that occasion. After investigating the matter thoroughly, the opinion of the court was, that Gen. Ashe was not lacking in personal courage, and that he remained on the field as long as prudence and duty required. Many Georgians did not approve this verdict.

By the defeat at Brier creek, the subjugation of Georgia below Augusta was made complete, for the time being. Gen. Prevost thought himself firmly settled in the State, as Gen. Lincoln, staggered by the recent blow, was in no condition to dislodge him.

To increase the evil plight of our State, the Creeks and Cherokees, stirred up by British emissaries, exhibited a threatening attitude. The outlook for Georgia was dark—her only hope, the stout hearts of her liberty-loving sons.

About this time an exchange of prisoners was effected, and the returning Georgians were in a wretched condition. They were so emaciated from starvation that they could not without assistance leave the boats in which they were brought from the prison-ships.

Those prison-ships were filthy, floating dungeons, in which the chief articles of food were spoiled oatmeal and condemned pork. Is it surprising that five or six prisoners died daily? And when they died their bodies were taken to the nearest marsh and trodden in the mud, from which the tide would wash them; “at low water the prisoners on the ships beheld the carrion crows picking the bones of their

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departed companions." Gen. Lincoln earnestly protested against this inhuman treatment, but both Gen. Prevost and Commodore Parker were deaf to the voice of justice and mercy.

In April, Gen. Lincoln resolved to make another effort to drive the British from Georgia; in a council of war, it was decided that he should cross the Savannah river, at a point near Augusta, and endeavor to occupy some strong position, in order to keep the enemy from receiving supplies from the back country, and to prevent their forming a coalition with the Indians.

With this purpose in view he had succeeded in establishing himself at Silver Bluff, when he had to abandon his enterprise and hasten back to Carolina to oppose Gen. Prevost, who appeared before Charleston on the 11th day of May. On the approach of Gen. Lincoln, Gen. Prevost raised the siege of Charleston and retired.

While Gen. Lincoln was defending Carolina against the enemy, Col. Dooly and Col. Clarke, with watchful eyes and tireless arms, were protecting the frontiers of Georgia against hostile Indians and treacherous Tories. Col. Clarke was the great partisan leader in our State; when the continental troops were forced to leave Georgia and South Carolina, he alone kept the field, and his name spread terror through the British posts, from the Catawba river in Carolina to the Creek nation. He was ably assisted by Col. Twiggs, Col. Few, and Col. Jones, who hung about the outposts of the enemy, attacking them at every opportunity, and cutting off their supplies, thus encouraging their compatriots by keeping alive in their hearts a hope of deliverance.

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Towards the last of June, Col. Twiggs had halted with his seventy men at the plantation of Mr. James Butler, on the Great Ogeechee river, in Liberty county, when he received information that the British Capt. Muller, with forty mounted grenadiers, was advancing to attack him.

Col. Twiggs and his spirited little band fought so well that in a very short time the British were totally overcome, with the loss of their commanding officer and several others killed, and the rest captured: not one escaped.

When the news of this brilliant affair reached Savannah it produced a great sensation among the British officers, one of whom said, if an angel were to tell him that Capt. Muller—who had served twenty-one years in the King's Guards—with his detachment, had been defeated by an equal number of rebels, he would disbelieve it.

About the same time, at the White House near Sunbury, Maj. Baker defeated a party of Tories, led by Capt. Goldsmith. Among the enemy's killed was Lieut. Gray, whose head was almost severed from his body by a saber cut from the celebrated Robert Sallette. This man was a roving character, belonging to no particular command, but fighting zealously in his own way. The Tories stood in great dread of him, and well they might, for they never had a more implacable foe.

On one occasion, taking with him a bag in which he had placed a pumpkin, he appeared before a wealthy Tory who had offered one hundred guineas for Sallette's head. He boldly claimed the reward, saying he had the head and would give it up, provided the money was first counted out to him. The Tory eagerly handed him the money, when our hero pulled off his hat, and placing his hand on his head, said:

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"Here is Sallette's head."

This so frightened the Tory that he instantly took to his heels, but a well directed shot from Sallette's gun brought him to the ground.

Sallette's motto was: "Never forgive a Tory." If one was ever liberated from captivity, he would follow him, and, if possible, take his life. Often, during a battle, he would leave the command with which he was fighting, get into the rear of the enemy, and kill many before he was discovered.

Once he dressed himself in British uniform, and dined with a party of the enemy. While they were merrily drinking toasts, he suddenly drew his sword, killed a man on either side of him, sprang upon his horse without taking time to throw the bridle over his neck, and rode off amidst the fire of his pursuers.

During this same summer, Col. Twiggs, anxious to chastise the notorious McGirth and his party of marauders—who were pillaging the property of the Whigs—went in pursuit of them. Overtaking them on Buckhead creek, he fought them so stoutly that, within fifteen minutes, they were put to flight, leaving several killed and wounded. McGirth was shot through the thigh, but, unhappily for the cause of humanity, escaped by the fleetness of his horse into a neighboring swamp.

It was by such partisan exploits as these that the British and Tories were held in check and the drooping spirits of the oppressed Georgians from time to time revived.

CHAPTER VIII.

REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD. (CONTINUED.)

When Sir James Wright fled from Savannah, in March, 1776, taking refuge on the King's ship Scarborough—then lying at Tybee roads—all the other royal officers were so filled with dismay that one by one, as opportunity offered, they left Georgia. Most of them returned to England, but a few refugeeed to St. Augustine, and a few espoused the cause of freedom.

From that time until the British captured Savannah, in December, 1778, King George had no authority in our State; but, when our capital fell, and all southern Georgia was overrun, the King appointed Col. Prevost military governor.

He only held the office for a few months, for, in July of the next year, Sir James Wright was sent back to Georgia and supplanted him.

Sir James fondly hoped to restore the allegiance of the province to King George. He was to be woefully disappointed in this expectation; neither did he find the Indians, who had been an immense expense to the Crown, so warmly attached to the royal cause as he had expected.

During the lull which preceded the gathering storm that was soon to shake Savannah to its foundations, Sir James,

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residing there, and supported by the King's army, was endeavoring to re-create the royal government and to lead back the people of southern Georgia to British rule.

At Augusta, the patriotic Georgians who were members of the Supreme Executive Council, invested with absolute power, were trying to perpetuate the sovereignty of a republican State just born into the sisterhood of nations, and to arm, feed, and clothe a patriot band—few in numbers, yet brave of heart—fighting for home and property and liberty. Their treasury was empty, and all sorts of expedients were resorted to in order that the troops might be supplied with the necessities of life. Often the confiscated property of royalists was used for this purpose.

In the midst of this distressing poverty, the official conduct of the Council showed no act of injustice, peculation or despotism—a wonderful tribute to the individual worth of each member, and to the purity, the patriotism, the honor and the virtue of the period.

The Council kept an intelligent observation over the whole State, and the dearest wish of their hearts was its redemption from the British. To further this end, they sent a lengthy communication to Gen. Lincoln, on the condition of affairs, and memorialized the Governor of South Carolina to assist them with men and money to retain possession of upper Georgia. These and similar appeals were not made in vain, and the efforts of the Council had much to do with bringing about a co-operation between the French army, under Count D'Estaing, and the republican forces, under Gen. Lincoln, for the recovery of Savannah.

By this time Gen. Lachlan McIntosh was back in Georgia, with the esteem and confidence of Gen. Washington

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publicly expressed. He now became second to Gen. Lincoln in command, and the leader of the forces concentrated for the protection of the upper portions of our State.

When the Continental Congress signed the treaty of commerce and alliance with Louis XVI., all Frenchmen were welcomed here as the best friends of America, and the King of France was proclaimed "the protector of the rights of mankind." With so powerful an ally, the Colonies no longer regarded their independence as doubtful. Count D'Estaing, who was an admiral, had been immediately sent to their aid with twelve ships of the line, and three frigates. For more than a year he had been harassing the British, so he was now asked to co-operate with the American forces in their efforts to capture Savannah. He readily gave his consent, and entered most heartily into the scheme, as it coincided with the instructions he had received from his government.

Gen. Lincoln, making a strenuous effort to collect a large army, ordered the militia of South Carolina and Georgia to take the field and march to Savannah to join his continental troops. Arms and ammunition were so scarce in the western parts of these two States, that the soldiers had to be furnished from the arsenals and magazines of South Carolina. Gen. McIntosh took charge of the arms and carried them to Augusta to be distributed.

The noble Pole, Count Pulaski, who was the commander of a corps called Pulaski's Legion, having been ordered to the Southern Department some months before, had distinguished himself at Charleston. Afterwards, he was posted on the ridge fifty miles northeast of Augusta, for the convenience of obtaining forage and provisions, and to be with-

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in easy march of either Charleston or Augusta, as occasion might require. He and his cavalry were now ordered to join Gen. McIntosh at Augusta, the two commands to march to Savannah in advance of Gen. Lincoln, attack the British outposts, and open a communication with the French troops upon the seashore. Count D'Estaing, with his fleet increased to twenty ships of the line, two fifty-gun ships, eleven frigates, five small-armed vessels, and five thousand French soldiers, appeared off Tybee, September 3d, and on the evening of the next day disappeared.

It was not until the 7th that Gen. Prevost became convinced that Savannah, and not Charleston, was their destination. He immediately concentrated his forces for the defense of the town, by withdrawing Col. Cruger and his detachment from Sunbury, recalling his troops from outlying posts, and ordering Col. Maitland, at Beaufort, South Carolina, to join him at once. At this time Savannah could boast of not more than four hundred and thirty houses, most of which were built of wood. It was also badly fortified, but Gen. Prevost now bent every energy to repairing that evil. He kept twelve hundred men constantly employed, until the fortifications were put in better shape; then the war vessels in the river were stripped of their batteries to arm the earthworks that had been constructed. Besides these guns in fixed positions, field-pieces were distributed at intervals, and ships sunk—both above and below the town—to block up the channel and prevent the near approach of the French vessels. So rapidly did the British work, that in two weeks they had raised around the town thirteen substantial redoubts and fifteen gun-

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batteries, mounting eighty pieces of cannon. So, before the French and Americans opened fire from their trenches, the British were ready for the attack.

In the meantime, the allies had not been idle; Count D'Estaing had landed twelve hundred men—selected from various regiments—about twelve miles from Savannah, at Beaulieu, formerly the beautiful home of the colonial governor, William Stephens. There he was joined in the midst of a heavy rain, by Count Pulaski, who had been skirmishing with the British outposts. The two distinguished foreigners “cordially embraced, and expressed mutual happiness at the meeting.” The French admiral then announced that, without waiting for Gen. Lincoln, he intended to move at once upon Savannah, and that he counted on Pulaski's Legion to form his van.

In pursuance of this plan, on the 16th of September, Count D'Estaing sent a summons to Gen. Prevost to surrender Savannah to the King of France. A correspondence followed the summons, and it was, at length, decided that hostilities should be suspended for twenty-four hours.

Intelligent British officers who were present at the time, admitted, when the siege was over, that the French army alone could have taken Savannah in ten minutes, without the aid of artillery, had the town been attacked at that moment. But the fatal delay of Count D'Estaing gave Col. Maitland time to reach Savannah with his eight hundred men. Arriving at Dawfuski in the evening on the very day of the truce, he found the river in possession of the French, and his further progress checked. While thus embarrassed, chance threw in his way a negro fisherman who was familiar with the creeks permeating the marshes, and

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who told him of a way to reach the town without passing under the fire of the fleet. So, the negro acting as pilot, with a favoring tide and a dense fog, the British vessels passed through the narrow channel known as Wall's Cut, into the river, above the French fleet. When this brave and experienced officer reached Savannah, a complete change was effected in the disheartened garrison, and they gave three cheers which rang from one end of the town to the other.

The British officers at once held a council of war and Sir James Wright cast the vote which decided that the town should be held, and hostilities resumed as soon as the armistice was ended.

During the 12th and 13th Gen. Lincoln's command was slowly crossing the river at Zubly's Ferry. Boats were very scarce, as the British had secured or destroyed most of them. Gen. McIntosh joined him at once, and soon the two united commands were encamped at Cherokee Hill, eight miles from the town.

As the original plan of attack had been frustrated by Count D'Estaing's ambition for the triumph of French arms without any aid from the Americans, a siege was decided upon. So, by the 22d of September, Savannah was completely isolated on the land side, by the allied armies, and a French frigate and two galleys lay in the river, within cannon shot of the town.

A large house at Thunderbolt was used as a hospital. This place is five miles southeast of Savannah, and, according to Gen. Oglethorpe's account, received its name "from the fall of a thunderbolt: a spring thereupon arose in that place, which still smells of the bolt." From this time for-

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ward, Thunderbolt instead of Beaulieu was used as the place for holding converse with the fleet.

Gen. Lincoln's command numbered twenty-one hundred men; and the British, after the arrival of Col. Maitland, had twenty-five hundred.

As no preparations had been made by the Americans for a siege, much time was lost in bringing the requisite cannon, mortars, and ammunition from the fleet.

The British were of course delighted with the turn of affairs. Gen. Prevost's chief engineer declared that if the allies would only resort to the spade and to the tedious operations incident to a protracted bombardment, he would pledge himself to make a successful defense.

At seven o'clock, on the morning of the 25th of September, the Americans opened fire upon the town from a battery mounting two 18-pound guns: but, as Count D'Estaing ordered the construction of other batteries in that vicinity, no more firing occurred until these works were completed. So, the regular bombardment of Savannah did not begin until October 3d at midnight.

Gen. McIntosh's family was in the besieged town, and his aid, Maj. John Jones, was the bearer of a flag of truce and a letter to Gen. Prevost, asking permission for them, and such other Georgia women and children as chose to avail themselves of the opportunity, to leave the town until the contest should be decided. Maj. Jones found Mrs. McIntosh and her children in a cellar, whose damp rooms were the only safe retreat for non-combatants.

Gen. Prevost refused the request, thinking the besiegers would not throw bombs to set on fire the houses where their relations were residing. In this he was mistaken, and dur-

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ing the bombardment the women and children suffered beyond description, and a number of them were killed.

In the meantime, during the night of the 1st of October, Col. John White, Capt. George Melvin, and Capt. A. C. G. Elholm, with a sergeant and three privates (only seven in all), effected one of the most extraordinary captures ever recorded in the annals of warfare.

It happened in this way: When Gen. Prevost called in all his detachments to Savannah, Capt. French, of the British Regulars, with one hundred and eleven troops, and five vessels with their crews, were detained by head winds until a part of Count D'Estaing's fleet was in possession of the pass, which forced them to take refuge in the Great Ogeechee river, twenty-five miles from Savannah.

Four of Capt. French's vessels were armed, and had on board the invalid soldiers from Sunbury. When he learned that the passage overland was also blocked up by the allied forces, he disembarked and formed a fortified camp on the left bank of the river.

Approaching this encampment at night, Col. White and his associates built many watch-fires around it, in such a position and at such intervals as to induce Capt. French and his soldiers to believe that their camp was absolutely surrounded by a large force. The deception was kept up all through the night by Col. White and his companions marching from fire to fire, with the measured tread and loud challenge of sentinels—now hailing from the east of the British camp, and anon rapidly shifting their position and challenging from the extreme west.

Nor was this their only stratagem; each of them mounted a horse, and rode with haste in different directions, imitat-

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ing the manners of a staff and giving orders with a loud voice. The delusion was complete, and Capt. French was entirely deceived.

Col. White carried out his daring plan by dashing up boldly and alone to the British camp, and demanding an interview with the officer in charge. When it was granted, he said: "I am the commander, sir, of the American forces in your vicinity. If you will surrender at once, I will see that no injury is done to you or your command. If you decline to do this, I must candidly inform you that the feelings of my troops are highly incensed against you, and I cannot be responsible for the consequences." Capt. French thanked him for his humanity and said despondingly, that it was useless to contend with the large force that he saw was around him, and that he would surrender his command and his vessels.

At this moment, Capt. Elholm rode up at full speed, and saluting Col. White, inquired where he should place the artillery? "Keep them back, keep them back, sir," Col. White replied, "the British have surrendered. Move your men off and send me three guides to conduct them to the American post at Sunbury."

The three guides arrived, and the vessels were burned the first thing. Then the British, urged by Col. White to keep clear of his enraged troops, took up their line of march and pushed on with great celerity, while Col. White announced that he would go to the rear and restrain his men. He then hastened to collect the neighborhood militia, with which, overtaking the guides, he conducted his prisoners in safety to Sunbury.

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From the 3d to the 6th of October, the allies kept up a frequent cannonading of Savannah, with no satisfactory result, and Count D'Estaing became fully convinced that he should not have resorted to the slow process of a siege, which gave the enemy time to strengthen their old defenses and erect new ones. He sincerely regretted that he had not made the attack which he had first planned.

As the bombardment of the town continued, Gen. Prevost asked the same favor that he had refused to Gen. Mc-Intosh, that the women and children, among whom were his own family, might leave the town and live on shipboard under the protection of a French man-of-war. Both Gen. Lincoln and Count D'Estaing denied his request.

Now, again, shot and shell poured furiously into the town, which was three times set on fire. The besiegers were ever approaching nearer, until they were within pistol shot of the British works, but the engineers said it would take ten days more to penetrate them. The French naval officers remonstrated against any further delay, as their sailors were suffering from scurvy and short rations. There was sickness, too, in the camp of the allies, the stormy season of the year was near, and the cannonading had, as yet, made no breach in the enemy's fortifications. So Count D'Estaing determined on an effort to take the town by assault.

CHAPTER IX.

REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD. (CONTINUED.)

The 9th of October, at four o'clock in the morning, was the time appointed by the allied Generals to carry Savannah by assault.

Every detail of this important movement was arranged at a conference of the leading officers. The French were to form in three columns—two for assault, and the third as a reserve, to render assistance at any point where they might be required.

The American forces were to be divided into two assaulting columns; the first composed of Carolina troops under Col. Laurens, and the second, consisting of both Georgia and Carolina soldiers, were to be led by Gen. McIntosh. Count Pulaski was to lead the French and American cavalry. Gen. Lincoln was to have command of the reserves, including a body of militia.

The American forces were all to wear a piece of white paper on their hats, so that they could easily recognize each other in the uncertain light of that early hour.

Unfortunately a traitor, having ascertained their plans, deserted and communicated them to the British, so that Gen. Prevost was fully prepared for the assault.

He had learned that the principal attack would be directed against the Spring Hill redoubt and the batteries

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near it, and that the attack on his left, under Gen. Huger, would be only a feint. Making his arrangements in accordance with this information, he placed his best troops at Spring Hill, under his most efficient officer, Col. Maitland.

Before dawn on that eventful October day, Gen. Huger, with five hundred men, wading half a mile through a rice-field that bordered the town on the east, reached his point of attack promptly at the hour agreed upon, and made an assault.

The enemy, under Col. Cruger and Maj. Wright, being fully advised of his movements, were on the alert, receiving him with music and a heavy fire of cannon and musketry. So he was forced to retreat, with a loss of twenty-eight men; and he did not have the opportunity to take further part in the fighting of the day. The attack by the troops from the trenches, upon the center of the British line, made very little impression and was easily repulsed.

On the British right, Count D'Estaing massed his troops, and led them three times to the enemy's entrenchments, but failed each time to carry them. Then he attempted to gain an advantage by penetrating through a swamp on the left, but more than half of the soldiers who entered it were either killed, or remained stuck fast in the mud. Standing in a most exposed position, the Count witnessed this slaughter of his men with perfect self-possession, constantly encouraging them to renew the assault. He was sure of their courage, but when he saw that success in that quarter was impossible, he ordered a retreat, which was effected under a galling fire from the British entrenchments.

In this assault, Count D'Estaing was twice wounded by musket balls—the first time in the arm, and, during the re-

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treat, in the thigh. The British fired from their cannon, packets made up of scrap iron, the blades of knives and scissors, and even chains five or six feet long.

The brave and scholarly Laurens, heading his light infantry and preceded by the noble Pulaski on his black charger, assaulted Spring-Hill redoubt with great courage. He was among the first to mount the British lines. At one time the ditch was passed, and the colors of the Second South Carolina regiment planted for an instant on the parapet. Three times the hands that held them were palsied by death, when Sergeant Jasper, with daring courage, seized them as they fell from the stiffening hand of Lieut. Gray, and, for the fourth time, they were in the act of being replaced, when the devoted Jasper received a death shot.

The contest waxed fierce and desperate. The parapet was too high for those patriots to scale in the face of such a murderous fire, and they were driven out of the ditch. On the retreat, Laurens' command was thrown into great disorder by the cavalry and lancers, who, being severely distressed by the enemy's fire, broke away to the left—passing through the infantry and carrying a portion of it into the swamp.

In the thickest of the fight, the gallant Pulaski had endeavored to force a passage between the enemy's works, and, advancing at full speed upon his splendid horse, was arrested by the abattis, and unhorsed by a shot in the right thigh. This inflicted a mortal wound, and he was left lying upon that bloody field among the dead and dying.

Count D'Estaing, in spite of his wounded arm, was still leading his men and inciting them to rush boldly on to victory or death. At this moment of supreme confusion, Gen.

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McIntosh arrived, but too late to take any part in the action, for those brave assailants, having sustained this galling fire for nearly an hour, and having been literally mowed down, were ordered to retreat.

The ditch was filled with dead patriots, and for fifty yards in front of it the field was covered with the slain. Many hung dead or wounded upon the abattis, and for several hundred yards without the lines the plain was strewn with mangled bodies killed by shot and shell.

Many a Georgia soldier, on that fateful day, sealed with his blood his devotion to liberty, and Twiggs, Butler, Jones, Jackson, Few and Baillie did all that mortal arm could do to recover the capital of their State from a cruel foe.

After five hours of hard fighting, the allied army displayed a white flag, and asked a truce to bury their dead. Gen. Prevost granted them four hours, but they were only allowed to bury such of their slain as fell beyond the abattis. Those who fell within the redoubts were buried by the British in one common grave, and there they remain to this day, without mound or column to point out their last resting place.

The British suffered very little in the assault, being thoroughly protected by well-constructed earthworks. How admirably Gen. Prevost had covered his men by entrenchments and redoubts, and how skillfully and rapidly the British handled their muskets and field and siege pieces is best shown by the slaughter of the assailants.

Numerous are the noteworthy incidents connected with this attack upon Savannah, among which are the following:

When the brave Jasper seized the colors of his regiment, he never relaxed his grasp until he bore them to a place of

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safety. It was after the battle of Fort Moultrie in South Carolina, that the wife of Col. Elliott had presented this elegant flag to the second regiment, to which Jasper was attached. On that occasion she said to the soldiers: "I make not the least doubt, under Heaven's protection, you will stand by these colors, so long as they wave in the air of liberty," and they all promised that they should be honorably supported and never tarnished.

Now, as Jasper's life was slowly ebbing away, he said to the officer bending over him :

"Take this sword; Gov. Rutledge presented it to me for my services in defense of Fort Moultrie. Give it to my father, and tell him I have worn it with honor. Tell Mrs. Elliott that I lost my life supporting the colors that she presented to our regiment."

As he grew weaker, there floated before his dying memory one of his generous acts that had happened some time before—at a spring two miles from Savannah, which to this day is called Jasper's Spring—and he repeated the names of those whom he had rescued on that occasion.

This is the story of the heroic deed of which he was thinking: Learning that a number of American prisoners were to be brought from Ebenezer to Savannah, to be tried for treason, he determined to release them at all hazards. So, with his companion, sergeant Newton, he waited at this spring—which was in an oak grove, about thirty yards from the main road. When the British escort—consisting of a sergeant, a corporal and eight privates, with the prisoners in irons—stopped at the spring to refresh themselves, only two of them remained by the prisoners. The others, having leaned their guns against trees, were some distance from

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them, when Jasper and Newton sprang from their hiding place, seized the guns, and shot down the two guards. The six other soldiers were kept by threats of instant death, from making any attempt to recover their weapons, and so were forced to surrender. The two heroes crossed the Savannah river with their two liberated friends and captive foes, and joined the army at Purrysburg.

The name of Jasper honors a county of Georgia, whose independence he gave his life to maintain. Sergeant John Newton's name is also given to one of our counties, and he will be remembered as long as there are hearts capable of appreciating true courage.

Lieut. Thomas Glascock, now a captain of cavalry, was attached to Pulaski's Legion at the siege of Savannah. In the full vigor and enthusiasm of early manhood, he had entered hand, heart and soul into the great Revolutionary struggle, doing bold and signal service in the lower part of his native Georgia. He conceived a romantic and devoted attachment to Count Pulaski; an attachment which seems to have been fully appreciated by the noble exile, who treated him as if he had been a son, or a much younger brother.

When the Legion retreated from Spring-Hill redoubt, it was recollected with bitter mourning that Pulaski had been left dangerously wounded near the abattis. Now was shown the high courage and noble personal devotion of Capt. Glascock, who, with a few picked men, boldly volunteered to return and rescue the dying soldier. And this he did, through fire, smoke, shot and shell.

Pulaski was taken on board the American brig, Wasp, which was going around to Charleston. Head winds de-

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tained it for three days in the Savannah river, during which time the ablest surgeons in the French fleet attended Pulaski, but their skill was in vain. Just as the Wasp was leaving the river he breathed his last, and was reluctantly consigned to a watery grave. Young Glascock was by his side, a place he had not vacated since the hour of the rescue.

Count Pulaski's beautiful horse was saved and carried from the battle-field by a South Carolina soldier. Both the horse and the sword of the noble Pole were afterwards given to his brother.

While a surgeon was dressing the stump from which the arm of Lieut. Edward Lloyd had been torn by a cannon ball, Maj. James Jackson, who was standing near, said to the young officer that his prospects in life would be blighted by this calamity which a cruel fate had imposed upon him. Lloyd replied, that, severe as was the affliction, he would not exchange places with Lieut. Stedman, who had fled at the beginning of the assault. Of such stuff were the heroes made who won Georgia's independence!

In the assault on the Spring-Hill redoubt, Maj. John Jones, aid to Gen. McIntosh, was literally cut in two by a cannon ball, when he was within a few paces of the gun. An intimate friend, passing by one of the pits where the dead had been hastily buried, saw an exposed hand which he instantly recognized as that of Maj. Jones. He had his body disinterred and carefully and properly buried.

Maj. Jones endured many hardships during the siege. Letters written from the camp before Savannah, to his wife, his "dear Polly," are still preserved and breathe a spirit full of tender affection and patriotic feeling. Writing under date of October 4th, only five days before he was

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killed, he says: "Pray do not be unhappy on my account, and believe that, if it is my fate to survive this action, I shall; if otherwise, the Lord's will be done. Every soldier and soldier's wife should religiously believe in predestination. What shall I do for clothes? I have but one pair of breeches left." He was only thirty years old when that fatal shot from the Spring-Hill redoubt ended his life.

During the siege, a number of Georgia officers who had no command, and some other patriotic citizens, did active duty under the leadership of Col. Leonard Marbury. Although only thirty in number, four of them were killed and seven wounded.

Georgians may well boast of the examples of courage, patient endurance and glorious death that the siege of Savannah has furnished. Our hearts will ever glow at the recital of Pulaski's gallantry, Jasper's daring and McIntosh's ardor!

Many illustrious persons from both France and England were engaged in the bloody battles. The peerage of Scotland and Ireland were represented, and the famous French navigator, La Pérouse, was there; but the heroes of the occasion, among the foreigners, were Count D'Estaing and Count Pulaski on the American side, and Gen. Prevost for the British.

During the truce for burying the dead, Gen. Lincoln and Count D'Estaing consulted in regard to further operations. The former wished to continue the siege, but the Count—who was severely wounded and whose command had lost heavily—fearing the appearance of a British naval force in the exposed and impoverished condition of the fleet, determined to hasten his departure. So the siege was raised,

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and, on the 18th of October, the allied armies withdrew from Savannah. Count D'Estaing returned to France, and Gen. Lincoln, crossing the river into South Carolina, moved his army towards Charleston.

Georgia gave to her gallant French ally 20,000 acres of land, in acknowledgment of his services, and admitted him to all the privileges of a free citizen of the State.

The joy of the British garrison in Savannah at the success of their arms was soon turned into mourning by the sudden death of Col. Maitland. This brilliant officer and accomplished gentleman was a member of parliament and a brother of James, Earl of Lauderdale.

The siege of Savannah was, perhaps, after the battle of Bunker Hill in Massachusetts, the greatest fight of the Revolutionary war.

CHAPTER X.

REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD. (CONTINUED)

The result of the siege of Savannah was a death-blow to the hopes of Georgia. On the seaboard every appearance of opposition to the King was crushed, and only in the interior was there any armed resistance.

The British authorities were much exasperated by the demonstrations before Savannah, which, at the outset, threatened to overthrow their power; and the Tories, exulting in the humiliation of the State, set out in every direction upon missions of insult, pillage and cruelty. Entirely unrestrained, they seized whatever they coveted—whether stock, negroes, jewels, plate, furniture, or wearing-apparel. They even whipped children, to force them to tell where their parents had hidden their valuables. No mercy was shown to the men who still bore arms for Georgia's freedom; confiscation of property and exile or imprisonment were the least they had to expect. All who could, sought an asylum in South Carolina, but the majority of our people were so poor that they were forced to remain at home and bear the heavy yoke—now rendered more grievous than ever before.

The conduct of the British soldiers in Savannah was such that a residence there by a Whig family was almost beyond endurance; but the women bore their sufferings with a fortitude becoming the wives of patriots.

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Among those who stood firmly by Georgia in this distressing time was the venerable minister, Daniel Marshall, who, refusing to leave his church, remained at his post, comforting his people and keeping up their courage.

This famous man, now bending under the weight of years, had organized on Kiokee creek in Columbia county, the first Baptist church in Georgia, while our State was yet a royal Province. Before he had members enough to build a church he preached in the open air. On one occasion, when his congregation had assembled in a beautiful grove, and he was upon his knees in the opening prayer, a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and the words: "You are my prisoner," sounded in his ears: he was arrested for "preaching in St. Paul's parish." At that time the rites of the church of England constituted the only lawful worship in the parishes where the Episcopalians controlled.

Indignation filled the breast of Daniel Marshall, at this rude interruption of his services. Before he could remonstrate, however, his wife—a woman noted for her piety, good common sense, and eloquence in conversation—rose from her seat, and, with the solemnity of a prophetess of old, denounced that law. She quoted in favor of her views, passages of Scripture that were so apt and forcible that many of her hearers were convinced; among these was the constable himself, Mr. James Cartledge, who afterwards sought baptism at the hands of Mr. Marshall. The latter was carried to Augusta to stand his trial, and was honorably acquitted.

The Rev. Abraham Marshall, worthy son of such parents, by his zeal, eloquence and activity was also a marked figure of this period that "tried men's souls." He had fought

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at Burke Jail and at Augusta. He denounced with equal fervor both sin and oppression, and upheld with all his soul the majesty of God and the liberty of the people. It was truly said of him, "he could pray, he could preach, he could fight." This father and son were shining lights among the Whigs in their part of the State.

It is scarcely possible to form an idea of the universal suffering in Georgia at this time. Far and near, War had laid his desolating hand upon the country. Very little land was under cultivation, commerce was sadly interrupted, and the rage between Whig and Tory ran so high, that what was called a "Georgia parole" meant to be shot down without any mercy. The paper money issued by the State had depreciated so much that sixteen hundred and eighteen dollars of it were only equal to one dollar in gold. The common clothing of our people was a coarse cotton cloth, called homespun. Cotton was only planted in small patches for home consumption; though, in 1739, one bale was shipped from Savannah to England as an experiment. This was the first cotton ever exported from the United States.

The spinning-wheel and loom were a part of the furniture of every household. The seed was picked from the cotton by hand, and then the negro women carded, spun and wove it into cloth. Before the war for independence, homespun was used only for negroes' clothing; but now, stately officers and high-born dames wore it with pride.

What was at this time called Wilkes county included all the lands north of the Ogeechee river acquired from the Cherokees and Creeks by the treaty at Augusta in 1773. The population was very sparse, so stockade forts were

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erected at suitable points, as a refuge from the Tories and Indians, for those who could not leave the State.

Small companies of Whigs were constantly in the saddle; whenever there was danger, the settlements were warned, and the women, children, negroes and stock were carried to the nearest fort, which the men protected.

Stephen Heard lived in that part of Wilkes which is now called Elbert county. At the beginning of hostilities he had hastened to the standard of liberty, and, under Col. Elijah Clarke had defended the western portions of Georgia. He almost lived in the saddle, keeping a vigilant watch over the movements of the Indians and Tories. He rode a powerful gray horse, named Silver-heels, of which his wife was very fond, because his fleetness had often saved her husband's life. She and all her household could distinguish that horse's footstep as far as they could hear it. Whenever one of the negro women rushed into the room where she was sitting, saying: "I hear Silver-heels coming at a hard gallop," Mrs. Heard would call her maids around her and collect and pack her most valuable possessions, for she knew there was danger, and they would have to flee to the fort.

Stephen Heard was governor during a portion of the time in which Georgia was overrun by the British, when gloom sat upon every countenance. His title was President of the Executive Council. In this capacity he did all in his power to keep hope alive in the hearts of the desponding people.

There lived in this same part of the State a rich family who always refugee to their Virginia plantation whenever the Tories became too aggressive in Wilkes; when the

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Whigs regained control, they would return. They made this journey so often that even the cows learned the way, and followed the right road without once making a mistake. During one of these journeys, when the family were returning to Elbert county, the children and little negroes became so tired of being cooped up in the wagons, that they begged to be allowed to walk. Permission was readily granted. The road led straight across the Savannah river at Cherokee ford, where it was very shallow and spread out a half mile in width. The children did not wait here for the wagons, as they were expected to do. The cows were in front of them, slowly plodding along, and when they stepped into the river, each child, white and black, took hold of a cow's tail and held it fast until they were safely piloted across. When the wagons reached home at nine o'clock at night, the cows were in the lot, and all the children sitting before a rousing fire, drying their clothing.

One of the children who thus forded the Savannah river was Elizabeth Darden, a great-niece of George Washington, and she afterwards became the second wife of Stephen Heard.

In this dark hour, when Georgia was deserted by friends and allies, she safely trusted in the strong arms and iron hearts of her sons, who, in small parties, annoyed the British and kept the Tories in check.

The celebrated Patrick Carr, of Jefferson county, with his own hand killed a hundred Tories. He considered them vermin to be exterminated. When some one praised him for his bravery, he said: "I could have made a very good soldier, if the Almighty had not given me such a merciful heart."

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One of the most relentless enemies the Tories had was a plain, rough woman, named Nancy Hart, who lived in famous Elbert county. Almost six feet tall, she was very muscular and erect, with a broad, angular mouth, and awkward manners. She was ignorant of letters and the civilities of life, but she had a woman's heart for her friends, and was a zealous lover of liberty. She called her husband "a poor stick," because he was rather lukewarm in the cause of freedom, though she could not charge him with any love for Tories. They lived on Broad river, and Mr. Hart spent most of his time in the cane-brakes; for, when the Tories were in the ascendency, every man known to be a Whig, who remained at home, had to live in hiding to avoid being killed.

At her spring, Nancy Hart always kept a conch-shell, upon which, by certain signals, she could give the information to Mr. Hart, or to any neighbor who might be at work in the field, that the "Britishers," or the Tories were about; that her husband was wanted at the cabin; or that he was to keep close, or "make tracks" for another swamp.

One evening Nancy was at home with her children sitting around the fire, where a large pot of soap was boiling. While stirring the soap, she entertained her family with the latest news from the war. Most of the houses and also the chimneys in this sparsely settled region, were built of logs. One of her sons saw some one peeping at them through the cracks of the chimney, and stealthily gave his mother a sign.

She continued to rattle away, talking loudly about the recent defeat of some Tories, and giving the boiling soap a vigorous stir, but all the time she was watching the place

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where the spy would reappear. Suddenly, with the quickness of lightning, she dashed a ladle of boiling soap through the crevice, full in the face of the eavesdropper. Taken by surprise, and blinded by the hot soap, he screamed and roared lustily, while Nancy went out, and, with gibes and taunts, tied him fast as her prisoner.

One fine morning a party of Tories gave her a call, and, in true soldier fashion, ordered something to eat. She soon had smoking venison steak, a hot hoe-cake, and fresh honey-comb upon the table. The self-invited guests were very hungry, and simultaneously stacked their guns and made a rush for the table; quick as thought, the dauntless Nancy seized one of the guns, cocked it, and declared she would blow out the brains of the first one who offered to taste a mouthful, or to rise from the table! They all knew her character too well to imagine that she would say one thing and do another. Not one of them was willing to be killed by a woman, so they all sat still.

"Go," she said to one of her sons, "and tell the Whigs that I have taken six base Tories."

On another occasion, a band of Tories from the British camp at Augusta, penetrating into the interior, savagely murdered Col. Dooly while in bed in his own house, and then continued their way up the country for the purpose of committing further atrocities.

A detachment of five, turning to the east, went to the neighborhood of Broad river to see what discoveries they could make. Arriving at Nancy's cabin, they entered it very unceremoniously, receiving a scowl from her by way of welcome.

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They told her that they had come to know the truth respecting the story that she had concealed a noted rebel from the King's men, who, but for her interference, would have caught and hung him.

Nancy acknowledged that it was all true, and volunteered to tell them how she did it. She said she gave the fugitive Whig minute directions how to hide himself in the swamp, and then let him ride straight through her cabin to hide his horse's tracks. Then she went about her work as usual, and presently the pursuing party rode up, boisterously calling for her. She appeared at the door with her head all muffled up, and asked in a weak voice why they disturbed a lone, sick woman. They described a certain horseman, and asked if she had seen him. Oh! yes, she had seen him, and she told them the way he went, sending them in the wrong direction.

Having finished her tale, Nancy turned to her unwelcomed guests, exclaiming:

“Well fooled! and my Whig boy was saved!”

The Tory party did not much relish Nancy's explanation, but they could not wreak their revenge upon a woman, so they passed it over by ordering her to give them something to eat. She replied, “I never feed King's men if I can help it; and now the villains, by stealing all my poultry and pigs have put it out of my power to feed even my own family. That old gobbler you see out yonder in the yard is all I have left.”

“Well, and that you shall cook for us,” said the leader; and, raising his gun, he shot the turkey, which one of his men carried into the house and handed to Nancy.

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She fussed and stormed, but, at last, seeming to make a virtue of necessity, began to clean the turkey—assisted by her daughter Sukey, a girl twelve years of age. One of the Tories helped them, and she seemed to get in a tolerably good humor with him, exchanging rude jests. The Tories, pleased to see that she was inclined to be jovial, invited her to partake of the liquor which they had brought with them. She accepted it with witty thanks.

Now the turkey was ready for the pot, but there was no water in the house, so Sukey had to go to the spring; while she was there she blew the conch-shell in such a way that Mr. Hart and the three neighbors who were hiding in the swamp would know that there were Tories at the house.

By the time the old gobbler was cooked, the Tories, having become quite merry over their jug, sat down to enjoy their dinner, but they had cautiously stacked their arms where they were within reach. Nancy waited on the table, paying them assiduous attention, and occasionally passing between them and their muskets.

Water was called for, but she had so contrived that there was none in the house, so Sukey had to go again to the spring. With a sign from her mother she hastened her steps, and when she got there blew a signal to call the men to the house immediately.

Meanwhile, Nancy had slipped out one of the pieces of pine which made the “chinking” between the logs of her cabin, and dexterously placed two of the guns through the hole. She was just putting out a third, when she was discovered, and every Tory sprang to his feet. In a moment the musket which she held in her hand was at her shoulder, and she declared that she would kill the first man who

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started towards her. After some hesitation one of them advanced upon her, when, true to her threat, she fired, and he fell dead upon the floor. Instantly seizing another musket, she put it in position to fire again.

By this time Sukey had returned from the spring, and, taking up the remaining gun, carried it out of the house, saying to her mother: "Daddy and them will be here directly." This information so increased the alarm of the Tories that they made a general rush upon Nancy; but she instantly fired again, and seriously wounded another. Sukey stood at her elbow with a loaded musket which she had brought from outdoors; her mother, taking it, planted herself in the doorway and called upon the remainder of the party to surrender "to a Whig woman."

They agreed to surrender and "shake hands upon the strength of it"; but she kept them in their places until the four Whigs came up to the door. They were in the act of shooting down the Tories, when Nancy stopped them, saying that they were her prisoners, and, her temper being up to boiling heat, declaring that "shooting was too good for them." This hint was enough. The dead man was dragged out of the house, the wounded Tory and the three others were tied, taken out beyond the bars, and hung. The tree upon which they suffered death was pointed out fifty years afterwards by one who lived in those bloody times.

Nancy Hart had high-toned ideas of liberty, in spite of her rough ways, and rendered so much valuable service to the Whigs—even risking her life on one occasion, to obtain information of the enemy's movements—that Georgia has perpetuated her name by bestowing it upon one of her counties.

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After the allied armies withdrew from Savannah, Sir James Wright, as royal governor, had called a legislature, composed of the men who were true to the King. They denounced every Whig in the State as a traitor. The Georgia Assembly passed the same act with regard to the royalists. Thus were the republicans and the royalists contending for the mastery, not only with arms, but with statecraft; and the whole territory of Georgia was given up to general confiscation, plunder and murder.

In spite of the zeal of Sir James, all attempts at royal legislation in this State were feeble and spasmodic, except just after the siege of Savannah. Yet with a perseverance worthy of all praise, he still labored to fortify that town and hold Georgia for the King.

The Whigs had now become weak in numbers and enfeebled by the fortunes of war. Many of them were pining in captivity; others, contending with hunger, were trying to make a crop with which to feed their families; others still were in different continental commands, doing battle beyond the limits of Georgia.

Georgians were engaged in every battle of any importance that was fought in South Carolina. In the battle of Blackstock's House—where Sumter was attacked by the British cavalry under Col. Tarleton—at the beginning of the action Sumter received a wound which compelled him to retire from the field. The command then devolved upon Col. Twiggs, the oldest Georgia officer present, and to him and his corps of Georgians is due much of the glory of this victory.

From the beginning of this war, our State had kept Representatives in the Continental Congress, which was com-

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posed of delegates from all the colonies, who met to contrive ways for mutual assistance and defense. In Georgia's darkest days, when her paper money had little value, she spent five hundred thousand dollars in paying the expenses of Richard Howley, while a member of this Congress.

In these gloomy times, men thought but little about government; nor was much required. Liberty and something for their families to eat and wear were the principal objects for which patriotic Georgian's were now striving.

CHAPTER XI.

REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD. (CONTINUED.)

The very next year after the siege of Savannah, Charleston, in South Carolina, fell into the hands of the British, under Sir Henry Clinton. Gen. Lincoln and his whole army, among whom was Gen. Lachlan McIntosh, became prisoners of war. Clinton, elated at his success, determined to extend his conquests; he sent out three detachments into the interior, one of which, under Col. Browne, was to capture Augusta. He had lived there before the war, and when hostilities began he expressed himself strongly in favor of the arbitrary measures of King George, using his utmost influence to inflame the minds of the people against the patriots. So the "Liberty Boys" had tarred and feathered him, exposing him to public ridicule in a cart drawn by three mules; then he was driven from the town. In a short time he voluntarily declared that he repented of his past conduct, and swore that he would risk his life and fortune for the sake of Georgia's liberty. He violated his oath, and became one of the bitterest enemies of the Whigs.

There were so few troops at Augusta, that Col. Browne took possession with but little resistance. This achievement was rendered easier by the base act of Gen. Andrew Williamson, who was encamped near the town with three hundred militia, the most formidable force that Georgia had for her defense at any single point. He told

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his officers that they all had better return home, as it was useless to resist the King any longer. Disbanding his command, he deserted to the British, and was rewarded for his treacherous conduct by a colonel's commission in the King's service.

Although Georgia was now almost entirely under control of the British, the Whigs did not tamely submit to this state of affairs. Small bands of cavalry harassed the enemy whenever an opportunity was presented. Now they were burning the rice on the Ogeechee plantation of Sir James Wright, then thundering at the very gates of Savannah, and again fighting the bands of Tories who were scouring the country in search of plunder.

In the meantime, Georgia's best officers and the majority of her soldiers, having retreated to South Carolina, had taken part in the important events which were transpiring in those parts of that State where the British and Tories were running riot.

Col. Elijah Clarke, disappointed in all his plans by the desertion of Gen. Williamson, led his small command of one hundred and forty men into South Carolina. They were all volunteers, and each man claimed the right to think and act for himself. So, not being sure of his authority over the little band, he thought it prudent to return to Georgia and wait for a better opportunity to help his neighbors.

One of his officers—Col. John Jones, of Burke county—refused to follow him in his retreat back to Georgia. He persuaded thirty-five men to unite with him, and endeavor to penetrate through the forests to North Carolina, to join the first republican forces they could find. He succeeded in

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this plan, having a successful skirmish with the enemy on the way. He did good service in the cause of freedom, until he was disabled for a time by eight saber cuts on his head, in the fight with Maj. Dunlap's command in South Carolina.

To add to the horrors of this period, the smallpox spread over our State. It was brought here by the British soldiers, and more dreaded by our men than the sword of the enemy. Civilians and the military were alike superstitious about vaccination, and suffered for months with this loathsome disease before experiments clearly established the virtue of inoculation, and at last overcame their fancied objections.

Col. Clarke and his men did not long remain at home, as they were obliged to hide in the woods, and depend upon their friends for food. They soon wearied of this, and returned to the Carolinas. In a battle near Musgrove's mill, Col. Clarke defeated the enemy; he was twice wounded, but his stock buckle saved his life.

Soon after this affair he was back in Georgia, planning to capture Augusta from the British. He made his arrangements so secretly and suddenly that he reached the town unobserved, and found Col. Browne unprepared for an attack. It was the 14th of September, 1780, when Col. Clarke, halting before Augusta, formed his command into three divisions. He commanded the center, the right wing was under Col. McCall, and the left under Maj. Taylor.

In the advance Maj. Taylor came upon an Indian camp, which he attacked; but they at once retreated towards their British allies, keeping up a desultory fire. He pressed forward as rapidly as possible to get possession of a trading-

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post, called the White-House, which was a mile and a half from town. Capt. Johnson was stationed there with the King's Rangers, and the retreating Indians soon joined them.

Col. Browne did not know until the attack on the Indian camp that Col. Clarke was in his vicinity; he then ordered a Tory, Col. Grierson, to hasten to the assistance of the garrison at the White-House, while, with the main body of his troops, he advanced more slowly to the scene of action.

In the meantime, Clarke and McCall had taken the forts by surprise, capturing the garrisons and all the presents which were kept there for the Indians.

Col. Browne reached the White-House in advance of the Whig army, and, under cover of night, threw up some works around it, which strengthened his position. The cracks between weather-boards and ceiling were filled with earth to make it proof against musket balls. The windows were closed and protected in the same way, loop-holes being cut at convenient distances. Thus the defense was made as formidable as possible with the materials at hand. Col. Clarke tried to dislodge him by a regular siege, but failed on account of having no artillery.

Col. Browne had sent word to Col. Cruger to bring assistance as quickly as possible. While awaiting this reinforcement, he obstinately defended his post and refused to surrender, though his position was beset with difficulties. During the fighting he was shot through both thighs; his wounded men were suffering for medical aid, and Col. Clarke, being between them and the river, had cut off their water supply.

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Col. Browne had held his position for four days, when Col. Cruger appeared on the opposite side of the river. This compelled Col. Clarke to withdraw his forces, as any further effort at that time would have been useless. On the morning of his retreat, he released his captives; but, regardless of their obligations as prisoners on parole, they resumed their arms as soon as he left the neighborhood.

Some of Col. Clarke's men were left behind, being so badly wounded that they could not be removed. Thus, Capt. Asby and twenty-eight others fell into the hands of the enemy. This officer—noted for his bravery and humanity—and twelve of the wounded Whigs were hanged on the staircase of the White-House, so that Browne, while lying there wounded, might have the pleasure of seeing them expire. The vengeance of this cruel and vindictive man against the Whigs could never be satiated; his only virtue was courage.

Among the captured Whigs were two brothers named Glass, seventeen and fifteen years of age, respectively. When the retreat was ordered, the younger one could not be persuaded to leave his brother, who had been shot through the thigh and was unable to be moved. This affection cost him his life, for they were both choked to death on a hastily constructed gibbet.

All this was merciful compared with what the other prisoners suffered. They were given up to the Indians, who, forming a circle, placed their prisoners in the center; some they threw into the great, roaring fires, and others they slowly roasted to death.

Maj. Carter, of Taylor's division, was mortally wounded at the door of the White-House, but escaped these horrors

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through the devotion of his comrades. At the risk of their lives, they carried him to the plantation of Mrs. Bugg, who was the devoted friend of the Whigs, where, a few days afterwards, he died.

No sooner had Col. Clarke retired from Augusta than Col. Browne subjected the surrounding country to a rigorous search. Republican sympathizers were dragged from their homes and crowded into wretched prisons; those suspected of belonging to Clarke's command were hung, without even the mockery of a trial; old men were thrown in jail for no other reason than welcoming home their sons and grandsons, who had long been fighting in other States.

Col. Jones, of Burke county, having returned to Georgia during this distressing time, to visit his family, was surprised and wounded by the Tories, but escaped to a swamp. While concealed there, waiting for his wound to heal, he was discovered and captured. The Tories clamored for his life, but he was saved by the British Captain Wylly, who kept him constantly guarded.

When Col. Clarke retired from Augusta, he retreated directly to Little river and there halted. His men, in small parties, returned to their homes for a few days, to take leave of their families before quitting the State. When they met again at the rendezvous many had brought their wives and children with them; they were perfectly destitute, and would have starved had they been left at their homes.

So, when Col. Clarke was ready to march, he found himself at the head of three hundred men, with four hundred women and children in their train. He felt obliged to find some place of safety for this helpless multitude, and, with

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provisions for only five days, he commenced a march of two hundred miles through a mountainous wilderness, to avoid being cut off by the enemy. Though they often lived for two days at a time on nuts, the women bore the hunger and fatigue without a murmur, all the while cheering with their smiles the drooping spirits of the men.

After many days, weary and footsore, they reached a haven of rest among the Blue Ridge mountains, in the northern part of North Carolina. The people of that region were justly famed for their hospitality, and they received with a hearty welcome the poor refugees, who had nothing to recommend them but their poverty and the cause in which they suffered.

They were supplied with clothes, food and shelter. Nor was this generosity momentary; it ceased only when there was no longer any demand for it. These persecuted wanderers lived in that beautiful region, guarded by the rugged mountains, until the storm of war had passed, and they could safely return to their Georgia homes.

When the soldiers saw their loved ones safely housed, they returned to the borders of South Carolina, and there held themselves in readiness for active service.

Never was the patriotism of any people more sorely tried than that of Georgians during this winter of 1780. Affairs were at the lowest ebb, while the manhood of our State was largely withdrawn beyond her boundaries, doing battle for the common cause.

Hope never entirely dies in the human heart. Among the Georgians, it sprang once more into vigorous life, when it was known that—at Gen. Washington's suggestion—Gen. Nathaniel Greene had been given command of the

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Southern Department, and was then on his way to North Carolina with Continental troops. His mission was nothing less than to drive the British out of the Carolinas and Georgia. To assist in this service, Gen. Washington took from his army his best cavalry officer, Col. Henry Lee, known in the war of the Revolution as "Light-horse Harry."

In the glorious battle of the Cowpens, in South Carolina, early in January, 1781, the Georgia troops that were officered by Maj. Cunningham, Capt. George Walton, Capt. Hammond and Capt. Joshua Inman, were placed in the first line and acquitted themselves with great gallantry. Maj. James Jackson, with his own hands, captured Maj. McArthur, commanding officer of the British infantry, and at the risk of his life attempted to seize and bear off the colors of the 71st British regiment. The commanding officer in this battle, the gallant Gen. Morgan, upon the battle field publicly thanked him for his daring deeds.

Not long afterwards, Maj. Jackson, acting under authority conferred by Gen. Greene, raised a legion for service in Georgia, and received his commission as Lieut. Colonel. Few officers have ever possessed such talent for recruiting. His eloquence on these occasions was powerful. When he described in burning words the cruelties of the enemy, the perils and hardships of Georgians, and avowed his willingness to share every danger with the men who enlisted under him, the effect upon the crowd was irresistible. Shouts of "Liberty and Jackson forever!" rent the air, and offers of enlistment came from hundreds of lips.

When Jackson's legion was formed and equipped, it presented a singular appearance. In his own description of it, he said: "My dragoons were clothed and armed by them-

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selves, except pistols; even their caps, boots and spurs they brought with them. Their coats were made of dressed deer-skins, and turned up with the little blue cloth which I could procure." As the British used red in their uniforms, the Whigs adopted blue for their color.

When Jackson brought his legion to Georgia, their sufferings were often very great. He wrote: "My whole corps were for months without anything to quench their thirst but the common swamp water near Savannah, and for forty-eight hours together, without bread, rice, or anything like it."

When Gen. Greene had pushed the enemy from North Carolina, he carried the war into South Carolina, and then Col. Clarke obtained permission to return to Georgia, that he might refresh his men and recruit his command. This is the picture of the desolation which he found in upper Georgia as drawn by Capt. McCall, an eye-witness: "When these small parties entered the settlements where they had formerly resided, general devastation was presented to their view. Their aged fathers and youthful brothers had been hanged and murdered; their decrepit grandfathers were incarcerated in prisons where most of them had been suffered to perish in filth, from famine or disease; their mothers, wives, sisters, daughters and young children had been robbed, insulted and abused, and were found by them in temporary huts, more resembling a savage camp than a civilized habitation. The indignant sigh burst from the heart of the war-worn veteran, and the manly tear trickled down his cheek as he embraced his suffering relations."

Col. Browne and Col. Grierson were the men who were responsible for these cruel deeds. Imagine, if you can, the

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feeling towards them of the Georgians of that day! It was hard to show mercy to a Tory who had been active in committing outrages, and the law of retaliation seemed a necessity.

CHAPTER XII.

REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD. (CONTINUED.)

As the winter slipped away, the gloom which enveloped Georgia began to brighten. Gen. Greene was regarded as the great and good genius of the hour, and every one had firm confidence in his will and ability to aid them. Now, the long-absent soldiers, returning home, assembled in force to fight once more for their own families and fire-sides. With promise of help from Gen. Greene, the Whigs formed their plans to capture Augusta and the lawless Tories who were the scourge of that whole region.

Col. Clarke, having had the smallpox, was still suffering from its effects, and was too weak to take the field; so, Col. Micajah Williamson was placed in command over his forces. On the 16th of April, 1781, he led them to Augusta, and fortified his camp within twelve hundred yards of the British works.

Col. Baker, with all the South Georgia militia he could collect, soon joined him, as did Capt. Dun and Capt. Irwin, with the Burke county men. Col. James Jackson, with his legion, and Col. Hammond, with his Carolina militia, were also there.

For nearly four weeks did these determined men invest Augusta, guarding every approach to it, and compelling the garrison to remain within their defenses. Never for a

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moment relaxing their vigilance, they waited impatiently for the promised assistance from Gen. Greene, before making an assault upon the British fortifications.

At last, the militia, destitute of almost every necessary of life, wearied of their hard service, and, giving up all hope of aid, determined to return to their homes. The fiery eloquence of Col. Jackson roused their drooping spirits, inspired them with hope and courage, and saved them from tarnishing the laurels they had already won by deserting their country in a time of such great need. This militia afterwards nobly did their part in all the fights around Augusta.

Towards the middle of May, Col. Clarke, bringing one hundred men, joined the little army. The very sight of him inspired among the soldiers confidence in the final success of the enterprise.

It was at this time that a strong band of Tories collected to reinforce Col. Browne and compel the patriots to raise the siege. Without waiting for them to reach Augusta, Col. Clarke sent Capt. Shelby and Capt. Carr against them. Encountering the Tories at Walker's Bridge, on Brier creek, they succeeded in killing and wounding a number of them, and dispersing the rest, returning in triumph to the camp.

While this event was happening, Col. Clarke had sent all his cavalry horses to Beech Island, where forage was plentiful. It was supposed that there was no danger from the enemy, so, only six men were sent with them.

Col. Browne, learning this fact, dispatched a party of regulars, militia and Indians, down the river, in canoes, to capture them. They succeeded so well in this attempt,

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that they killed all six of the guards. When Capt. Shelby and Capt. Carr were near Mrs. Bugg's plantation, on their return from their adventure, they met this detachment, and, in the fight which followed, they killed nearly half of the enemy and recovered all of Col. Clarke's horses.

It was not long after these successes before the Whig army was weakened by having to send a force to the upper part of the State, and to South Carolina, to drive back the Indians and Tories who were committing depredations upon the frontier. So there was great joy in the camp, when Gen. Greene sent Gen. Pickens and Col. Lee to their aid.

Col. Lee was not long in camp before he learned that there had recently been received at Fort Galphin, near Silver Bluff, the annual royal presents for the Indians, consisting of powder, balls, small arms, salt and blankets. Our army needed all these things, and he resolved, if possible, to secure them. With the assistance of a certain Capt. Rudolph, he accomplished this design, with the loss of only one man; this one was not killed, but died from the effects of heat. It was a very sultry morning, and for miles not a drop of water had been found.

Tradition says, that Capt. Rudolph was the famous Marshal Ney in disguise. It is certain that there was some mystery about him. He was a stranger, and no one ever knew whence he came. "Light-horse Harry" rested a few hours after his successful adventure, and then hastened to join Pickens and Clarke in the woods west of Augusta.

Fort Cornwallis, the British stronghold, stood in the center of the town at this time, and Fort Grierson was half a mile up the river.

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The first direct attack designed by the Americans was to drive Col. Grierson out of the Fort that bore his name, and to intercept his command if they attempted to retreat to Fort Cornwallis.

When they appeared before his Fort, Col. Grierson soon realized that resistance would be useless, so he determined to make a break and escape to the town. As soon as the gate was thrown open, the whole garrison made a rush to the river bank. It was a dangerous attempt, in which very few of them succeeded. A British major was among the killed, and Col. Grierson among the captured. After he had surrendered he was shot by a Georgia rifleman whose aged father, while a prisoner, had been treated with wanton cruelty by Grierson. So hard and cruel was Col. Grierson's character, and so universally was he hated, that, although the republican commanders offered a reward for the man who committed this deed, no disclosure was ever made; yet no one doubted that every soldier knew whose hand had pulled the trigger that sped the avenging ball.

When Col. Browne became convinced that the Whigs were aided by skillful officers, and that they were all bent upon the capture of Augusta, he put forth all his energy to make his position more secure.

With his usual malignity, he placed the venerable Mr. Alexander and other Whig prisoners whom he had in the Fort, where they would be exposed to the fire of the American rifles. One of the companies that was closely investing Fort Cornwallis was commanded by Capt. Samuel Alexander, whose father was thus subjected to the chance of death by the hand of his own son.

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This Fort was not far from the river, along whose banks our men had a safe route. So, it was decided that some military works should be erected in that quarter, towards the left and rear of the enemy. The soldiers at once began to dig trenches. The surrounding ground offered no elevation which would enable the Americans to bring their six-pounders to bear upon the enemy, and a Mayham tower had to be erected, upon which to mount the cannon.

On two successive nights, Col. Browne vigorously endeavored to put a stop to this work. On the second night, after a long struggle, Capt. Rudolph drove him into Fort Cornwallis, at the point of the bayonet.

In spite of occasional interruptions, the erection of the tower progressed rapidly, and the adjacent works were at the same time being actively pushed to completion. The American lines in that quarter were doubly manned, Capt. Handy's Maryland infantry supporting the militia, and a company of musketry being detailed, whose special duty it was to defend the Mayham tower.

Again, Col. Browne made a night attack upon them; this being met with a gallant reception from Capt. Rudolph, he fell back and assailed the American works in the rear. Here Pickens' militia fought him bravely, but were overpowered by numbers, and had just been forced out of the trenches by bayonets, when Capt. Handy rushed to the rescue, and drove Col. Browne back into his Fort. On this occasion, the loss on both sides exceeded all that had previously occurred during the siege, though several desperate battles had been fought, in which great military skill was displayed by each party.

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At last, Col. Browne, always fertile in resources, resolved to resort to stratagem to defeat the Americans. Near their tower was an old, wooden house which had served them as a cover when they first began their work, and which they had neglected to pull down, when it was no longer needed. Col. Browne determined to burn it, hoping for the tower to catch fire and be consumed.

A man, pretending to be a deserter from the British, asked an interview with Col. Lee, and these two held a long conversation. This spy was questioned upon many subjects, but gave ready and satisfactory answers. He said that, for a suitable reward, he would direct the cannonading of the tower to that part of Fort Cornwallis where all the powder was deposited. This offer being considered a desirable one, was accepted at once, and grog and a good supper given the deserter.

It was nearly midnight before "Light-horse Harry" got to bed. He was worn and weary, and knowing that the next day would be a busy one, as his soldiers had almost completed their work, he tried to compose himself to rest. It was in vain. He felt uneasy; sleep fled from his eyelids, and a presentiment of evil oppressed him. His mind continually dwelt upon Col. Browne's evil character, and upon the deserter whom he was trusting. At last, he arose and gave orders that the stranger should be taken from the tower, where he was stationed, and put in confinement.

Never was there a more fortunate alteration of plans, for Col. Browne had sent this man to the American camp for the express purpose of destroying the Mayham tower.

Between Col. Lee's quarters and Fort Cornwallis there were several houses that had been deserted since the com-

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mencement of the siege. The next morning it was found that all of them, except the two nearest the Fort, had been burned during the night. Our soldiers wondered why the enemy had left those standing.

As soon as the Mayham tower was finished, and the cannon mounted, the fire from it was so destructive that the British soldiers in the Fort had to dig holes in the earth for protection. It was almost certain death, if they exposed themselves during the day.

On the 3d of June, all the preparations for an assault upon Augusta were completed, and Lee and Pickens, wishing, if possible, to avoid further bloodshed, summoned Col. Browne to surrender. He declined, saying he would defend his post to the last extremity.

Col. Lee then issued orders to his army to have everything ready for a general assault the next morning at nine o'clock. That night Pickens sent the best marksmen from his militia to the house that had been left standing nearest the Fort, to ascertain how many of them could do effective work from that point. When their officer had explained his plans, they were withdrawn, but ordered to station themselves there before daybreak. Capt. Handy's troops and the infantry of Jackson's legion were to make the main attack from the river.

All the preparations for an assault had been completed, and every soldier held himself ready to take his station, when, about three o'clock in the morning, the American army was startled by a violent explosion. They soon discovered that it was the house intended to be occupied by the riflemen; this was blown thirty or forty feet into the air, its fragments falling all over the field. This explained

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both why Col. Browne did not destroy it with the others and what was meant by the constant digging which had lately employed his men. He knew the besiegers would occupy the house when they were ready to make the assault, which he rightly concluded would be the next morning. Never doubting that the riflemen would spend the night in this house, he intended to deprive the Americans of their aid, at the same time striking consternation to the hearts of their comrades, and discouraging the troops who were to make the attack. It was his last move.

As the American army, armed and equipped, awaited the signal to begin the assault, their commander made an appeal to Col. Browne on behalf of the Whigs who had been confined so long in the Fort, and whose present situation was so perilous. It is needless to record that this appeal was made in vain.

However, Col. Browne fully realized his desperate situation, and before the hour of the attack made an offer of surrender on certain conditions. A conference was soon arranged, and after twenty-four hours terms were agreed upon. At eight o'clock, on the morning of the 5th of June, the British garrison marched out of Fort Cornwallis, surrendering a large amount of munitions of war, which were of great benefit to the patriots.

Col. Browne expressed himself as highly gratified that he had been able to postpone his surrender, as the 4th was the anniversary of the birthday of King George. So justly odious was he, both to Georgians and Carolinians, that he had to be protected from the threatened violence of the militia, by a special guard under Gen. Armstrong. He and a few of his officers who were paroled were sent by

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way of the river to the British in Savannah, as it was not considered safe for them to travel through the country, even with a strong guard.

Augusta was now and for many years afterwards the only inland town of any importance in Georgia; and when it fell into the hands of the patriots, it insured comparative safety to the upper part of the State. Col. Jackson was given command of the town, because his early exertions had paved the way for its capture.

Col. Clarke's wife was at the siege of Augusta, and was present when the garrison capitulated. Many of the prisoners taken there and at other places by her gallant husband experienced her benevolence and hospitality. She often accompanied him in his campaigns, and felt many of the vicissitudes of war. Once, when moving from a place of danger, where a fight was expected to take place, she had two children on her horse when it was shot from under her; but they all escaped unharmed. She saw the glorious day when Georgia was free, and lived to be ninety years of age.

Some time before the siege, a party of Tories had captured Stephen Heard in Wilkes county, and carried him in irons to Augusta, where he was tried by court-martial for being in arms against the King. He was found guilty and sentenced to be hung; but for some reason the execution was delayed.

The sad news of the condemnation had quickly reached his home, causing great distress among its inmates. Kate—a tall, strong, raw-boned, negro woman who was much beloved and trusted by the family—consoled her mistress with comforting words and the assurance that she would save him. She forthwith set out to Augusta, where she

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ingratiated herself with the British officers by her fine laundry work and respectful manners. By some means it became known that she belonged to Stephen Heard and was attached to him, and the common soldiers delighted to torment her by saying he was going to be shot for a rebel. The first time Kate heard them say this, she indignantly retorted:

"Well, when it happens, all of you had better catch some of his blood, mix it with water and drink it. You will be better men for having some of his blood in you."

At last, the faithful Kate found means to conceal her master in a quantity of soiled linen, and so convey him out of the Fort. He escaped from Augusta the day before the siege commenced, and fought under Clarke and Jackson.

Kate was offered her freedom; but she preferred her old home and old friends, and died at an advanced age in the bosom of the family she had so well loved and served.

The capture of Augusta raised the spirits of the Whigs to a high degree of satisfaction; Sir James Wright, in Savannah, understood its significance so well that he called lustily for help. Lord Rawdon, in South Carolina, weak as was his command, parted with a regiment for his support.

Now, the faint-hearted among the Whigs became inspired with fresh hope and courage. Coming from their hiding-places in the swamps, they joined the ranks of the partisan leaders, and brighter days dawned for our much-tried State.

Once more Augusta became our capital, and here the Governor and Executive Council again took up their abode.

CHAPTER XIII.

REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD. (CONCLUDED)

By the recent success of the Republican arms, upper Georgia was now under the control of the Whigs; and with the assistance of Col. Jackson, Twiggs turned his attention to recovering the middle and southern parts of the State. This efficient officer had been advanced in rank for bravery and long services, and was now a general.

In carrying out his part of this plan, Col. Jackson marched as far as Ebenezer, skirmishing with the enemy by the way; while Gen. Twiggs, with the assistance of Irwin, Lewis, Carr, and Jones of Burke county, was rousing the patriotism of South Georgia, and increasing the number of his soldiers.

The British had always kept military posts at Great Ogeechee ferry, and at Sunbury, in order to secure communication between Savannah and the lower counties. Late in October, Col. Jackson started to surprise and capture Ogeechee ferry. When not far from it, he fell in with a British scouting party, captured it without spreading any alarm, and appeared at the ferry before his presence in the neighborhood was known to its commander, Capt. Johnson. So suddenly did the Whigs fall upon the White-House, which was his principal defense, that he agreed to surrender. He was just in the act of handing his sword

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to Col. Jackson, when one of his officers was killed by the celebrated Patrick Carr. Inferring from this violent act that no quarter was to be given, Capt. Johnson sprang upon his horse and called on his men to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

Nerved to desperation, the British fought like tigers, and defended the White-House so well that Col. Jackson was forced to retreat with the loss of several men. To add to his chagrin, some of his men, without asking leave, went off in search of plunder.

Col. Campbell, a British officer, with part of a cavalry regiment, was stationed in this vicinity. Capt. Johnson joined him, and together they gave battle to Col. Jackson.

This officer, placing his infantry in the van, concealed his cavalry behind a hummock. As the enemy's cavalry charged over this small band of foot soldiers, he hurled his dragoons upon them, when they broke and fled for some distance. Finally, they rallied behind a fence and could not be dislodged.

Now, Col. Jackson, in his turn, was forced to seek protection in an adjacent swamp, and, under cover of night, to retire towards Ebenezer. Here he was joined by a small reinforcement.

From this time until the cessation of hostilities, he was occupied in scouring the country for Tories, attacking the foraging parties of the enemy, and restoring to the Whigs their property. All this part of the State had been so trampled upon and plundered by the enemy, that it was often difficult to obtain the barest necessities of life for our soldiers.

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Incited by the British, the Creeks and Cherokees were again “on the war path,” giving the Whigs much trouble and anxiety. While struggling with three foes, British, Tories and Indians, the patriots heard with wild delight the news of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis’ army to Gen. Washington.

Scant justice has been rendered to Georgia’s partisan leaders for their services beyond their State limits during this war. Elijah Clarke and Stephen Heard, battling in the Carolinas, had pushed Lord Cornwallis into Virginia, which made his surrender a certainty. Let the memories of Clarke and Heard be honored by every Georgian! Two fine counties in our State perpetuate their names.

The war was now virtually at an end, and the British no longer pursued active operations, but a desultory warfare was kept up for some time longer in Georgia.

As soon as Gen. Greene’s success in South Carolina was assured, he turned his attention to the further relief of our State, sending Gen. Anthony Wayne for this important service. He was a popular hero among the American soldiers in the northern army; and from his rashness had acquired the soubriquet of “Mad Anthony Wayne.” His duty in Georgia was to stand on the defensive, and, if occasion offered, to attempt the capture of Savannah by a night assault.

Ever since our metropolis had been in the hands of the British, it had been a favorite resort for the Indians. It was here that their deputations were entertained, the royal presents distributed, and plans laid for them to harass the Whigs. Now, their intercourse with the garrison was greatly interrupted, as Savannah was practically cut off

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from the rest of the State by the watchfulness of the bands of patriots stationed around it.

At this period a very generous policy was adopted by our State towards the Tories, free pardon being granted to all who would lay down their arms—with the exception of those who had been guilty of gross crimes. It was also earnestly desired to win over the Indians. Maj. Habersham was sent to conciliate those who lived about Savannah. His mission was a failure, through the disobedience of a lieutenant, who, with a party of mounted militia, attacked a small band and killed several of them.

Gen. Alured Clarke, who, at this time, was the British commander at Savannah, sent messengers among the most important tribes of the two Indian nations, asking their assistance.

In the meantime, a party of Creeks on their way to Savannah, to trade, had been overtaken by Gen. Wayne. He treated them very kindly, explained to them how little power the British now had in Georgia, and dismissed them to their homes with presents. Many of them, impressed by his talk, were inclined to make peace.

There was, however, a chief among them named Gu-rister-sigo, who, after reaching home, gathered around him three hundred warriors, determined to go to Savannah in response to Gen. Clarke's request. So secret were the movements of this bold chief, that he marched through the whole length of the State, unperceived, and fell upon the rear of the American army that was camped about seven miles from Savannah.

Gen. Wayne, only thinking of one enemy, and that the garrison in the town, had not burdened his troops with pro-

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teeting their rear. So, at three o'clock one morning, a few daring Indians crept towards his camp, thinking it was the advance picket-guard, and not the main body of troops; dashing upon the sentinel, they murdered him before he could give the alarm. Then the whole Indian force boldly advanced.

The American soldiers rushed to arms, and Gen. Wayne sprang to his horse, thinking that the whole British garrison from Savannah was in his camp. Ordering his men to charge with the bayonet, he yelled, "Death or Victory!" His horse was shot and fell under him, but with sword in hand, he advanced at the head of a portion of his infantry. Rifles and tomahawks were of little avail when opposed by the bayonet in close quarters, and Gu-ris-ter-sigo soon lay dead upon the ground, with his warriors flying in confusion, having abandoned one hundred and seventeen pack-horses, loaded with peltry.

Not until then did Gen. Wayne discover that his foes were not from Savannah; he scattered his troops in every direction, in pursuit, but they could capture only twelve of the Indians: the remainder reached their distant homes in safety.

All through the Revolutionary war privateers and small government vessels were actively employed upon our sea-coast. Occasionally they captured a British vessel loaded with West India produce or munitions of war. The numerous inlets along our coast affording no great depth of water, enabled our privateers to escape capture when chased by large armed vessels. Our State depended upon these small ships for its sugar, salt and other necessary articles. Naturally the supply was uncertain and irregular. At one time,

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salt sold for two dollars a quart, and planters cured their meat with ashes and red pepper; a hint obtained from the Indians.

Our State had been so impoverished by the British and Tories, that, at this time, the Governor and his family lived on rations issued by the commissary.

After the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, the British parliament began to listen to the voice of reason, and steps were taken towards the establishment of peace. A profound sensation was produced in Savannah when the order was received to evacuate the town and the whole province. Sir James Wright at once opened negotiations with Gov. Martin; and the British merchants, through their representative, Maj. Hale, had an interview with Gen. Wayne.

The terms offered the whilom enemy were very generous, and were conducted on the part of the State by Maj. John Habersham, a native of the town, and a gentleman whose character was respected by friend and foe. Every person who chose to remain in Savannah was assured of safety for his person and property. Many British subjects who resided there with their families accepted the situation and became good citizens of the State. Those whose atrocious conduct during the war would have placed their lives in jeopardy if they had been tried by the civil authorities—among whom was the notorious Col. Browne—made their preparations to leave Georgia with the British soldiers who had encouraged and protected them. They despoiled the country when they left, carrying with them many negroes, and much personal property which had been plundered from the Whigs during the long years of war, and in the distant homes to which they escaped our enemies enjoyed their ill-gotten gains.

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On the 11th day of July, 1782, the British army left Savannah. With their departure, there lingered on Georgia soil not a single servant of the King. So ended our first war for the right of self-government.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of this memorable day, Gen. Wayne took possession of the town; but before he entered it, Col. James Jackson was honored with the distinction of receiving the keys of Savannah from a committee of British officers. At the head of his ever faithful cavalry, he had the proud satisfaction of being the first American officer, who, in actual command, had been within the limits of Savannah since the patriots were forcibly expelled in 1778. He received this handsome compliment for the patriotism and gallantry he had displayed on all occasions during the war, and for severe and fatiguing service as leader of the army's vanguard in marching on Savannah. The patriots living there, who had been so long separated from their friends, received our soldiers with tears of joy and gratitude.

Three weeks after the evacuation of Savannah, Gov. Martin had taken up his abode there and called a meeting of the Legislature.

The thirteen Colonies—for this occasion uniting as one government—sent five commissioners to Paris to meet an equal number of British representatives and make a treaty. A cessation of hostilities between the two countries was proclaimed on the 19th of April, 1783. In the final treaty, Georgia was mentioned by name, and recognized by King George, “for himself, his heirs and successors, to be a free, sovereign and independant State,” all claim to its government and territory being relinquished.

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Thus, through much tribulation, after seven weary years of strife and poverty—during which the firebrand, the sword and the tomahawk had been her portion—did Georgia win the prize for which she had been striving: *Liberty*.

Every true Georgian thinks with gratitude and pride of the men who, with more than Roman virtue, endured the cruel vicissitudes of this war, and won our independence.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SOVEREIGN STATE.

1783—1799.

At the close of the Revolutionary war Georgia was in a miserable condition. At least one half of the available property of her people had been swept away; agriculture was almost at a standstill; there was no money to repair losses, and the State was full of widows and orphans; but, there was no repining, for this was the price they had willingly paid for liberty. Then, too, her boundaries were not well defined, either on the north, east, or south, and the Indians still owned large tracts of land within her limits.

So, the young State faced many difficult problems, but right manfully did her sons begin to lay the foundations for future prosperity, each one cheerfully sharing the burden of his neighbor.

The States, which had lately been loosely bound together to resist a common enemy, now determined to unite under one government for mutual protection, in order to facilitate their relations with foreign countries, and for other minor reasons; each one, however, retaining its separate sovereignty.

The war had been over for nearly five years when Georgia adopted the Federal constitution, with the guaranty that her rights and property should always be respected and protected. She was a slave-holding State when this step was

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taken, but no objection was made, on that account, to her admittance into *the Union*, as the sisterhood of States was popularly called.

At one time all the Colonies owned slaves. The climate, soil and industrial interests of the North were such, that slave labor could not be made profitable, so they were sold to the South, where, under brighter skies, they could work during the entire year. However, New England merchants and New England ships continued to carry on the slave trade, bringing negroes from Africa at every opportunity. Georgia prohibited this traffic within her boundaries, and was the first State to make the prohibition a part of her Constitution.

The Confederate States began their new government under Gen. George Washington as first President. The national legislature was called Congress. Each State, under the Federal constitution, sent members to this Assembly. The Senators represented the sovereignty of the State, and the Representatives the people.

Of all the religious sects in our State at this time, to the Hebrew Congregation in Savannah, alone belongs the honor of having sent a congratulatory letter to Gen. Washington when he became President; which letter he graciously acknowledged.

The first minister to Great Britain from this young nation, the United States, was John Adams of Massachusetts. Gen. Oglethorpe, now ninety-five years old, for the love he bore Georgia, felt an interest in the whole country, and was the first English nobleman to call upon Mr. Adams and pay him the respect due to his high official position.

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The machinery of our State government was now in full operation; temples of justice and religion were once more opened in the land, provision was made for public education, and Georgia entered upon her career as a sovereign State, and at the same time a member of a Federation of States.

Our Legislature, always quick to appreciate and reward services to Georgia, had presented Col. Jackson with an elegant mansion in Savannah; Gen. Wayne with 840 acres of land, and Gen. Greene with 2171 acres. This was all confiscated property, once owned by loyalists. The gift to Gen. Greene was an improved and beautiful plantation, fourteen miles above Savannah, named Mulberry Grove. Here, after the turmoil of war, he retired with his family to enjoy the delights of a home which he preferred to the one he owned in his native State, Rhode Island. He died in 1786, from sunstroke, and was buried on the estate.

His widow continued to reside at this stately home, where Eli Whitney came as tutor to her children. He often heard Mrs. Greene complain of the tedious process of picking by hand the seed from cotton. Sometimes she would playfully entreat him, as he possessed some mechanical talent, to devise a quicker way to accomplish this disagreeable task. Thus stimulated, he invented the cotton-gin, a machine which has immensely increased the cotton industry of the world.

For several years after the war was over, the Creeks and Cherokees continued to make frequent forays into our frontier settlements, causing much alarm and trouble. The Creeks overran the whole country, from the Altamaha river to the St. Mary's, and the inhabitants had to flee from the mainland to the islands.

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In the many skirmishes which took place, the Indians were generally worsted, but they committed great depredations, and the war-worn veterans of the Revolution could not yet lay aside their muskets. At length, some of the influential Chiefs were persuaded to visit New York, where President Washington had a conference with them, at which they were induced to make a treaty. So the Georgians and their Indian neighbors buried the hatchet and smoked together the calumet of peace.

Although our State labored under peculiar difficulties for a considerable period after independence was obtained, our forefathers were not unmindful of the great subject of education. In Georgia's first Constitution, adopted a few months after the Declaration of Independence, it was declared that, "Schools shall be erected in each county and supported at the general expense of the State." Our University, located at Athens, is the oldest in the United States, south of Virginia. The charter was granted in 1785, the preamble to which will ever stand a monument to the wisdom and patriotism of the Legislature that granted it. The college was endowed with 40,000 acres of land, which, for a long time, was unsalable. The first commencement day of the Georgia University was Thursday, May 31st, 1804, and the number of graduates that year was nine. The exercises were held under an arbor erected on the campus. This piece of ground, the gift of Gov. Milledge, contains forty-four acres, and, by restriction of the Legislature, can never be diminished. As high as Milledge, Jackson and Baldwin stand for their political services to the State, their zeal and labor in behalf of the University add still more to their fame.

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Savannah had been the capital of Georgia from its first settlement; but in the year 1786 the seat of government was moved to Louisville, in Jefferson county, because that town was more centrally located; it at once became a place of importance.

A memorable event in the annals of our young State, was the visit of the first President. Entering Georgia through South Carolina, he embarked, with his suite, at Purrysburg and was rowed down the river, directly to Savannah, by nine American captains. They were dressed in silk jackets of light blue, black satin breeches, white silk stockings, and round hats with black ribbons, bearing in letters of gold the words: "Long live the President."

He was welcomed by a great crowd, with joyful shouts and salutes from the Chatham artillery. He was the guest of Savannah, and was escorted by a procession of military and citizens to the house prepared for his entertainment.

At night the town was illuminated, and there was a succession of dinners and balls during his stay. The festivities ended with a grand open air banquet, under a beautiful arbor supported by three rows of pillars which were entirely covered with laurel and bay leaves. The situation commanded a fine view of the town and of the shipping in the harbor, with an extensive prospect of the river and the rice lands both above and below the town. A May sun lent color to this glorious scene; but the principal charm of the structure and its situation was, that it afforded this great mass of people a distinct view of the man whom they all delighted to honor.

Two hundred citizens and strangers dined under this arbor, and enjoyed "a degree of convivial and harmonious

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mirth rarely experienced." The artillery company which had taken so conspicuous a part in the festivities, dined under another arbor erected at a short distance. They won great applause for the dexterity displayed in firing their guns as each toast was given. Each salute was answered by the guns at Fort Wayne and those on a beautifully decorated ship which was moored opposite the arbor.

Washington was deeply interested in examining the British defenses around Savannah and hearing from eye-witnesses an account of the siege. When his visit was over and he started for Augusta, he was escorted by a detachment of Augusta dragoons under Maj. Ambrose Gordon, and attended beyond the limits of Savannah by a number of its prominent citizens.

At Spring Hill, of mournful and bloody memory, he was received by Col. Jackson, with the artillery and light infantry companies. These were drawn up to salute him with discharges from their field pieces, and with thirteen volleys of platoons—one for each State.

Amidst all this gaiety and homage Washington remembered the widow of Gen. Greene. With a courtesy inherent in his nature, he turned aside to pay his respects to her at Mulberry Grove.

When the President was within five miles of Augusta, he was met by Edward Telfair, the Governor, accompanied by Twiggs, Walton, and other prominent men at the head of a procession. Washington alighted from his coach to receive them, and rode the remaining distance on horseback, with this large company as an escort. The Governor concluded his address of welcome with these words: "You have immortalized your name throughout the nations of the

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world, and created an unbounded confidence in your virtue, with the strongest attachment to your person and family, in the minds of American citizens."

He was brilliantly entertained near the town at Gov. Telfair's private residence called "The Grove."

Arrived at Augusta, the President was received with enthusiasm, and there were military displays, dinners and balls in his honor. The citizens gave an elegant banquet, which was served in the court-house. In the evening there was a ball at the academy which was attended by the largest number of ladies ever seen in Augusta up to that time.

The next morning Washington attended an examination of students at the academy, and was highly pleased with their proficiency. He asked for a list of the young orators of the occasion, and upon his return home sent each of them a book. One of these boys, Augustus Clayton, was a member of the first class that graduated at the University, and became a prominent man. His book from Pres. Washington was a copy of "Cæsar's Commentaries."

The President was escorted out of Georgia with the same honor and military display with which he had been welcomed, leaving many pleasant memories behind him. Soon after he left our State, he sent a gift of two six-pounder bronze cannon to the Chatham Artillery. Upon one of them is inscribed the words: "Surrendered by the capitulation of York Town, October nineteenth, 1781," together with the motto and crown of Great Britain. These cannon, in honor of the giver, were called "The Washington Guns," and are still the pride of this company, now the oldest military organization in our State.

CHAPTER XV.

A SOVEREIGN STATE. (CONTINUED).

1783—1799.

Only a few years after these pleasant events, Georgia became a prey to the wildest excitement over what was called the Yazoo Fraud. This was the name popularly applied to the sale of a large part of the State's western territory, which then extended to the Mississippi river.

A few men of wealth and family influence saw an opportunity to obtain immense tracts of land for a small sum of money. They employed active and cunning agents to interest members of the Legislature in their scheme and thus present it in an attractive light to the people. They succeeded so well, that the fire of speculation soon kindled into a blaze. Judges, congressmen, generals, and many prominent men in Georgia and other States were induced to aid them. Col. Jackson was at this time United States senator from Georgia. He was told by an eminent judge that he might have any number of acres—even to half a million—if he would lend his influence to the scheme. Jackson replied that he had fought for Georgia; the land was hers; and if they ever succeeded in gaining their ends, he, for one, would consider the sale illegal.

The conspirators resorted to every expedient to gull the public and keep honest men from being elected to the Legis-

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lature, and they partially succeeded in their efforts. When the Legislature met, many of the members belonged to the speculators, many others were bribed, and the act was easily passed. John Rutherford, of Washington county, and five other legislators raised their voices in protest, and voted against it; but the bill was signed by Gov. Matthews, then serving his second term as chief magistrate, and the sale of this land began.

Our Governor was a very odd character. He had fought through the Revolutionary war, winning high reputation, both in his native Virginia and in Georgia. Shortly after peace was declared he moved to our State and settled the famous Goose Pond tract of land on Broad river, at once becoming a leading man.

He had been inured to dangers from his youth, first fighting the Indians, then the British; so, he had found but little time in his stirring life for attending school. While he was our Governor he dictated his messages to his Secretary, and then sent them to Mr. Francis Simmons, an Irish schoolmaster, "to have the grammar corrected." He commenced the word Congress with a K, and spelt coffee *kauphy*. He always spoke of his military services as unsurpassed except by Gen. Washington, and would never admit that any other man was his superior.

His ordinary dress was a three-cornered, cocked hat, fair-top boots, and a full-ruffled shirt; occasionally a long sword was worn by his side.

While John Adams was President, he recommended Matthews to the Senate, for Governor of the Mississippi Territory, but withdrew his name when he found that there was great opposition to his appointment because he had

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signed the Yazoo Act. Learning these particulars, Matthews at once set out on horseback for Philadelphia to chastise the President. When he reached that city he went directly to Mr. Adams' house, hitched his horse, and gave a thundering knock at the door. His three-cornered hat was on his head, and his revolutionary sword by his side. When the servant appeared, he asked to see the President. He was told that the President was engaged, to which he replied: "I presume it is your business to carry messages to the President. Now, if you do not immediately inform him that a gentleman wishes to speak to him your head will answer the consequences." This obtained for him a speedy admittance.

When he entered the room where the President was seated, he said: "I presume you are Mr. Adams, President of the United States."

The President bowed, and he continued: "My name is Matthews, sometimes called Gov. Matthews; well known, however, at the battle of Germantown as Col. Matthews of the Virginia line. Now, sir, I understand that you nominated me in the Senate of the United States to be governor of the Mississippi Territory, and that afterwards you took back the nomination. Sir, if you had known me, you would not have taken the nomination back. If you did not know me, you should not have nominated me to so important an office. Now, sir, unless you can satisfy me, your station of President of these United States shall not screen you from my vengeance."

Mr. Adams, with right good will, set about satisfying him, which was the more quickly accomplished as he found Matthews to be, like himself, a Federalist in politics. He

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promised to appoint his son Supervisor of the public revenue in Georgia, at which Gov. Matthews expressed himself as highly gratified, saying: "My son John is a man about my inches, with the advantage of a liberal education, and for his integrity I pledge my head."

During the administration of Gov. Matthews there was often much trouble with the Indians; and his resolute spirit contributed in no small degree to controlling their violence.

When the disgraceful transactions connected with passing the Yazoo Act were whispered around and the particulars partly divulged, Georgia was a perilous place of residence for all known to be connected therewith. Popular indignation ran so high that a member of the State Senate fled to South Carolina to avoid being tied to a tree and flogged; but he was followed and killed by some of his constituents. All the suspected legislators kept in hiding, not daring to appear in public.

Jackson's opposition to this gigantic speculation was well known. He spoke of it in Congress as "a conspiracy of the darkest character, and deliberate villainy"; so his indignant State now called him to her aid. He resigned his seat in Congress, became a candidate for the Legislature, and the leader of the people in their determination to overturn the whole business. Other patriots stepped forward to his assistance, and addressed the people on the impolicy and illegality of the sale.

In almost every county, anti-Yazoo men were elected. When the Legislature met in Louisville, their first work was to attack this fraud. Petition upon petition poured in from every quarter, praying them to annul the abominable

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law, and proclaim to the world their abhorrence of the act which had bartered away their estate.

So all the acts authorizing the sale were repealed, and the purchase money ordered to be returned. Jared Irwin, as Governor, had the honor of signing the act rescinding the Yazoo law.

It was considered right for the records and documents pertaining to the sale to be destroyed, that no monument of its wickedness should remain. So, in the presence of the Governor and both branches of the Legislature, with a large assembly of citizens looking on, a fire was kindled in the public square by the use of a lens, and the records and documents were burned, "with a consuming fire from heaven," to use the words of one who witnessed the dramatic scene. As the papers were committed to the flames by the messenger of the Legislature, he cried in a loud and decisive voice:

"God save the State, and long preserve her rights, and may every attempt to injure them perish, as these wicked and corrupt acts now do."

The men who had labored for this happy event were both from the seaboard and the up-country, many of them veterans of the Revolution. Some of them had been members of the corrupted Legislature, but they had resisted with scorn both persecutions and threats, and now reaped their reward in the grateful honor with which their fellow-citizens regarded them.

Col. Benjamin Taliaferro, a Virginian, but, after the war ended, a citizen of Georgia, was one of the purest men who ever lived. He was tall and handsome, and a man of fine judgment. The Legislature paid to his integrity the singularly high compliment of electing him a judge of the supe-

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rior Court, although he had never read fifty pages of law. The members of the bar who had the necessary learning, or were willing to accept the office, had been more or less concerned in the Yazoo fraud, and were therefore ineligible. Col. Taliaferro had often been a member of the Legislature, and had served as President of the Senate.

The land jobbers tried in many mean and secret ways to drive the new judge from the Bench. Failing in these efforts, they finally agreed that one of them, upon some frivolous pretence, should challenge him to a duel, supposing that, as he had been a prominent officer in the army, his military opinions would compel him to fight, and he would resign his judgeship. They were mistaken. He accepted the challenge, but did not resign his position.

Then they resorted to a novel expedient to prevent the keeping of his appointment. His romantic attachment to his wife was well known, being the result of a very interesting love tale. So, a great display was made of preparing for the duel by practising within sight and hearing of pretty Martha Meriwether, with the intention of so frightening her as to make it impossible for her husband to meet his challenger. They were again mistaken in their calculations. While they were practising at a mark, Mrs. Taliaferro was helping the judge to put in order the cavalry pistols which he had used when he fought in Georgia and Carolina with "Light-horse Harry."

When he met his opponent, the pistol which had been oiled by his devoted wife, sent its ball so near to the speculator's heart, that he declined exchanging a second shot. After this, Judge Taliaferro's enemies ceased to annoy him. Georgia never had on the Bench a man who gave greater

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satisfaction. Later on he became a congressman. He is the only man who ever declined to accept, when nominated as Governor of Georgia. A county in our State is named for him.

The Revolutionary war had left many Virginians penniless and restless in spirit. How to improve their condition was a grave question. In this crisis, Georgia held out most seductive offers of land, which could be obtained without any cost except the expense of surveying. A large number of emigrants, chiefly from Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina, availed themselves of this opportunity to procure valuable homes. Most of them were poor, but of good lineage; and where indigence was so general, poverty brought no sense of shame. Intellect, energy and noble virtues alone placed a man above his fellows.

The work of clearing and cultivating the land was done under care of sentinels and scouts, whose duty it was to warn the laborers of any hostile Indians lurking in their vicinity. Every precaution was taken against these dusky foes, but the silent, unerring arrow often found its way to the heart of a sentinel, and then the men at work would be surprised and shot down with muskets.

These pioneers of middle and upper Georgia lived at first in log houses, which were built by the aid of neighbors. Any man would have considered it an insult, had money been offered him for this friendly service. When the trees were felled and cut into the right lengths for building purposes, the whole neighborhood was asked to help in what was called a log-rolling, and the skeleton of a simple log cottage was soon erected. A good dinner was always provided for the occasion, and, when the day's work was done, the young people had a frolic at night.

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As soon after the Revolutionary war as was practicable, a proposal had been made in the Methodist Conference of Virginia for preachers to volunteer their services in Georgia. Of those who offered, two were accepted—Thomas Humphries and John Major. The latter, on account of his plaintive style of preaching, was called the “Weeping Prophet.” He founded the first Methodist church in Georgia. Among its early ministers, the most noted was the Rev. Hope Hull, who made an impression that will remain for generations to come. The Episcopal and Presbyterian churches were coeval with the settlement of the colony.

As this period drew to a close Georgia adopted, in 1798, her third Constitution. This was made necessary by her having joined the Federal Union; and, with some amendments, it was continued in force until 1861.

Frequent conflicts with the Indians kept alive in Georgia a warlike spirit, and personal courage was considered a man’s greatest virtue. Without it no public man could keep the respect of the people. At this time Gen. Elijah Clarke and his son John, afterwards Governor, were the leaders of public opinion in upper Georgia, as Col. James Jackson was in Southern Georgia. Newspapers were so few that they could not form public opinion, as they now do. The masses received their political education from the stump speeches of public men, and oratory was a gift much cultivated and honored.

It must not be forgotten that, at this time, the Cherokees still owned northwestern Georgia, and the Creeks a large territory in their portion of the State.

The inhabitants of upper Georgia, purely an agricultural people, lived with republican simplicity. All their provi-

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sions were raised at home, except sugar and coffee, of which they bought a small supply. A cotton patch furnished clothing for the household. In each neighborhood there were religious services every Sunday, which afforded their best opportunity for social intercourse. Court was held twice a year at each village county-seat, and was attended by every man who could spare the time.

These homespun-clad people were industrious and God-fearing. W. H. Sparks justly says: "Perhaps, in no country or community was the maxim of good old Solomon more universally practised upon than in this part of Georgia, fifty years ago. Filial obedience and deference to age was the first lesson. 'Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land,' was familiar to the ears of the children before they could lisp their a b c's. Under the training of such parents, whose chief characteristic was a stern honesty, grew up the remarkable men who have shed such lustre upon the State of Georgia."

The towns settled during this period were Athens, Elberton, Sparta, Warrenton, Greenesborough and Washington. The latter was the first town in the United States named for George Washington.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SOVEREIGN STATE. (CONTINUED.)

1800—1810.

Georgia's illustrious son, James Jackson, had held almost every important office in the State, and was a member of the Convention that framed the third Constitution, of which he wrote the greater part. When this decade opened he had been Governor for a year.

In 1801 Jackson was sent to the United States Senate, and Josiah Tattnall was elected Governor. He was the son of Col. Tattnall, and was born near Savannah, at Bonaventure the beautiful home of his grandfather, Col. Mulryne. Col. Tattnall was an officer in the British colonial service, and his military character was high. He was opposed to the position that Georgia took against Great Britain, but loved her as his adopted country, and would not take up arms against her. As, at that time, no neutrals were tolerated, he had to leave our State, and returned to England with his family.

His son Josiah, then only eleven years old, was put at Eton, one of the great schools of England. Everything possible was done to wean his heart from his native Georgia, but without success. When he was eighteen years of age, having, unknown to his family, procured a little money from his godfather, he left England and found his way back to the land he loved so well. The war was about clos-

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ing, as he joined Gen. Wayne at Ebenezer. When Savannah was evacuated by the British, he was placed in office, and continued, during life, to hold positions of trust.

He was a member of the Legislature that rescinded the Yazoo Act. Being a determined foe of that disgraceful speculation, he was the leader against it in the Senate, as was Jackson in the Lower House. So convinced was this Legislature of his ardent devotion to the interests of his State, that they elected him United States Senator to serve out Jackson's term. It was believed that the speculators, having been defeated in Georgia, would renew in Congress the war against her rights, and Tattnall's talents and influence would be needed to defend them.

When he was elected Governor he was one of the most popular men in the State. To show their high appreciation of the purity of his character, and for his great public services, the Legislature took from the confiscation act the name of his father, and restored to him all the rights of citizenship. Gov. Tattnall had the inexpressible pleasure of signing the act acquitting his father—the only act ever approved by a governor of Georgia with words of comment before his signature. It was an expression of gratitude to his State for the consideration shown his father. A three-fold honor was conferred upon Gov. Tattnall at this time; he was inaugurated chief magistrate of his State, was made a brigadier-general, and a new county was laid off and given his name. Thus did Georgia delight to show appreciation for her devoted son!

One of the most striking evidences of harmony between the sisterhood of States was the ceding of their western lands to the Federal Government. In this surrender of

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territory, Georgia, then the largest State in the Union, gave up almost 100,000 square miles, embracing all the land lying between the Chattahoochee and Mississippi rivers. This territory afterwards formed the two noble States, Alabama and Mississippi, which are called "The Daughters of Georgia."

One of the objects of this grant of land was to enable the Federal Government to obtain money by its sale for paying off the national debt contracted during the war. In return, as a slight compensation to Georgia, the Federal Government agreed to pay all expenses of holding treaties with the Creeks and Cherokees, and, finally, to extinguish the Indian title to all lands held within our State as early as it could be peaceably done.

The women of Georgia, who were thrown upon their own resources for support and protection during the war, had developed great energy and enterprise. At this early period, our State could boast of a woman editor, Mrs. Hillhouse, of Wilkes county. Upon the death of her husband she took charge of his paper, called the "Monitor and Impartial Observer," and conducted it with great success. The Journal of the House of Representatives was printed in her office, and sent to Louisville, our capital.

It was about this time that our State suffered the irreparable loss of her noble son, James Jackson, who died in Washington City while serving as senator. When he felt that his life was almost finished, he said that, if his heart could be opened, *Georgia* would be found written there. What a noble sentiment! Treasure it in your hearts, O youth of Georgia!

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In 1807 the seat of government was moved to Milledgeville, a town then in the center of the State, surrounded by a fertile and beautiful cotton country. It was named for Gov. Milledge, a soldier of the Revolution, and a man, it will be remembered, who had rendered other important services to the State. Mr. Meigs, first President of the University of Georgia, addressing a letter to him at this time, wrote of the college: "Your institution has taken a strong root and will flourish; and I feel some degree of pride in reflecting that a century hence, when this nascent village shall embosom a thousand of the Georgia youths pursuing the paths of science, it will now and then be said that you gave this land, and I was on the forlorn hope."

From the time Milledgeville became our capital, it was an active center for the making of Georgia history.

The two Indian nations had now become objects of national interest, and there was much talk about converting them to Christianity. Northern missionaries were constantly making efforts to reside among them; but they met with little encouragement. It was early in this decade that a chief—in Murray county—made a wagon, the first one ever built by an Indian. He was severely censured by the Council, and the use of any such vehicle was forbidden the tribe. The Council said: "If you have wagons, you must have roads; and, if wagon-roads, then the Whites will be among us." The Indians disregarded this mandate.

After Georgia ceded all her western territory to the United States, the Yazoo question was transferred to the Federal Government; but it left upon our State politics an impression that lasted a score of years, and had its influence on all public men. The population of the State was rapidly

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increasing, and young aspirants for fame, who were on the popular side, were pushed rapidly forward; among these the most noted was William Harris Crawford.

As a young lawyer he settled in the county of Oglethorpe, and by his talents and remarkable attention to business he soon won a great following—a majority of the people supporting his opinions. He hated the Yazoo fraud and was an ardent admirer of Thomas Jefferson's political creed, both of which sentiments were extremely popular in Georgia.

Thus, young Crawford soon became the rival of the two Clarkes, father and son, who were suspected of being implicated in the great fraud, and who, in politics, were Federalists—that is, they loved the Federal Government better than they did Georgia, and were willing to give it their first allegiance.

Naturally, a feud sprang up between Crawford and the younger Clarke, which extended to their followers. It was not long before Crawford had fought two duels. At this time duelling was thought to be the honorable way of settling all difficulties between gentlemen. If Crawford had refused to fight, he would have been considered lacking in personal bravery, and this would have ruined his political career.

Crawford and young Clarke each had his army of followers. The feud between them, and between the two factions which grew out of it, for forty years tainted with ignoble prejudices the politics of Georgia. There were many young men of remarkable talents just rising into distinction in the learned professions, and they were necessarily absorbed by the two factions.

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Crawford had practised law but a short while when he laid aside the green bag, and for four years represented his county in the Legislature. Then he was elected to the United States Senate, became prominent as a politician, and was soon considered one of the great men of Congress. While in the councils of the nation, he gave great satisfaction to his State in all that he said and did.

Thomas W. Cobb, of Columbia county, took Crawford's place at the Georgia bar. In early life he followed his leader to Congress; ultimately he became a judge of the superior court, then the highest judicial tribunal of the State. He was deeply versed in legal lore, very eloquent, and fascinating in private intercourse.

It was a great honor in Georgia, at this time, to be elected to Congress, and none dared present themselves for this high position, unless they were men of superior character and talents, whose names had become familiar for services to the State.

Judge Dooly, of the Clarke faction, son of the Revolutionary hero, could never reach this goal of all aspiring young lawyers, because of his unpopular politics, though no one doubted his patriotism and high regard for that which was right and just. He was the idol of younger members of the bar, and the most famous wit in the State. His bright sayings and repartees are still remembered, and will continue to form the staple of bar anecdotes for many generations to come. He was, of course, an opponent of Crawford, through life, but was singularly free from the party hatred and bitterness of the day.

An amusing story is preserved of him and Judge Tate, who had challenged him to mortal combat. Judge Tate

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had a wooden leg, and when he and his second reached the place of meeting, they found Judge Dooly there before them—but alone, and composedly sitting upon a stump. When asked where his second was, he replied: “He is in the woods. He will be here as soon as he can find a *gum*.”

“May I inquire,” said Tate’s second, “what use you have for a *gum* in the matter we have met to settle?”

“I want it to put my leg in, sir. Do you suppose I can afford to risk my leg of flesh and bone against Tate’s wooden one? If I hit his leg, why, he will have another to-morrow, and be pegging about as usual. If he hits mine, I may lose my life by it; but, almost certainly, my leg. I can not risk this, and must have a *gum* to put my leg in; then, I am as much wood as he is, and on equal terms with him.”

The situation was so absurd, it is scarcely necessary to record that Judge Tate and his second left the field discomfited, and the matter dropped.

The close of this decade found unfulfilled the agreement of the Federal Government to remove the Indians from our State. By permission, a party of Cherokees had gone west of the Mississippi river to examine the country with a view to settling there, as game was getting scarce in Georgia. They found a pleasant land which suited them, and many of the Nation immediately emigrated; but the Federal Government neglected the opportunity thus afforded to execute its contract with Georgia.

Many Tories had, after the war, fled to the Indians and settled among them. It was through the instigation of these traitors that the treaties so often made with the Cherokees and Creeks did not secure safety for our frontier settlements. Negroes and other property were being con-

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stantly stolen, and houses being burned, when such property was all important to the owners, for there was no money to replace it. So, as yet, Georgia had reaped no benefit from her immense grant of land to the Federal government.

Towns settled in this decade: Spring Place, Watkinsville, Jefferson, Madison, Eatonton.

CHAPTER XVII.

A SOVEREIGN STATE. (CONTINUED.)

1810—1820.

Slowly but surely increasing in population and wealth, Georgia had now more leisure to devote to internal improvements. Public roads were made better, the navigable rivers freed from obstructions, education—always considered a matter of the first importance—was still freely encouraged by the State, and the first bank was incorporated, being called the Bank of Augusta.

Early in this decade, a deputation of the Lower Creeks, headed by one of their chiefs, Tus-tum-nug-gee Hut-kee, but called by Georgians, William McIntosh, went to Millidgeville to have “a talk” with David B. Mitchell, who was then Governor. McIntosh bore the full name of his father, a British officer who served against Georgia during the Revolutionary war. His mother was a full-blooded Creek woman, of an influential tribe, who lived at Coweta. The chief, McIntosh, was tall, finely formed, with graceful manners, and very intelligent. He was capable of the most inviolable friendship, and practised virtues that would do credit to the most enlightened culture.

The Creeks were accompanied by Col. Benjamin Hawkins, United States agent for the Indians—a man who played a conspicuous part among them. Born in North

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Carolina, his father gave him the best education possible in the United States at that time. He was a student at Princeton College when its exercises were suspended by the war. Being an excellent French scholar, he was of great assistance to Gen. Washington in his intercourse with the French officers. He was, finally, pressed into service as an interpreter, and became a member of Washington's military family, fighting bravely whenever an occasion offered.

After the war was over, he was appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs at the South. He became so extremely interested in the Creeks, that he took up his abode among them, devoting all his energy to their improvement. In what is now Crawford county, he built a comfortable house where all who chose to come were made welcome. The Creeks had such great respect for him that they never molested his large herds of cattle that roamed without restraint about the cane-brakes of Flint river. Col. Hawkins had been a member of Congress, and a Senator, and had a natural aptitude for science. The celebrated Frenchman, Gen. Moreau, when an exile in the United States, visited him at his Creek home. He said that Col. Hawkins was the most remarkable man he had found in America.

Quite a large crowd of ladies and gentlemen witnessed the meeting of the Indians with Gov. Mitchell. The purport of Chief McIntosh's "talk" was an assurance of friendship for Georgia, and a desire for the continuation of friendly intercourse between the Creeks and the State; that the old men of the Nation would soon be gone, and the young men were anxious to cultivate a good understanding with their white brothers, as their fathers had done.

After the "talk" was over, Col. Hawkins and twenty of

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the most distinguished Indians dined with the Governor. They returned home, well pleased with their réception and the success of their mission.

Always generous in aiding her sister States, a war spirit was soon excited all over Georgia by the complications between the United States and Great Britain which led to the war of 1812. The relations between the two powers had been strained for some time, owing to the aggressions of British cruisers upon the commerce of the United States, and the empressment of American sailors into their service. The whole country was soon aroused; especially the South. All our representatives in Congress were in favor of the war. William H. Crawford was the natural leader of the ardent band of Southerners whose fiery zeal helped to breathe war into the national council. So Congress formally declared war against Great Britain.

Georgia cordially supported the Federal Government in this act, though the war was mainly for the benefit of the New England States. Our two war Governors, David Mitchell and Peter Early, did all in their power to assist the arms of the United States, and they and their Legislatures expressed great pride in the national victories.

As soon as war was declared, volunteer companies were organized all over our State, and the approaching conflict was the chief theme of conversation. Grave fears were felt that Savannah, our most important town, would be attacked. Much of our long seacoast was necessarily left unprotected, and the restless, warlike Indians were still within our borders. But, the gallant Georgians felt themselves fully competent to cope with both British cruisers and hostile Indians.

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This year the venerable Vice-President of the United States died, and his place was filled by William H. Crawford, then Senator from Georgia.

Early in the war, the Seminoles, incited by the Spaniards—who favored Great Britain in this contest—began hostilities on our southern frontier. Our Governor had to send a force into the heart of their country, and several engagements took place before the Indians were brought to terms and consented to make peace.

The war had been going on for something over a year, when the many disasters to their arms depressed the bravest spirits in the United States, but the howling tempest continued to rage violently. Peter Early, our energetic and fearless Governor, beheld the storm without dismay, and boldly prepared to avert its fury. In a short time the militia were organized, and the frontier put in a condition for defense. Many old men offered their services to the Governor, and their company was called “The Silver Grays.”

It was at this critical period that Georgia loaned the Federal Government eighty thousand dollars to assist in carrying on the war.

Gloom, like a dark cloud, was still hanging over the United States, when the Creeks, instigated by the English, took up arms against Georgia. This is known as the Creek war. Almost their first act of hostility was a sanguinary and unprovoked massacre, upon the helpless frontier settlements of Georgia and Alabama. The Upper Creeks, who lived mainly in Alabama, never recognized any of the treaties that Gen. Oglethorpe had made with the Lower

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Creeks. They were under French influence, and always the implacable enemies of Georgia.

One bright August day, at high noon, the Creeks suddenly fell upon Fort Mims, on the Chattahoochee river, captured it, and massacred nearly three hundred persons, men, women, and children. Of all the persons in the Fort, only seventeen escaped. A feeling of horror and indignation swept over our State, and Georgia and Tennessee united their militia to give battle to the Indians.

The command of the Georgia troops was offered to Gen. Daniel Stewart, who had fought in the Revolutionary war from its beginning. Now, as commander of cavalry, he was again ready to meet the foes of Georgia, but, on account of his age and the arduous service that would be required, he was compelled to decline a greater responsibility, and the position was given to Gen. John Floyd. Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, was general over the united militia, and they fought around Mobile.

Gen. Floyd was the son of a Revolutionary hero, who wore on the front of his helmet a silver crescent inscribed with Patrick Henry's famous words, "Liberty or death." He had already won a reputation as a military man, and had been general of the brigade for some years. Such an important matter as defending the frontier and punishing the Indians could not have been given to one better fitted for the enterprise. His chief characteristic was a patriotism which amounted to a deep-seated passion.

The young chief, William McIntosh, aided Georgia in this war and received from the Federal Government the title of General. In the Nation he was second only to Ho-poth-le-yo-holo who sided with the British. These two chiefs

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were deadly foes, principally because McIntosh favored the sale of their lands that lay within the limits of Georgia, which was violently opposed by Ho-poth-le-yo-holo.

The failure of the Federal Government to appropriate funds for the necessary army supplies delayed Gen. Floyd in his military operations, so that he did not reach the country of the hostile Creeks—the allies of Great Britain—until late in November.

Our troops could anticipate but little glory in this war, but, with the spirit characteristic of Georgians, they patiently endured the drudgery of building a line of forts from the Ocmulgee river to the Alabama river, and then marched with alacrity against Georgia's foes. Gen. Floyd never lost an opportunity to meet the enemy, but, on account of the long distances which he had to march before reaching the hostile towns, the lack of proper transportation, and the scarcity of provisions, he fought the Creeks in any considerable force, at only two points—Autossee and Chillibee.

Gen. Floyd had built a Fort on the Chattahoochee river, which he named for Gov. Mitchell. Collecting here nine hundred men, with the chief, McIntosh, as leader of a band of friendly Creeks, he set out with this detachment to attack Autossee, one of the most populous towns in the Creek Nation. It was on the Tallapoosa river, and near it was another large town called Tallassee.

To reach their destination, our troops had to march over sixty miles, every soldier carrying his rations. About day-break they simultaneously attacked the two towns. Early in the engagement, Gen. Floyd was severely wounded in the knee; but, though suffering great pain, he refused to leave the field.

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In this battle Capt. John Irwin commanded the cavalry, and Capt. Jett Thomas the artillery; the latter, marching in front of the right column, elicited great praise from Gen. Floyd for his gallantry in the action. He possessed the art of inspiring his men to brave deeds on the battle-field. In the heat of the combat, one of his cannon had but three men left. At this moment it seemed that the Indians would certainly capture it—for ten men out of the thirteen who had defended it were weltering in their gore—when Ezekiel Attaway, with heroic firmness, wrested the traversing handspike from the carriage of the gun, saying to his two brave comrades: “With this, I will defend the piece as long as I can stand. We must not give up the gun, boys. Seize the first weapon you can lay your hands upon, and stick to your post until the last!” Is it any wonder that the Indians gave way before such determined courage?

The battle of Autossee lasted over an hour. The kings of both towns were slain, when the Creeks fled in confusion. The Indian towns were burned to ashes, but this victory was not won without serious loss to the Georgia troops.

Gen. Floyd’s wound kept him from active duty for some time, and David Blackshear was appointed to take his place. Most of his life had been spent on the frontier, and he was familiar with the Creek mode of warfare.

In this same year, the darkest period of the war of 1812, William H. Crawford was sent to France as United States Minister, to succeed Chancellor Livingston. In form and person Crawford was very imposing, being six feet and two inches in height. His complexion was fair and his eyes a brilliant blue. The great Napoleon said the United States

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had sent him two ministers, the first one was deaf, and the other dumb: Livingston was quite deaf, and Crawford could not speak a word of French. The Emperor also said that no government but a republic could create and foster so much truth and honest simplicity of character as he found in Mr. Crawford.

So conspicuous was this Georgia statesman for talents, wisdom, and the arts of government, that he was proposed as the proper person to succeed Mr. Madison as President; but he steadfastly refused to oppose his friend Mr. Monroe, which prevented his party from putting forward his name. He was so popular, he would have been elected with little opposition.

As soon as Gen. Floyd had so far recovered from his wound as to mount a horse, he reported for active duty and was given his old troops. Gen. Blackshear was appointed to a command under Gen. John McIntosh. This Revolutionary hero was again to the front, fighting the British about Mobile.

Gen. Floyd, at Fort Mitchell, hearing that the Creeks had collected in great force and fortified a town on the Tallapoosa river, determined to attack them again in their stronghold. Marching under a continuous rain, he led his little army through a country without roads or bridges. When they were between fifteen and twenty miles from the town, they were attacked an hour and a half before day by the British and Indians, whose object was to prevent their making a junction with Gen. Andrew Jackson.

The Creeks, led by Witherford, a chief and prophet, rushed upon the Georgians like tigers. Their force was so large that, for a time, the issue of the battle seemed

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doubtful. Everything was in favor of the Indians—the darkness of the hour, the thick forest of pines which sheltered them, and the surprise which their first yell had occasioned our troops. But they had met Indians in hostile array before, and had, moreover, been hardened by six months' service, so, they encountered their foes with the coolest intrepidity. Not a man faltered, and a brisk fire was kept up until it was light enough for Gen. Floyd to order a charge. "The steady firmness and incessant fire of Capt. Thomas' artillery and Capt. Adams' riflemen preserved our front line: both of these suffered greatly." In less than fifteen minutes after the charge was made, every foe, except the dead and dying, had disappeared from the battle-field. This action is known as the battle of Chalibbee.

Gen. Floyd sustained severe losses. Among the killed was the gallant Capt. Butts, who was shot while leading his men forward. The loss of the Indians was never ascertained, as it was their custom to carry off their wounded and as many of their dead as possible in time of battle.

Soon after this engagement the term for which these troops had been called into service expired, and they were honorably discharged.

When Capt. Thomas returned to Georgia he was greeted everywhere by the plaudits of his countrymen, and was made a major-general. A county and town were afterwards named for him.

Gen. Floyd, commanding a brigade, was sent to protect Savannah, and remained there until the close of the war of 1812. He also has a county named for him.

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The Creek war continued a while longer, until the Indians made their last stand at Horseshoe Bend, where they were completely crushed by Gen. Jackson and the Chief McIntosh; the latter acted with conspicuous gallantry on this occasion. His many admirable traits had won the regard of all our officers, and being constantly thrown with them, he had acquired much of the polish of a gentleman.

When the chief, Witherford, surrendered the remnant of his troops to Gen. Jackson, he said: "I am in your power. Do with me as you please. I am a soldier. I have done the white people all the harm I could. I have fought them, and fought them bravely. If I had an army, I would yet fight and contend to the last. But I have none. My people are all gone. I can now do no more than weep over the misfortunes of my nation. Once I could animate my warriors to battle; but I cannot animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice. Their bones are at Talladega, Tallushatchee, Emuckfau and Tohopeka. I have not surrendered myself thoughtlessly. While there were chances for success I never left my post, nor supplicated for peace. But my people are gone; and I now ask it for my nation and myself."

Though their leader had surrendered, many of the Creeks, in small bands, hid themselves in the swamps of the Escambia and along the bays in Florida, and continued hostilities. Maj. Blue of Alabama fought them in their dense retreats, performing valuable services and making a brilliant record. To him belongs the credit of bringing the Creek war to a final termination.

In every battle fought in this war, the Indians were greatly inferior in numbers, except at Burnt Corn and Fort

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Mims. The brave Creeks had fought until half their warriors were slain, to preserve for their children the land where the Great Spirit had given them birth.

Our people, at home, had watched the events of the Creek war with absorbing interest, and had felt a personal concern in every Georgian who was fighting. Some of the militia from the up-country had left their families in very straitened circumstances. When camped on the Tallapoosa river one of them remarked: "I know my children will not suffer for bread while Mr. Hope Hull lives." And sure enough, every week, that eloquent divine, loading a little wagon, drove through his neighborhood, leaving the necessary meat and meal at every soldier's home.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SOVEREIGN STATE. (CONTINUED.)

1810—1820.

During the war of 1812 our seacoast suffered greatly, though Savannah was never captured. Sir George Cockburn, the admiral in command of the British fleet in Southern waters, was a greater scourge to Georgia than the locusts are to Africa. He left a wide track of desolation along the coast, even cutting down the fine orange grove at Dungeness House, on Cumberland Island, which was his winter headquarters.

When the Federal Government for the second time called on Georgia for troops, thirty-six hundred responded. They were the flower of the State militia.

The interruption of foreign commerce, during this war, caused our housekeepers great inconvenience. The price of coffee, tea and imported cloth, which was the only fine cloth in that day, were so high that few families could indulge in such luxuries; but Nature's generous gifts of corn, sugar and cotton rendered our State, in a manner, independent of the rest of the world for food and clothing.

About this time, Gen. Blackshear, being at Fort Early, on Flint river, was ordered to Darien to oppose the landing of the British who had appeared off that part of the coast. He opened a military road to that point, which is still called Blackshear's Road.

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Peace was made between the United States and Great Britain in December, 1815; but the news had not reached Georgia when in the following January the British, in two divisions, effected a landing on Cumberland Island. They were met by Capt. Messias, Capt. Tattnall and Lieut. Hardee, who twice drove them back; but the odds were so great (one thousand to sixty), that finally, the Georgians had to retreat, which was effected in good order.

From Cumberland, the enemy sent one hundred men to take possession of St. Simon's Island. They remained there for three weeks, and, when they left, carried off three hundred negroes, besides stealing or destroying other property. A native African, named Tom, who belonged to Mr. Couper, was so attached to him that no threats of the British could induce him to follow them. Tom was remarkable for his intelligence, and for having, probably, come farther from the interior of Africa than any other negro in the United States. His native village was on the Niger, a few days' journey west of the celebrated city of Timbuctoo.

Not long after this a very remarkable feat was performed on the banks of the St. Mary's, which is a very crooked river. Twenty-three British barges, filled with soldiers, were ascending the river to burn Maj. Clarke's mills, because he had broken his parole, when they were attacked by twenty-eight men under Capt. William Cone. The enemy immediately fired their cannon, but the palmetto trees, on both sides of the river, screened our men, so that the shot proved harmless.

Capt. Cone harassed them for several miles, taking advantage of every turn in the river to fire upon them; every

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shot, with unerring aim, bringing down one of the enemy. The British, finding themselves exposed to such deadly fire, retraced their course to the town, St. Mary's, where they reported one hundred and eighty men killed, and as many wounded.

This was the last act of hostility attempted against Georgia, as the news of peace arrived, and the British were compelled to withdraw their forces from our land and water.

Georgia had done her part in furnishing troops to swell the national army during this war. Appling, Cumming and Twiggs were among the immortal band that distinguished itself on the Canada frontier, the principal seat of active land operations.

The first Legislature that met after peace was declared, passed resolutions of thanks to McIntosh, Floyd and Blackshear for their valuable services.

Georgia's gallant son, Maj. Daniel Appling, fighting in New York State, had so covered himself with glory at the battle of Sandy Creek that he was brevetted lieutenant-colonel. And, now, on his return home, the Legislature passed a resolution "felicitating themselves on his heroic exploits, and as a tribute due to the lustre of his actions," resolved that an elegant sword, suitable for an officer of his grade, be purchased and presented to him. Before it was delivered, he died suddenly of pneumonia, without wife or child; by resolution of that body, the sword was suspended in the Executive Department at the capitol. So the State became the custodian of this testimonial to her courageous son; and there it hangs to this day.

The next year, "Light-horse Harry" Lee, who had fought so bravely for Georgia in the Revolutionary war, died on

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Cumberland Island, on his way home from the West Indies, where he had in vain sought restoration to health. He was the guest of Gen. Greene's daughter, Mrs. Shaw, at her home, Dungeness House, whose beautiful grounds still showed the impress of the iron heel of War. He was buried with all the respect and honor possible, and rests well upon Georgia's bosom.

Three years had not elapsed before our State was again called upon for soldiers, as certain British subjects in Florida had stirred up the Seminoles to war. The Federal Government sent Gen. Andrew Jackson to subdue them. The settlements on our southern frontier suffered severely before a sufficient force arrived to protect them. When the regular troops reached the country of the hostile Indians, the fighting was mostly in Florida.

During the Seminole war, a very spirited correspondence took place between our Governor, William Rabun, and Gen. Jackson in reference to the destruction of an Indian town in what is now Lee county. The Governor had requested him to place a force of soldiers where they could protect the most exposed parts of Georgia against the foe. No attention was paid to this request; so, the Governor, hastening to provide for the safety of his people, sent Capt. Wright with two hundred and seventy men against two hostile Indian towns, whose inhabitants were allies of the Seminoles, and had committed many murders.

Arriving at Fort Early, Capt. Wright learned that the hostile chief had moved and was living at Cheha, where he was the principal leader. As he was ordered to destroy the towns of this chief, he attacked Cheha and destroyed it, killing ten Indians.

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This affair produced a great stir in the country, as it was asserted that the village was friendly to the whites and had supplied Jackson's army with a large quantity of provisions, and that forty of their warriors were then fighting under him. Gen. Jackson ordered Capt. Wright to be arrested, and wrote an insulting letter to Gov. Rabun, in which he said the destruction of the Indian village was an offense of such enormity that it was without a parallel in history.

Gen. Jackson was the hero of the war of 1812, and he thought he was greater than the sovereign State of Georgia. He was mistaken. Our Governor regretted the occurrence as much as any one, but he would not suffer the indignity that Gen. Jackson had offered our State, and Capt. Wright was released from "durance vile" by the civil authorities.

The Seminoles were soon subdued; and afterwards Spain ceded Florida to the United States. From that day Florida ceased to be a troublesome neighbor to Georgia.

In May of this year, there occurred a great event in the annals of the world. The first steamship—the "Savannah," projected and owned in the city of Savannah, though built in New York—crossed the Atlantic ocean. It sailed from Savannah, and in one month, after a successful voyage, anchored in Liverpool, in the presence of an admiring crowd.

During this same month President Monroe visited several towns in Georgia, receiving everywhere a hearty welcome. He remained five days in Savannah. Here he enjoyed the novel experience of a trip to Tybee on this steam-boat, then preparing for its first trip. He was entertained while in Savannah in the usual gala fashion, and the welkin rang with military salutes. When the toasts were drunk

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at the banquet, Georgia's dead heroes were not forgotten. Lachlan McIntosh, Jackson, Tattnall and Telfair, the pride and the ornaments of our State, were mentioned by name.

After the close of the war of 1812 a new ambition seized upon the people of upper Georgia. The price of cotton had so advanced, that money was more plentiful than ever before; and their plain houses and homespun clothes were discarded, a more costly style of living adopted, and they began to desire higher education and the elegancies of life.

The haughty Creeks had been humbled; the territory between the Ocmulgee and Chattahoochee rivers, which had been ceded to Georgia as a result of the war, opened a rich, new field for settlement, and added greatly to the prosperity of our whole State.

This year Gov. Rabun died in office. "His eulogium is written in the hearts of the people of Georgia." His chief characteristics were love of order and love for his country. He regarded justice not only as a civil but a religious duty.

Mr. Matthews Talbot, President of the Senate, assumed the duties of Chief Magistrate until the Legislature met, when John Clarke was elected Governor. It was considered a great triumph over the Crawford party, and hailed as an evidence that it had become unpopular in Georgia; but the bitterness of faction which had been almost smothered for so long now broke out again in a fierce flame.

Mr. Crawford was absent from the State most of the time, either assisting in the national government or representing it abroad. At this time he was a member of Mr. Monroe's cabinet.

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John Clarke, son of the famous Elijah Clarke, had fought for Georgia both in his youth and in his manhood, and had commanded a body of militia in the war of 1812; for all these things he was entitled to the gratitude of the State; but the majority of our people opposed him because they thought he had not given sufficient proof that he would be governor of the State, not merely the head of a party.

While he was Governor, the honors of the Executive Mansion were performed by his only daughter, Ann, who had no superior among Georgia women. Her affability, dignity and grace were of great assistance to her father, who had nearly all the leading families of the State politically arrayed against him.

When the Creeks were subdued, the Federal Government, instead of seizing that opportunity to redeem its pledge to Georgia, required them to surrender a large body of land in Alabama, which was sold for its benefit. Then, too, during the first year of Gov. Clarke's administration, a delegation of Cherokees went to Washington City and induced the Secretary of War to change the terms of the treaty that had been made with them, so as to allow them to remain in our State. The consent of Georgia was not asked or given. The Secretary was lauded to the skies under the plea of the great importance of civilizing the Indians, and Georgia was still patiently enduring the annoyance of having them residing within her limits without being citizens.

Towns settled in this decade were Waynesboro, Irwinton, Marietta, Lawrenceville.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SOVEREIGN STATE. (CONTINUED.)

1820—1830.

Immediately after Gov. Clarke was inaugurated, the Crawford party brought forward the name of George M. Troup for the next Governor. He had been a member of Congress for many years, and, of all the prominent men in the State, he was the most uncompromising in his hatred towards those who were engaged in the Yazoo fraud. Fervid by nature, he was impassioned in debate, scrupulously honest, of soundest judgment, and devoted to his State.

Again did Georgia tremble with a war of contending factions, and no one was allowed to be neutral. There was no great principle involved; it was simply a division of the people into two great parties, led by political opponents whose animosity grew out of the fact that one of them approved the Yazoo Act and was a Federalist, which party was against the political creed of our State.

This agitation divided families, estranged friends, and distracted churches—whose pulpits, for the first time in Georgia history, were desecrated by political philippies, so that “reason seemed to reel and justice to forget her duty.” The eloquent pens of Cobb, Cumming, Foster, Grantland, Gilmer and Wilde now became active in trying to regain the lost power of the Crawford party.

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A number of talented young men—among whom was Charles McDonald, conspicuous for character and family—espoused the Clarke faction, and did yoemen's work under the leadership of Judge Dooly and Col. Duncan G. Campbell.

There were not a dozen newspapers in the State at this time, but they were all for Troup. So, the opposition started a paper of its own; right valiantly did the editor do battle for his cause and defend Gov. Clarke against the fierce attacks of his opponents.

For two years this war of words continued, increasing in bitterness every hour until the election came off. When the Legislature met, there was intense excitement, and some of Troup's supporters urged him to visit the members and solicit their votes. He nobly replied: "A candidate for the Executive Chair should not debase that high office by seeking to influence legislative votes. I have refused through life to electioneer, and I am too old to do it now."

When the vote was taken, Gov. Clarke was re-elected by a majority of two.

This Legislature elected Nicholas Ware to the United States Senate, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Maj. Freeman Walker. Both these gentlemen were eminent lawyers, and have been honored by having counties named for them. Nicholas Ware was the son of an officer of the Revolutionary war, and one of the most prominent men in Augusta. He was the first mayor of that city, and his portrait still adorns the council chamber.

In the meantime a great calamity had fallen upon our beautiful city, Savannah. It was almost destroyed by fire, the loss of property amounting to about four million

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dollars. The misery and want in the city were very great, but assistance was quickly sent to the sufferers, from different parts of Georgia and other States. A city baker, whose property was uninjured by the fire, for eight days supplied bread free of charge to those persons whose losses were so great that they had no means to purchase food.

Savannah had not recovered from this disaster before it was visited by a terrible scourge of yellow fever; but, so great was its recuperative power that during the winter of the same year its commercial activity had returned.

Almost all the towns on the west side of the Ocmulgee river sprang into existence during this decade, as if by magic. Where no voice had ever been heard save that of the Indian hunter, where the wolves still howled in the solitude of the forest, where the cabins of the Creeks had recently stood, within a few years industry had converted the country into beautiful plantations and lovely villages. It is a noteworthy fact that in every village, lots were set apart for houses of worship. These new settlements were made on the land recently acquired from the Creeks, by the treaty made with them at the famous Indian Spring, in Butts county.

When Gov. Clarke's second term expired, George Troup became our Governor. His opponent was a friend of Clarke's, Matthew Talbot, who had once served as Governor for a few months. This was the hottest and hardest battle ever fought by the two parties.

The Legislature required Gov. Troup to use every exertion to obtain from the Federal Government "the extinguishment of the Indian title to all our remaining territory." So, he began his administration with a grave prob-

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lem to be solved. Well was it for Georgia that a man of undaunted courage was now at the helm of State!

In order to understand Gov. Troup's difficulties, it must be remembered that the agreement made with Georgia by the Federal Government in 1802 still remained unexecuted. The States of Mississippi and Alabama, formed from the land which Georgia had generously given, were fast filling up with a desirable population, and the Indian titles there were in course of extinction; whereas the Creeks and Cherokees were still fastened upon Georgia.

Our State was constantly urging the Federal Government to fulfil its contract. She had never failed to do her duty to it in times of war and public distress. There was a growing sentiment, at this time, in the Northern States, encouraged by the authorities at Washington, that the Indians ought to remain here indefinitely, and, perhaps, be permitted to try the experiment of an independent government. In those States the Indian titles had long since been extinguished, because it was a matter of national policy; but, when it came to a question of Georgia's rights, they were seized with a morbid philanthropy that was full of sympathy for the poor Indians, while they shut their eyes to such practical details as the sacred obligation of the Federal Government to the State of Georgia.

Gov. Troup at once began a correspondence with the Secretary of War on this subject, which resulted in the appointment of two distinguished Georgians, Duncan G. Campbell and James Meriwether, to treat with the Creeks. They failed in their mission, owing to the opposition of that portion of the Nation that was under the influence of Ho-poth-le-yo-holo, so lately the ally of Great Britain, the

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baneful counsel of Col. John Crowell, United States Agent for their Nation, and the missionaries who lived in the Cherokee country. Col. Crowell was a friend of Clarke's, and openly declared that Georgia should not have an acre of the Creek land while Troup was governor.

However, our Governor's energy and perseverance beat down all opposition, and the two commissioners finally met the Creeks in council at the Indian Springs, where the attendance of chiefs was unusually large. William McIntosh was there, and so was his hated rival, Ho-poth-le-yoholo. Each chief was followed by sub-chiefs and warriors.

McIntosh made a speech as soon as the Council was opened, announcing his readiness to sell the land. His "talk" showed him to be a statesman, and wise beyond his people. He explained how, with the whites all around them, their mighty Nation had become dwarfed; that it was only a matter of time until there would be no game in the country and they would be without food; that some of their young men had been to look at the proffered land beyond the Great River, and it was good, and the game there was abundant. Then, turning to his rival, who stood listening with scornful defiance, he said: "Will you go and live with your people increasing and happy about you; or will you stay and die with them here, and leave no one to follow you, or come to your grave and weep over their great chief? Beyond the Great River the sun is as bright and the sky as blue, and the waters are as clear and as sweet as they are here. Our people will go with us. To love the ground is mean; to love our people is noble."

He continued for some time to address the haughty chief in the same eloquent strain, recapitulating all the good that would result from their moving to the West.

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When he concluded his "talk," his followers grunted their approbation; but Ho-poth-le-yo-holo, the great, red chief, turning from him in disdain, addressed himself to the commissioners. He was a powerful speaker, with a manner passionate almost to wildness, and his imagery was original and beautiful. His speech is well worth reproducing, but a few extracts must suffice. As he turned his back on McIntosh, he broke forth fiercely: "Who says it is mean to love the land, to keep in our hearts these graves, as we keep the Great Spirit? It is noble to love the land where the corn grows, and which was given to us by the Great Spirit. We will sell no more. . . . Leave to us the little we have; let us die where our fathers died; and let us sleep where our kindred sleep; and when the last is gone, then take our lands and with your plows tear up the mould upon our graves and plant your corn above us. There will be none to weep at the deed, none to tell the traditions of our people. . . . We are few and weak, you are many and strong, and you can kill us and take our homes; but the Great Spirit has given us courage to fight for our homes, if we may not live in them; we will do it, and this is our talk, our last talk."

He folded over his shoulders the blanket which he had thrown aside, and, followed by his band and another chief with his party, passed out of sight.

McIntosh, unawed by this defection, concluded the treaty, and agreed to move to the West within a year. They were to receive acre for acre in Western lands, and four hundred thousand dollars in money. The United States agent, Crowell, witnessed the treaty; but the next day, with several chiefs, he started for Washington City to protest

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against it as unfair. The President, Mr. Monroe, submitted the treaty to the Senate, and it was solemnly ratified.

When this fact became known among the Upper Creeks, their hostility to McIntosh and his party, culminated in a conspiracy against his life. His old enemy Ho-poth-le-yo-holo instigated and planned the murder, though he did not lead the band of assassins. A large number of warriors, headed by a chief, were selected to do this dark deed. Their orders were to meet at a certain spot on an appointed day, when they were silently to surround his house at night; at daybreak they were to burn it, and as he rushed out they were all to fire upon him.

That there might be no mistake as to the time, each warrior was furnished with a bundle of sticks, each stick representing a day. Every time the sun set, one of them was to be thrown away; and when only one remained, that was the night on which McIntosh was to perish. To betray the secret, or to be absent at the appointed time, was death.

Only too well was this bloody plot carried out; and William McIntosh, whose whole life had been devoted to his Nation, his tribe, and to our beloved State, fell beneath the blows of assassins, in his own house, upon Georgia soil. This cowardly murder produced great excitement all over our State. Many Indians rushed to the white settlements for protection. Gov. Troup ordered out the militia with directions to be ready at a moment's notice to march to the Nation and protect the friendly Creeks, if it should be necessary. But there were no further hostile demonstrations; and, not long afterwards, half of the McIntosh party moved to the West.

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The crowning offence of McIntosh, in the eyes of his enemies, was consenting to Gov. Troup's proposition that the Creek lands should be immediately surveyed, instead of waiting until they moved a year later. Ho-poth-le-yo-holo really had very little concern with this question, for his immediate people and their lands were altogether in Alabama; in the war of 1812 Gen. Jackson, after the victory of Horseshoe Bend, had treated them as a conquered people, and compelled them to remain within certain prescribed limits.

In the midst of this political stir the Governor called an extra session of the Legislature. They at once passed an act authorizing the survey. A strong resolution was also adopted, calling upon Mr. Adams, who had recently become President, to remove the Indian agent from office, as he was faithless to his trust and an enemy to Georgia. The President refused to remove him, but instituted an inquiry into his conduct by sending to Georgia for that purpose a subordinate clerk in one of the Departments under his control, whom he called a "clerk of bureau." Gen. Gaines was also sent down to compose the disorders in the Creek Nation. When these two officials arrived, they espoused the cause of the objectionable agent and of those Indians who were our enemies; and, besides this, Gen. Gaines soon formed an alliance with the Clarke faction.

Gov. Troup appointed commissioners to confer with them. As representatives of a sovereign State, they were entitled to attend the conferences held by Gen. Gaines with the Indians, but were hindered as much as possible from communicating with them.

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Gen. Gaines and the "clerk of bureau," not confining themselves to the duties allotted them, reported against the last treaty made at Indian Spring, and misrepresented Campbell and Meriwether, saying the "treaty was tainted with intrigue and treachery." Campbell, though he belonged to the Carke party, for the purity of his character was respected and loved by all who knew him; and Meriwether stood equally as high in Georgia. The President determined to re-sulmit the treaty to Congress, and prohibited the survey ordered by Gov. Troup.

Our Governor maintained that the treaty was valid and that the land should be surveyed, but expressed himself as willing to suspend the survey until the Legislature met. He complained to the President of his agents, and told him plainly that unless the laws of Georgia were respected, he would send the United States officials to Washington in irons. He demanded the immediate recall, arrest and punishment of Gen. Gaines, for having, in his correspondence and publications, insulted the chief magistrate of Georgia. Such was the law at this time.

"But, in utter disregard of our Legislature and of our Governor, Crowell was not removed from office; Gaines was not court-martialed; and the murderers of the brave McIntosh were not punished!"

CHAPTER XX.

A SOVEREIGN STATE. (CONTINUED.)

1820—1830.

As the time came around to elect a governor, the ferment in Georgia was again at fever heat. Our Constitution had been changed, and the first election of a Chief Magistrate by the people was approaching.

George Troup was a candidate for re-election, and John Clarke was supported by the opposing party. In this canvass, the bitterness and violence of the two factions reached their acme. Not a family in the State escaped its influence, and hatreds were engendered which neither time nor reason could ever heal.

The party cry of the Crawford faction, which rang from the mountains to the seaboard, was:

“Troup and the old treaty!”

The people of Georgia endorsed their intrepid governor by giving him a majority of six hundred and eighty-two votes.

For several years Mr. Crawford had been Secretary of the Treasury, and his ability was acknowledged by both national parties. He had recently received the nomination for President, but was stricken with paralysis before the election came off. It was reported that he would never sufficiently recover to perform the duties of the office, so

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his friends felt that it would be improper to elect him. Nevertheless, he continued a candidate and, in spite of his physical condition, he received the votes of three States—Georgia, Virginia and Delaware.

He recovered from this attack, but his health was so much impaired that he returned to Georgia permanently. When Judge Dooly died, Crawford was appointed his successor, and for the remainder of his life was judge of the Northern Circuit.

In March, before Troup's second election as governor, an event occurred which so aroused the enthusiasm of our State, that even party animosities were for a time forgotten. It was the visit of Marquis de La Fayette who, nearly fifty years before, had assisted the Colonies in their struggle for liberty. Now, with the snows of more than three score winters upon his head, but with a warmth of love in his heart that kept it young, "the hero of two continents," had returned to the vigorous young nation whose destiny he had helped to shape, and he "received the homage of sixteen republics."

Savannah welcomed him with a military display, and with the music of the Marseillaise hymn, the national air of France. The Chatham Artillery fired the salutes. One of the field-pieces used on this occasion was that valued "Washington gun" which had been captured at Yorktown.

From the time the venerable Marquis touched Georgia soil, he was the guest of the State. When Gov. Troup received him on the bluff at Savannah, he said: "Welcome, La Fayette! General, 'tis little more than ninety years since the founder of this State first set foot upon the bank on which you stand. Now, four hundred thousand peo-

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ple open their arms to receive you. Thanks to a kind providence, it called you to the standard of independence in the helplessness of our Revolution. Oh, sir, what a consolation for a man who has passed through seas of trouble, that the millions of bayonets which guard the blessings we enjoy stand between you and them! But, enough. Welcome, General! Thrice welcome to the State of Georgia!"

La Fayette replied in feeling words and was then presented to the distinguished Georgians around him, among whom were five Revolutionary soldiers.

The streets, through which slowly moved the procession escorting him, were crowded to excess, as were the doors and windows of the houses. The multitude repeatedly displayed their enthusiastic feelings. The ladies saluted him by waving their handkerchiefs, and he acknowledged their attentions by many a graceful bow.

While La Fayette remained in Savannah, he assisted in laying the corner-stones of two monuments, one to Gen. Greene, and the other to the lamented Pulaski. Both of these distinguished men had been his comrades in arms.

From this city he went to Augusta, where he was again feted and toasted.

At Milledgeville he was received with unbounded demonstrations of pleasure, a little girl strewing flowers in his pathway as he stepped from the carriage. At night there was a grand ball to which people came from the surrounding country for a distance of forty miles. As long as La Fayette remained the guest of Georgia, every distinction possible was lavished upon him. His colors, his

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badges, and pictures of him were seen everywhere, and after his departure were treasured as mementoes of his visit.

When the Creek question was again brought before Congress, Crowell, the Indian agent, was sustained; the Indian Springs treaty was repudiated, and another one was drafted by new commissioners. Gov. Troup, standing flat-footed on the "old treaty," utterly refused to acknowledge the new one. For three reasons he held it to be a blank paper: First, it prescribed different boundaries than those to which Georgia was entitled by the contract of 1802; second, the jurisdiction over the Chattahoochee river, which had always been absolute in Georgia, was to be divided with Alabama; and third, lands were to be taken from Georgia and given forever to the Creeks. If Georgia had been willing to resign her rights, she could not have acknowledged "the new treaty" without admitting the charges against the spotless characters of Campbell and Meriwether, and insulting the memory of the chief, William McIntosh! The noble Troup was incapable of abandoning principle for expediency!

The pretext under which the Federal Government tried to set aside the "old treaty" was, that Campbell and Meriwether had bribed the chiefs who signed it, by giving them presents. This had always been done in Georgia whenever treaties were made; the Indians would not have understood it, and would have been offended if the presents had been withheld. This time-honored custom was instituted by Oglethorpe, the soldier, scholar, statesman and philanthropist; it was continued when Georgia was a royal province, and when she became a sovereign State. This fact was well known.

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The Legislature, in both branches, belonged to the Clarke party, but they cordially supported the Governor in his present position. Upholding the rights of Georgia, they resolved that the "old treaty" should be insisted upon and carried into effect. They passed a strong resolution endorsing the integrity of Campbell and Meriwether. The Georgia delegation in Congress also fought the "new treaty" to the last, the speeches of Berrien and Forsyth being particularly effective.

As soon as the Legislature had acted upon this matter, Gov. Troup caused the boundary line between Georgia and Alabama to be run according to the contract made in 1802, and ordered a survey of the Creek lands embraced in the "old treaty." After the work had continued for several months, without any opposition, some of the hostile Indians complained to the Federal Government. President Adams made this a pretext for ordering the arrest of the surveyors. The Secretary of War sent Lieut. Vinton to Georgia, with the threat that military force would be used if the survey was not stopped. The Lieutenant was told that he must preserve the utmost secrecy in the execution of his mission, because his personal safety would be involved. Our governor indignantly wrote to the Secretary: "You mistake the character of the people of Georgia. Officers of the General Government, engaged in the performance of lawful duties, have only to deport themselves as gentlemen to find the same security and protection in Georgia, as under the *Ægis* of the government at Washington."

When Gov. Troup received the President's threat in regard to the survey, without losing a day, he directed that

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any officer who attempted to arrest one of the surveyors should be brought to justice. He also issued orders to the generals of militia to hold themselves in readiness to repel any hostile invasion of the State. His message to the Federal Government was, in effect, that force would be met with force.

There were at this time several hundred United States regulars on the Chattahoochee river, and a collision between the two governments seemed imminent; but there was one difficulty in the way, which the President had overlooked. Of the three regiments in the South, two were commanded by Georgians—McIntosh and Twiggs. Their ancestors were among the first settlers of our State; their fathers had suffered for its independence; and these worthy sons of such sires promptly wrote to the authorities at Washington that if they were required to take up arms against Georgia they would resign. Gov. Troup communicated with the Secretary of War, saying that any attack on the sovereignty of Georgia would be resisted to the utmost.

The whole subject was submitted to Congress, but no further steps were taken to interfere with the Indian Spring treaty, and the matter was finally dropped. The surveyors completed their work without interruption, and the land acquired under the "old treaty" was organized. An act of Legislature then disposed of it by lottery. Thus were Georgia's rights preserved, and thus did her fearless governor triumph!

Of the new counties now laid out, one was named Troup; another Muscogee, to perpetuate the memory of the Creeks who had so long owned the soil; and a third was called Coweta, to honor the brave and generous McIntosh, who was the head chief of the Coweta towns.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SOVEREIGN STATE. (CONTINUED)

1820—1830.

In compliance with usage, Gov. Troup retired from office at the expiration of his second term, but his services were too valuable and he was too much devoted to Georgia's interests to be allowed to live in private. John Forsyth, of the Crawford party, became our next governor, and Mr. Troup was soon elected to Congress.

The Tariff Act, called in Georgia the "Bill of Abominations," which was passed while Mr. Adams was President, was strongly resented by our congressmen. The Northern, Middle and Western States made common cause against the South by endeavoring to force upon her, goods of northern manufacture. They put such a heavy duty upon imported goods, that New England fabrics were much the cheapest of the two, imported goods being actually taxed beyond their cost!

Georgia was incensed at the passage of this Act, and public meetings were held all over the State to express the indignation of our people. The men resolved that they would dress in Georgia homespun instead of New England cloth, eat their hominy without the Kentucky hog as an accompaniment, and walk, rather than ride Western horses. Our women also took fire at the idea of the tariff law, in-

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sisting that their husbands, sons and brothers in Congress should hold out a flag of defiance to the Northern members by dressing in home-made clothes. So, at the opening of the next session all our representatives from the up-country were dressed in homespun. George Gilmer, of Oglethorpe county, wore a coat made of the finest wool, dyed with indigo, and mixed with black silk in carding. The collar and cuffs were covered with black silk velvet, and it was worn with a rich silk-velvet vest. The cloth for this coat was presented to him by one of his female constituents, and it was made by a first-class tailor. The very becoming coats of the Georgia members attracted universal attention.

It was about this time that a mass of gold weighing three ounces was found on Duke's creek, in Habersham county. This was the first gold ever found in Georgia, so far as the white people knew. Other discoveries were soon made in that part of the State. Some of the mines were very rich, especially those about Dahlonega.

Gen. Andrew Jackson was now President. Without any caucus nomination, he had been supported in all parts of the Union by those who were opposed to the administration of Mr. Adams. A small newspaper, called the "Jacksonian," published at McDonough, in Henry county, Georgia, was the first one in the United States to nominate him for the presidency.

During this year an aerolite fell near Forsyth. About the middle of a May afternoon, a black cloud appeared in the heavens, from which, in quick succession, two distinct explosions were heard; these were followed by a whizzing noise passing through the air, which lasted full four minutes. As was afterwards ascertained, the stone weighed

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thirty-six pounds, and, in its fall, buried itself two and a half feet in the earth. Its appearance was that of having been in a furnace; it was covered with a black substance resembling melted lava, and about the thickness of an ordinary knife-blade. When this stone was broken, it emitted a strong smell of sulphur, and had a metallic, silver-like appearance. A fine specimen of this aerolite is preserved in the museum of the University at Athens.

There occurred in this decade the most remarkable circumstance which has ever happened in the history of an Indian tribe. It was the invention of the Cherokee alphabet by George Guess, whose Indian name was Se-quo-ia, and who had no knowledge of any language except his own. This Georgia Cadmus lived in what is now Chattooga county; in appearance and habits he was a full Cherokee, though his paternal grandfather was a white man.

His inventive genius was aroused by hearing some young men of his tribe commenting upon the superior talents of the whites. One of them told how white men could put talk on paper, send it any distance, and it would be understood by those who received it. They all agreed that this was a very strange thing, and they did not understand how it was done.

George Guess, who had been a silent listener to the conversation, said, with an important air: "Why, the thing is very easy. I can do it myself." And, picking up a flat stone, he began to scratch on it with a pin; after a few minutes he read them a sentence which he had written, by making a mark for each word.

This produced a laugh, and the subject was dropped; but it left an indelible impression upon the mind of Guess.

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Nothing short of being able to write the Cherokee language would now satisfy him, so he bought material and set about painting the language on paper, having a character to represent each word. After laboring over this task for almost two years, and having made several thousand characters, he became convinced that this was not the way to accomplish his purpose. He was by no means discouraged, though he was ridiculed by some of his friends and strenuously opposed by all of them, as they thought he was wasting his time. He would listen patiently to their expostulations, and then, without attempting to vindicate his conduct, deliberately light his pipe and again sit down to his work.

He was firmly convinced that there was a way to express the Cherokee language on paper, for he had seen white men writing and he had seen books. He said: "If I could fix certain marks to represent sounds, I could make things fast on paper, and it would be like catching a wild animal and taming it." So, he continued to work with the perseverance of genius, until he discovered that certain syllables were repeated in many words of his native tongue, and that the same character could be used in these different words. After that he had no more trouble, and in one month had formed a complete alphabet, perhaps the only syllabic one in existence.

In forming his characters Guess used some of the English letters, which he found in a spelling-book that he owned; but he knew nothing of their nature, and applied them to sounds wholly different from those they represent in English. Most of the letters were of his own invention.

The Cherokee language, though the most copious of the

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Indian dialects in the United States, is only composed of the various combinations of sixty monosyllables, which constituted Guess's alphabet. The accomplishment of this work by a man and among a people never accustomed to inventive study, is truly wonderful, and shows the superiority of the Cherokees over all other Indian tribes.

When his work was ended, Guess took one of his friends aside, explained the alphabet to him, and said: "We can now have speaking papers as well as white men."

He found great difficulty in persuading any of his people to learn it; nor did he ever overcome their prejudices until he went to Arkansas to visit some of the Nation who had emigrated, and taught a few of them to read and write their language. One of them wrote to a friend in Georgia and sent the letter back by Guess, who read it to many of his people. It excited a great deal of curiosity. Here was talk in the Cherokee tongue that had come from beyond the Great River, sealed up in a paper, yet it was very plain. His friends became convinced that his system was of some use, and resolved to learn it. This they accomplished in a few days, owing to its extreme simplicity. Any one, by fixing in his memory the names and forms of the letters, immediately possessed the art of reading and writing. From this beginning, in a few months, and without any schools, the Cherokees were able to read and write in their own language. Two or three years afterwards they were carrying on correspondence between the different tribes of their Nation, taking receipts, and giving promissory notes. It became a common thing in the Nation to see directions for the different paths inscribed in Cherokee characters on the trees. Thus, George Guess had the satisfaction of

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seeing his whole people enjoying the fruits of his labor, greatly benefited by it, and raised to a higher plane of civilization.

Our Governor, John Forsyth, was a Virginian by birth and blood, but was raised in Georgia from his fourth year; in heart, feeling and interests he was a Georgian. How warmly he advocated the welfare of our State in Congress is well known. While he was United States Senator, he was appointed minister to Spain. It was by his skill and prudence that the differences between that country and the Federal Government in reference to Florida were finally adjusted.

Forsyth was a beautiful speaker, and when he had the floor he never failed to attract attention. "His language was always courteous and complimentary to his antagonist. Without ever exhibiting passion, he evinced deep feeling. His voice was peculiarly melodious, and, without talking rapidly, the words seemed to melt into each other like one continued sound. He used but little gesture, and his most emphatic passages were always in an undertone, which produced a solemn effect and left a deep impression. It was the still, small voice in which he poured out heart and soul and feeling, charming his audience into a silence, as if they were listening to the last fading notes of an *Aolian* harp, when they felt that the spirit of the wind was fading away."

Through his services to State and Nation, "the name and fame of John Forsyth became embalmed as national wealth."

Cotton was now extensively cultivated in middle and southern Georgia, and had become our chief export.

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On most plantations the cloth for the negroes' clothes continued to be made on hand looms, as there were only two or three factories in Georgia.

When this decade ended, George R. Gilmer was occupying the Chair of State.

Towns settled in this decade were Bainbridge, Appling, Clayton, Clarkesville, Cuthbert, Columbus, Forsyth, La Grange, Macon, Newnan, Thomaston, Talbotton, Thomasville.

CHAPTER XXII.

A SOVEREIGN STATE. (CONTINUED.)

1830—1840.

Commencement week at Athens was the favorite occasion for the assembling of Georgia's active politicians. Many of them were trustees of the University, and this was their best opportunity for meeting to exchange views and discuss State affairs. Newspapers were still few and unimportant, and it was at Athens, in 1829, that George R. Gilmer was first asked to become a candidate for executive honors. The Clarke party made no nomination, Gilmer's opponent being a Crawford man. Gov. Gilmer thought that the factions which had so long disturbed our State should now forget their differences. With noble patriotism he sought to accomplish this result, but with indifferent success.

Early in his administration he had to struggle with great difficulties in reference to the Cherokees, and this brought upon him much abuse from beyond his own State.

Georgia congressmen were tauntingly asked: "Why not let the Cherokees remain among you? Why not foster and improve them, and let them add to your numbers and wealth?"

The truth of the matter was, that there had never been any interchange of the productions of labor between Geor-

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gia and these Indians. They had added nothing to the stores of human knowledge, and their chief wealth consisted of skins and canoes; the land was not owned by individuals, but belonged to the Nation. The Cherokee country was situated among the mountains, and about the head waters of the Savannah and Chattahoochee rivers. At this time, they had taken possession of a considerable body of land lying south of them; it had been abandoned by the Creeks, but, of course, belonged to Georgia. Game had been decreasing with the Cherokees for forty years, and this fact tempted them to seize the territory now in dispute. Here their cattle could live upon the cane, and they could exchange hunting for herding. They claimed to have won this body of land from the Creeks by defeating them in a game of ball. The tract included what afterwards became Cobb, Paulding and Polk counties.

When our Legislature convened, it authorized the immediate survey and occupancy of the territory, and for this the Indians sought revenge. One cold night, when the ground was covered with snow, they set fire to the houses of the white settlers, and a number of women and children were thus deprived of shelter in the most inclement weather.

Gov. Gilmer had to contend with another complication at this time. Georgia had found it absolutely necessary to extend her criminal jurisdiction over the Cherokee Nation, as violators of the law fled there to escape justice. The Indians resented this; and when one of them was arrested and convicted of murder, a head chief, John Ross, appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States for an injunction to restrain the State of Georgia from executing her laws

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within Cherokee territory. Our Governor was warned that he would be cited to appear for the State when the case was called for trial. He replied that any orders interfering with the courts of Georgia would be disregarded, and that, if the Supreme Court should attempt to enforce them, he would resist with the military. The Supreme Court decided that the State affairs of Georgia were outside of its jurisdiction.

Georgia's position caused much excitement in the Northern States, and many were the meetings held and the petitions forwarded to Congress in behalf of the Cherokees. The excitement soon became more intense, because several Northern missionaries were arrested and convicted of illegal residence among these Indians.

The Legislature had passed a law forbidding white people to reside among the Cherokees without a special permit, and the Governor notified white men living in the Nation that an oath of allegiance to the laws of Georgia, and residence license, would be necessary if they desired to remain. The missionaries—about twelve in number—thought proper to disregard this warning, and were duly arrested. All of them finally took the oath except two, who were sent to the penitentiary, which was the penalty for disregarding this law.

Gov. Gilmer offered to release them on condition that they would remove from the Cherokee territory if unwilling to take the oath. They declined his clemency, and entered the penitentiary as living monuments of fanaticism.

The missionaries had used their position among the Indians to give them political counsel, and had thus been a serious obstacle in the arrangements which Georgia proposed to make with them.

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After a time, by the advice of their friends, the two missionaries who were in prison changed their course. They withdrew their suit, then pending in the Supreme Court of the United States, and wrote to Gov. Gilmer that they would yield to the authority of Georgia. The whole spirit of their communication was objectionable, and they stated that their views had undergone no change. The Governor replied that if they regarded their principles so highly, they might stand by them in the penitentiary. Then they jointly wrote a most respectful letter, saying that they had never intended to offer any indignity to the State or its authorities, and that they would obey the laws of Georgia. Whereupon, they were pardoned, after having obstinately remained in prison for more than a year.

Gross misrepresentations of the facts in this affair were freely circulated at the North. The impression was made upon the public, that the missionaries were put in the penitentiary on account of their efforts to christianize the Cherokees, while the fact that they had violated the law was carefully concealed. Georgia was ranked with the despotisms of the East; and her Governor was compared to Dionysius, Draco and Nero.

Another vexation which Gov. Gilmer encountered early in his administration was caused by illegal mining in the gold region. Thousands of idle and profligate persons flocked thither from every point of the compass. They were restrained neither by law nor public opinion. After wading all day, picking up small particles of gold in the creeks which form the Etowah and Chattahoochee rivers, at night they collected around lightwood-knot fires to gamble away their profits, and whisky-drinking, swearing and

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fighting were freely indulged. A proclamation forbidding trespassers to gather gold made very little impression, and it was soon discovered that soldiers' bayonets were more effective than writs of injunction and suits of law.

After the gold-diggers had been seized by soldiers and expelled from the country, half-breed Cherokees, and the white people who were licensed to live among them, secretly continued to collect gold. It was a great trial to the Georgians living on the Cherokee frontier to keep away from the mines which belonged to their State, while the gold was being stolen by the Indians, and there was danger of trouble between these two classes. As it was found impossible to protect the Indian country from intruders and the gold mines from trespassers, by civil law, the Legislature authorized a military company to be raised for that purpose. It was composed of forty men, with necessary officers. It was called the "Georgia Guard," and was stationed near the gold mines.

On the 12th of February, 1833, it was one hundred years since Gen. Oglethorpe had planted his colony on Yamacraw Bluff. Then Georgia was a feeble dependency of Great Britain; now it was a strong and flourishing republic. Our Legislature has been remiss in not having this anniversary celebrated as an annual State holiday.

In November of this year there occurred over the whole State a wonderful meteoric shower. It is still currently spoken of as the "stars falling." The night was remarkably fine. Not a cloud obscured the heavens, when suddenly—between eleven and twelve o'clock—the stars appeared to be shooting from their orbits. They fell faster and faster, until it seemed to be raining stars—north, south,

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east, and west, in whatever direction the eyes were turned, the air was full of them. This magnificent and astonishing spectacle lasted for several hours. It filled the minds of the most enlightened with a certain awe; so it is not surprising that wildest terror seized the ignorant, who supposed that the dreadful sight was but a prelude to the sounding of the last trump. Shrieks of horror were heard from the negroes on every plantation; some of them thought the world was already on fire, and, with hands upraised and bitter cries, implored the Lord to save them and the world.

The eloquent Baptist minister, Jesse Mercer, who did more to build up his denomination in the South than any other man of his day, was at this time preaching in Greene county. A certain planter and his wife, who lived in this county, were his ardent admirers and members of his church. On the memorable night of the meteoric shower, some of their negroes, who were sitting up late, quickly discovered that there was something unusual going on in the heavens; looking out and seeing the "falling stars," they were sure that the judgment day had come. With loud cries they aroused their fellow-servants, and all rushed in a body to the "big house" to awaken its inmates. The mistress was quite convinced that the negroes were right in their conjecture, as she stood gazing for a moment at the sublime spectacle; but she had a healthy nervous system, and she loved God and all His creatures; so, turning to one of her maids, she calmly gave the order: "Nancy, go wake up the children, wash their faces clean, put on their Sunday clothes, and put a biscuit in their pockets."

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She was making the same preparations for her family to meet the Great Judge that she made every Sunday to hear Jesse Mercer preach!

Two years after the meteoric shower the winter was the coldest ever known in Georgia. Saturday, after the 7th day of January, was called emphatically "the cold Saturday," and as such is yet remembered. The Savannah river was coated with ice at Augusta, orange trees in different sections of the State were almost exterminated, and on the seacoast, where the winters are usually very mild, fig trees a hundred years old were killed. In middle and upper Georgia the snow was more than a foot deep, and covered the ground for weeks.

William Harris Crawford, one of Georgia's most illustrious sons, died in the autumn of 1834. After a quiet, social evening at the house of a friend, he was the next morning found dead in his bed. Struggling against disease and the weakness of old age, he performed the duties of his office to the last day of his life. Let him be an example to his young countrymen of this generation!

* "Five years only the representative of the State—always after that the nation's man, until he was able to serve the nation no longer. The country saw that it had in him a man beyond most men—of such mind and nerve and heart, that he could remain no State's man, but belonged to the largest sphere of work for which men are born; and the nation took him from the State and kept him in her service in this or that high office, and would have made him its chief; and never did he cease to rise, and never did he go back one step in his wonderful career, until his splendid frame gave way."

*Extract from the speech of Charles N. West, delivered before the Georgia Historical Society at Savannah, May 2, 1892.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SOVEREIGN STATE. (CONTINUED.)

1830—1840.

The Indian question constantly menaced the peace of Georgia during this decade. A change had taken place in the sentiments of a majority of the Cherokee Nation in regard to emigration; but a strong minority still violently opposed it. John Ridge was the leader of those who were willing to move West, while John Ross headed the opposite party.

John Ridge was a man of considerable education. On various occasions he accompanied Cherokee delegations to Washington City, acting as interpreter, secretary, and agent. His father, Maj. Ridge, had helped Georgia fight in the Creek war, and had greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Horseshoe Bend.

John Ross declared that he had no unfriendly feelings to Ridge or his party; that whatever he did was designed to promote the best interests of his people. John Ridge met him more than half way, saying that he did not agree with Ross as to the best course for them to pursue, but he loved his Nation, and honestly tried to counsel the people wisely; that, if Ross could bring their difficulties to an end, or settle them in some better way than by emigration, he would gladly accept it and acknowledge him the principal

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chief of the Nation; that he was willing, at all times, to unite with him in any measures that would truly promote the peace and prosperity of their distressed people. Ross's professions of friendship were only from the lips; and it was not long before several prominent Cherokees were shot by unknown hands simply because they were favorable to the policy of emigration.

No one who is familiar with the portion of our State then occupied by the Cherokees—which, with its wooded mountains, fertile valleys, limpid streams, beautiful rapids and sequestered vales, may well be called the Switzerland of Georgia—will wonder that the love of these Indians for its soil was a passion.

The citizens on the frontier felt considerable alarm when the Indians who were friendly to Georgia's claims, began to be murdered in this secret manner. They held meetings, adopted stringent resolutions, and requested our Governor, Wilson Lumpkin, to station troops at suitable points to protect them. This was done, and peace was preserved.

It was in this condition of affairs, when the attention of the whole United States was turned upon Georgia and the Cherokee Indians, that John Howard Payne, the famous author of "Home, Sweet Home," proposed to solve the Indian question. He was connected with a paper in New York City, so he had an organ for his opinions and observations, and determined to make a trip to Georgia, go to the Nation, and study the subject on the spot.

He had not sojourned long among the Cherokees before he was arrested by the "Georgia Guard." When his papers were examined, they were found to contain very improper and indiscreet statements in relation to the President and

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the Georgia authorities, and many bitter remarks concerning Cherokee affairs. The "Georgia Guard" considered him a spy, and treated him with great indignity until he made friends with a musical soldier who was whistling "Home, Sweet Home." When he found that the prisoner was the author of that beautiful and world-renowned air, he befriended him as long as he was in captivity. When Payne was arrested he was with John Ross. He owed his liberty, in the first instance, to the exertions of Gen. Edward Harden, of Athens, to whom he had brought a letter of introduction on his arrival in Georgia.

As the arrest of Payne was made in Tennessee, the Governor of that State addressed a letter of remonstrance to William Schley, the Executive of Georgia, in relation to this matter. Before that letter was received, however, the conduct of the "Georgia Guard" in disregarding the rights of a sister State had been condemned by the Legislature. In the end, Payne was exonerated from any treasonable designs against the peace of Georgia, and honorably liberated.

It was in the last month of this year that the small remnant of Seminoles still remaining in Florida took up arms under their famous chief, Osceola. Their first hostile act was to murder the United States agent who resided among them. Seminole is a Creek word, meaning wanderer, and this tribe was composed of refugees from various others.

The Upper Creeks, hearing of this outbreak, resolved to seize the opportunity to strike another blow at Georgia. Assembling in large numbers, they committed many murders on the Chattahoochee river, so that numbers of the frontier people were compelled to forsake their homes and seek refuge in the large towns.

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Volunteer companies were formed all over the State. In Gwinnett county, in less than two hours after receiving the Governor's call for volunteers, two companies of one hundred men each were organized, and the citizens of the county contributed six hundred dollars to aid in giving them an outfit.

Gov. Schley took the field in person, making Columbus his headquarters. Here he was joined by Gen. Scott, whom the Federal Government had sent to conduct the Seminole war. Among the many Georgians who assisted Gen. Scott was Judge William C. Dawson, who raised a company for the service.

The Federal General marched first into the Creek country. Many of the Indians surrendered after slight skirmishes, saying they desired peace. As they surrendered, they were sent West as fast as the necessary arrangements could be made for safe transportation.

The majority of the Creeks still continued in arms. In May a party of them attacked Roanoke, a small village on the Chattahoochee river, in Stewart county. They destroyed the boat "Georgia," which was lying on the river, and only one of the men on board escaped their murderous fire. The attack on the town was repelled, but two days afterwards the Indians surprised it at night, when most of its citizens were wrapped in slumber. The firing of rifles and the yells of the Creeks gave the first alarm that the enemy was near. The citizens sprang to arms and rushed to attack them; but being outnumbered were compelled to abandon the town, having, however, to force a way through their enemies. A negro boy named Peter fought so desperately by his master's side, that the Indians made every

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exertion to kill him, but were unsuccessful. After the whites retreated, Roanoke was burned to ashes.

A few weeks afterwards, Capt. Hamilton Garmany's detachment had a battle on Dr. Sheppard's plantation, with the same party of Creeks. The Indians, being reinforced from time to time, flanked the Georgians and divided them. Capt. Garmany, with a small band, sought the protection of a ginhouse, ordering his men to reserve their fire until they were sure that they could kill the enemy. Taking a position behind a tree that screened him from view, he killed two Indians, but was then wounded in the thigh and fell. His men cried out to each other that he was killed, and were on the verge of a panic, when he shouted to them to fight on, as he was only wounded. His command on the other flank of the enemy were keeping up the fight with vigor and energy.

In the meantime, Capt. Garmany, lying seriously wounded behind the tree, noticed an Indian gliding towards him with a drawn knife. As soon as he was within range, the Captain raised himself with an effort and shot him. Then, taking his pocket pistol in his hand ready for another attack, he determined to sell his life dearly.

Just at this critical moment Maj. Jernigan arrived with reinforcements from Fort Jones, three miles below, and charged upon the Indians. This diverted their attention from the wounded officer, who was at once placed on horseback behind one of his men and carried to the Fort. All the Georgians stood firm at their posts until ordered to retreat, when they, too, made their way to the Fort.

Thus ended one of the most desperate battles fought during this outbreak of the Creeks. The Indians engaged in the battle of Sheppard's plantation, being determined to

join the Seminoles in Florida, continued on their way, plundering and killing as they had opportunity.

In a very lonely situation, near the road leading from Albany to Blakely, there stood for twenty years or more after this decade a dilapidated, uninhabited house, the very picture of desolation. To a believer in ghosts it seemed a fit spot for their nocturnal visits. In the dusky twilight, a traveller, approaching it, would almost expect to see spectral forms gliding through the dismal rooms. The surroundings were in keeping with the house. The woods looked dark and gloomy; long moss hung in curtains from the trees, as if Nature, in sympathy with the victims of some awful tragedy, had clothed herself in the habiliments of woe.

This house, in fact, had been the scene of a bloody crime, perpetrated by this same band of Creeks. The owner had offended them deeply, and they resolved to have their revenge while they were on the "war path."

At this particular time, the house was all open, and the servants busy with the usual duties of the early morning. The planter and his family, with several neighbors as guests, had just gathered around the breakfast table, when their blood was chilled by the war-whoop of the Creeks, who, concealed by the forest, had approached the house unseen. The demon of revenge took possession of them, and this whole family fell victims to their fury, the blood of father, mother, children, neighbors and servants mingling together.

What added to the horror of this terrible deed was, that the plantation had changed hands, and in their blind rage the Creeks had missed the object of their vengeance and destroyed an innocent family.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SOVEREIGN STATE (CONTINUED.)

1830—1840.

A swift vengeance overtook that band of cruel Creeks who had committed so many crimes. Two small companies of Baker county militia followed their trail. When close upon the Indians they dispersed in small squads, to protect the people and wait for reinforcements.

The Indians saw that they could not continue their journey, and three hundred of their warriors penetrated to an island in the middle of Chickasawhatchee Swamp, in Baker county, and there fortified themselves. This swamp is fifteen miles long, and from four to eight miles wide, with here and there a dry spot of earth. At this time it was infested with alligators, bears and wolves. Not a white man had any but the vaguest knowledge of it; the Creeks knew it well.

A week after the Indians had made a stand the militia were joined by several companies, consisting of both infantry and cavalry, the whole under command of Col. Beall.

It was determined to attack at once the Indians in their stronghold. Accordingly, two hundred soldiers were stationed to prevent their escape. The rest of the command penetrated the swamp through undergrowth, mud, and water which was sometimes up to their waists, until they reached the island. Here a very hard battle was fought.

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It had only lasted something over thirty minutes when the Creeks fled. They were closely pursued, and most of them either killed or captured. Their camp, with its tents, provisions, horses and many rifles, fell into the hands of the victorious Georgians. So eager were our soldiers to fight this band of bloody Creeks, that, when it became necessary to leave a guard with the horses while their riders were absent in the swamp, not a man was willing to remain, and the officers were compelled to detail soldiers for that duty.

This was a very important victory, as it prevented a body of brave and experienced warriors from joining the Seminoles who were giving the Federal Government much trouble; and though the Georgia troops who won it were militia with little experience or discipline, they behaved with great coolness and bravery.

A little later on, a sharp battle was fought with another band of Creeks, at the Echowanotchaway Swamp, in Randolph county. The Georgians were commanded by Maj. Jernigan, and Gen. William Wellborn reinforced him.

The Indians fought with desperation, contesting every foot of the ground; but being at last forced from their strong positions, they were soon defeated.

A company of Creeks on their way to the Seminoles attempted to pass through Thomas county, when several volunteer companies from this county and Lowndes, under Maj. Young, went in pursuit of them. Not an Indian had been seen, when our soldiers, worn out with their hasty march, stopped for the night. During the evening they were joined in camp by Capt. Sharpe and Capt. Tucker. It was owing to the vigilance and perseverance of the former that the Indian trail was found.

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Never did a braver band march against an enemy. Sustained by love for their State, and willing to die to protect her sacred altars, they stood the shock of battle like veterans, while the foe poured a heavy fire into their ranks. At last the Creeks gave way, and were pursued nearly three miles, our soldiers using their guns with deadly effect during the pursuit.

Not long after this event the Creek chiefs, becoming dispirited by so many reverses, sued for peace and surrendered their bands. They were sent by installments to the West, until not one member of the once powerful Creek Nation remained on Georgia soil.

While all these events were taking place, many Georgians were assisting the Federal soldiers in Florida and fighting the Upper Creeks in Alabama. Capt. Morris and his company from Franklin county won a great reputation in the latter State, their daring deeds being the chief theme of their associates in arms.

One of these volunteers had a strange experience. After a battle, he was in hot pursuit of a Creek, who, finding that he would be caught, tried to save himself by running among a group of Indian women. Two of them seized the Franklin county soldier and held him fast. It was in vain that he exerted himself to get away from them; and when they made a furious assault upon him with knives, he drew his bowie-knife, and in self-defense gave each woman a blow which killed her.

Another Georgian had an unusual adventure. Duncan McKrimmon, of Milledgeville, fighting against the Seminoles in Florida, had the misfortune to be captured by a party of them, led by the renowned prophet, Francis. This chief wore an elegant uniform, had a fine brace of

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pistols, and exultingly displayed to his prisoner the commission as brigadier-general, which he had received from the British. Arrived at the camp, the ferocious prophet had McKrimmon's head shaved, his clothes removed, and then had him tied to a stake around which the Seminoles danced for several hours, all the while yelling most horribly. Milly, the fifteen-year-old daughter of the prophet, sat with the rest of the Indians watching this savage scene. Amidst the general joy, she alone was sad and silent. When the last awful moment came, and the fatal tomahawk was raised to strike the prisoner dead, quick as thought, Milly sprang up and placed herself before him. The executioner paused in astonishment, and, taking advantage of it, she implored her father's pity for McKrimmon, and said that if he thirsted for human blood he might shed hers, for she would not survive the prisoner. Her father yielded to her wishes; but with the intention, as was afterwards discovered, of murdering them both, if he could not sell McKrimmon to the Spaniards. Happily the sale was effected in a few days, at St. Marks, for seven and a half gallons of rum. As long as the Georgian was a prisoner Milly continued to show him acts of kindness.

In two years the fortunes of war had placed the Seminoles at the mercy of the Federal government. Milly Francis and a number of her people went to Fort Gadsden in a starving condition, and surrendered. It was generally known how she had acted as the guardian angel of a Georgia militiaman, and the commanding officer treated her with great respect. When Mr. McKrimmon heard of Milly's distress, he hastened from his Georgia home to her assistance, and did all in his power to alleviate her misfortunes. Such incidents as these soften the horrors of war.

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After the surrender of the Greeks, Capt. Garmany and his soldiers, returning from the war, stopped at Newnan, and were entertained with great enthusiasm. Crowds of people from the surrounding country joined the citizens in giving the soldiers an ovation at the court-house. Col. W. D. Spear was in the chair, and appropriate speeches were made. A song containing eight verses was sung three times, with weeping eyes and great applause.

It was called "Capt. Garmany's Fight." Tune—"Scots wha hae wi," &c.

The first verse of this mournful ditty is as follows:

" See the Chattahoochee flow
By Roanoke descending low;
There our soldiers met the foe
Fierce as panther prowling."

The citizens of Newnan were anxious to entertain the soldiers until next day; but anxiety to see their families forced them to decline further hospitalities.

As a State, Georgia has always been sympathetic and generous, so it was not with indifference that she witnessed the struggle of the Texan colonists against the overbearing conduct and gross injustice of the Mexican officials.

When no remedy but a revolution was left, Georgians were found fighting with the Texans, shoulder to shoulder, from Gonzales to San Jacinto. Georgians were massacred at the Alamo and murdered with Fannin at Goliad. It was a Georgian, Mirabeau B. Lamar, who, in the decisive battle of San Jacinto, at the head of his sixty horsemen, rode into Santa Anna's ranks, and as he made his memorable charge arose in his stirrups and, waving his sword over his head, exclaimed: "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad! Charge! and strike in vengeance for the murdered of our companions!"

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Closely following him, his command, restless as a cyclone, swept down upon the foe, charging right through their ranks, throwing them into confusion and following them for miles in their flight.

The capture of Santa Anna was attributed to this charge.

Many members of the Lamar family have been prominent in Georgia and other States.

That great results often start from small beginnings is proverbial; and such was the case with the first railroad ever built in Georgia.

In one of the stately homes of Athens the owners and directors of Princeton Factory had met to talk over its affairs. They were just having the machinery put in, and all of this had to be hauled from Augusta in wagons. The shaft for the factory had, during all the winter, been stuck in the mud in a narrow, boggy road in Wilkes county, called "Pope's lane," which was four or five miles long. While discussing ways and means of getting the shaft to Athens, one of the gentlemen who had recently returned from Delaware, where there was a short railroad, remarked: "What a pity we haven't a railroad to Augusta." Another said: "Why don't you build one?"

Thus was originated the idea that led to the building of the Georgia Railroad, and their host became its first president. A portion of this important road was in operation during this decade.

The time had now arrived when, according to the treaty that had been made with the Cherokees, they were to leave Georgia and settle in the West.

George Gilmer was, for the second time, our Governor.

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Even those Cherokees who were convinced that emigration was the only way to preserve their Nation did not leave the land they loved so well without heart-breaking regrets. Those who were opposed to the treaty, as one last act of spite against the whites, tried to destroy "the waters of life" in the "Vale of Springs," by driving plugs of wood into the apertures in the slate.

This remarkable little valley, containing fifty-two bold springs, is in Walker county, and is surrounded by mountains. On the eastern side a bold, clear creek comes tumbling into it, and, passing rapidly westward, escapes between two abrupt peaks. The waters of the medicinal springs are so strongly mineral that their character can be discovered at a glance. Red sulphur, blue limestone and the purest freestone water gush forth within a few feet of each other. All these springs either issue from the mountain side upon a bed of hard black slate, or boil up through it. The most severe and long continued drouth, makes no perceptible difference in their quantity of water. Nature has beautified the "Vale of Springs" with lavish hand, and it was a favorite resort with the Cherokees, who considered its waters life-restoring and life-preserving.

Again, while the facts were unknown to the general public, a great deal that was most abusive was spoken and written of Georgia's policy towards the Cherokees. Afterwards every enemy of Georgia was forced to acknowledge that emigration had tended to the improvement and happiness of the Indians, who, in their new homes, instead of being controlled in their public affairs and corrupted in their morals by designing white men, were occupying a country best suited to their instincts and habits. At the same time Georgia was relieved of a constant irritation that acted in-

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juriously both on her citizens and the Indians. Her policy had been based on the conviction that such would be the result.

Had Georgia not stood firmly by her convictions and her rights, the Creeks might yet be roaming between the Flint and the Chattahoochee rivers; and the Cherokees might still, in our mountain land be acknowledging the sway of a Ridge or a Ross.

Two Georgia regiments, under Gen. Charles Floyd, assisted the Federal Government in gathering the Indians from their villages into camps, and escorting them to Ross's Landing, now Chattanooga, where they were sent forward in boats on their journey to the West.

It is sad to record that Maj. Ridge, John Ridge, and Elias Boudinot, the three Cherokees who took the most active part in making the treaty which resulted in emigration, were assassinated by the party opposed to it.

Georgia enjoys the glory of being the first country in the world to charter a female college. It is beautifully situated on a high hill in the city of Macon, and is called the Wesleyan Female College. It was projected in 1836 and opened for students in January, 1839. Its first President was the Rev. George Pierce of the Methodist church, who afterwards became a bishop, and was a brilliant orator of national reputation.

When this decade closed, the entire territory within the chartered limits of Georgia was, for the first time, in possession of the State.

The towns settled in this decade were Americus, Cuthbert, Marietta, Rome.

CHAPTER XXV.

A SOVEREIGN STATE. (CONTINUED.)

1840—1850.

Georgia had just begun to recover from the trouble and excitement of removing the Indians from her territory when financial distress, like a dark shadow, spread its pall over the State. The treasury was nearly empty, and there were no funds to complete the great work which the State had undertaken in building the Western and Atlantic railroad. A young legislator had made his maiden speech before the House on the bill to commence this important road. The members and the visitors in the gallery were alike attracted by the clear, shrill, and wonderfully penetrating voice; having arrested their attention, he held it to the end, and sat down amidst a burst of applause. He had “the thin attenuated form of a mere boy, with a black, gleaming eye and a cadaverous face.” It was Alexander Hamilton Stephens. From that hour his career was watched with interest.

All classes suffered from the depression in money matters. The price of cotton fell very low, while many of the articles absolutely necessary to the planter increased in value.

Our Governor, Charles McDonald, was confronted with the responsibility of restoring the State to a healthy financial condition, and performed this arduous task with ability.

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The old party lines that had been the occasion of so much hard feeling had now entirely disappeared, and the people were divided between the Democrats and the Whigs. There was often much partisan excitement during elections, but the intense bitterness of former days was not revived.

At this time, when many important and delicate political questions were being agitated in the councils of the nation, Judge John M. Berrien, a Whig, was one of the United States senators from Georgia. He took a prominent part in the debates, adding greatly to the fame which he had already acquired. In spite of this, he was censured by the Legislature, which was Democratic, and it was virtually declared that he did not represent the sentiments of the people of Georgia. The next year the Legislature, which was Whig, sustained and complimented him.

In the second year of this decade, one of Georgia's gifted sons, Dr. Crawford W. Long, discovered that the inhalation of the vapor of ether would produce insensitivity to pain. When he told his friends of his wonderful discovery not one of them encouraged him, fearing that, if he put it to a practical test the patient would never recover consciousness and the doctor would be mobbed. With the fearlessness of conviction, the first time he had a patient requiring the surgeon's knife he successfully tested the anaesthetic power of ether in the presence of several persons. This happened in the town of Jefferson, and he then made known his discovery to the profession. No pen can portray the amount of pain from which suffering humanity has thus escaped. There were three-

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claimants for the honor that belonged to Dr. Long; but, after many years his right was recognized. His portrait hangs in the Hall of Representatives at the capital of his native State.

Business was still languishing when George W. Crawford became Governor. He managed the State's finances so well that vitality was soon infused into all public enterprises, and confidence re-established. It was during Crawford's second term that the first Supreme Court in Georgia was organized.

Joseph Henry Lumpkin, of Oglethorpe county, was our first Chief Justice. The associate Justices were Eugenius Nesbet and Hiram Warner. Up to this time there was no appeal from the decisions of the circuit judges. Their power was absolute and dangerous, but very rarely abused.

Judge Lumpkin had not lingered for years a briefless lawyer, as many great men have done, but sprang, almost at one bound, to the front rank of his profession. He was a favorite with all his acquaintances, and his talent and integrity were conspicuous even in boyhood. He was the model that mothers held up to their sons. Scarcely a boy in his circle of friends was ever scolded for a piece of mischief, whose mother did not reproachfully end her reproof by saying: "Why can't you be like Joe Lumpkin?" Such was the strong sense and good heart of young Lumpkin that all this partiality did not spoil him, but only served to inspire a lofty ambition.

At this time, the State was teeming with young men of talent; there was scarcely a county without one or more of great promise, and success in public life could only be attained by eminent ability. To reach the Legislature was

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the first step towards fame, and political prominence was the goal of every ambitious young man.

Lumpkin was only twenty-five years of age when his county, by an almost unanimous vote, sent him to the Legislature. He had already won enviable fame as an orator, but his friends feared that he would not be able to sustain his reputation where learning and eloquence were the rule, not the exception. He had to compete with many young men from different parts of the State, who, like himself, were known to have a high order of talent; among these were Charles Dougherty, William Law, and Hopkins Holsey.

Young Lumpkin's first speech on the floor of the House was one of thrilling eloquence, and before its conclusion the Senate chamber was deserted that its members might listen to him. He had a great fondness for the classics, and his use of Latin quotations was very happy. He served a few terms in the Legislature, and then retired from public life, devoting himself to his profession. After he was elected Chief Justice, he held the office until the day of his death.

While the party war between the Crawford and Clarke factions was raging with greatest violence, Lumpkin was practicing law in Lexington. In the Troup and Clarke canvass two men, who had been near neighbors and warm friends from their boyhood, fell out about politics. The one who lived in Oglethorpe county was in favor of Troup for governor, and the other, who lived just over the line in Greene county, was for Clarke. From abusing each other's candidate they fell to personal abuse, became bitter enemies, and each annoyed the other in every way

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possible. Finally, one accused the other of owing him twenty dollars, which was vehemently denied, and the dispute over this point culminated in a lawsuit. The Oglethorpe county man engaged Lumpkin for his counsel, and the Greene county man employed William C. Dawson.

When the case came up for trial, but before the court opened, the two lawyers, after conferring for a few minutes, called their clients to one side and urged them, in eloquent language, to dismiss their suit and become friends. So impressed were the two men with the force of their reasoning, that they cordially shook hands and became as good friends as ever. But the crowd that was always hanging around when court was in session did not take the reconciliation in good part. They said they had come there especially to hear the speeches of Lumpkin and Dawson; their muttered discontent reached the quick ears of the former, and he said: "If a speech is all you want, I will make one," and he forthwith delivered the first temperance speech ever made in Georgia.

At this time well-filled decanters stood upon every gentleman's sideboard, but it must not be inferred that drunkenness was a universal vice, for such was not the case. Lumpkin was a natural orator, and thought more quickly when on his feet facing a multitude, than at his desk with pen in hand. His ornate language, with the fervor of his feelings, made his speeches wonderfully effective; on this occasion, though his theme was a novel one for that time, he delighted his audience.

The associate Justice, Eugenius A. Nesbet, having graduated at the University with first honor, entered upon the practice of law in competition with such men as Early,

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Thomas W. Cobb, Shorter, Longstreet, Lamar, and Dawson, and became the peer of each.

At this period, a classical education was considered the best foundation for all learning, as the ancients had reflected so profoundly on all subjects, and said so beautifully almost all that was worth saying. The lore of Greece and Rome largely gave to these illustrious Georgians their culture and force of language. It remains to be seen whether a different system will develop a Troup or a Stephens.

The other associate Justice, Hiram Warner, was not a Georgian, but had been identified with her interests from his seventeenth year. He was the architect of his own fortune, and became a distinguished jurist, spending his whole life in the service of the people of Georgia.

At this time Walter T. Colquitt, a leader of the Democratic party, was a congressman, and subsequently became United States senator. He was famous, both as a lawyer and a judge. His knowledge of men made him unequalled before a jury; and as an orator he could sway an audience almost at will. Every emotion of his mind was expressed upon his face, especially in his eyes, which would soften or grow fierce, according to his mood. He was omnipotent in Georgia, and his friends were legion. He was a general of militia and a prominent member of the Methodist church, from which he held a license to preach.

In a certain country neighborhood, an aged Methodist sister, listening to a group of ladies discussing the great men of Georgia, emphatically declared that Colquitt was the greatest man in the State, and continued: "Ah, you may talk of your great men, but none on 'em is equal to

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brother Colquitt; for, in our county, he tried a man for his life and sentenced him to be hung, preached a sermon, mustered all the men in the county, married two couples, and held a prayer-meeting, *all in one day*. Now, wa'n't that great?"

While George W. Towns was governor, the Western and Atlantic railroad, including the tunnel through the Little Blue Ridge, was completed. The tunnel is 1,477 feet long, 18 feet high, and 12 feet wide in the clear. It is cut almost entirely through solid rock. The approaches to it on either side are protected by massive masonry. This great work was directed by William L. Mitchell, of Athens, who was at that time topographical and civil engineer of the State, an office that the Legislature had created during Gov. Clarke's first term, to promote internal improvements.

When the work was finished, ready for the passing of trains, there was great rejoicing, and the tunnel was christened with generous old wine in the presence of many distinguished persons. A bottle of water from the river Jordan, which a missionary to Jerusalem had presented to the chief engineer, was poured out by him in honor of the occasion.

Two massive posts of gray granite, stand, one on each side of the track, where this road enters Tennessee, thus marking the boundary line between that State and Georgia. Cut deep into the granite, that has withstood the storms and sunshine of nearly fifty years, are the names of Gov. Towns, Col. Mitchell, and the other officials of the road. From the day the tunnel was opened to the present

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time, the locomotive engineer always signals the passing between these two posts, by giving two sharp blasts of the whistle.

Because this railroad is the property of Georgia, it has always been popularly called "the State Road." Its completion was a momentous occasion for Georgia. It has not only added millions of dollars to the income of the State, but has built up a number of large and thriving towns on its line, and opened up the splendid country around Atlanta, whose commercial importance was thus brought to the front.

At this period, Georgia, with much energy and enterprise, led all parts of the United States in building railroads.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A SOVEREIGN STATE. (CONTINUED)

1840—1850.

In this decade Georgia was called upon to help a sister State in distress.

Mexico, never having recognized the independence of Texas, still claimed that territory as subject to her dominion. So, when Texas was admitted into the Union, Mexico denied her right to independent action and prepared for war. The Federal Government called on all the States for volunteers to aid Texas.

Georgia enthusiastically responded, and at once sent out a regiment of infantry composed of ten companies from different parts of the State, under the leadership of Col. Henry R. Jackson of Savannah. Every infantry company in the city volunteered, but, as only one was needed, it was decided by lot which should be accepted. The company drawn was the Jasper Greens; with one exception, it was the youngest military organization in Savannah.

A company was raised in Bibb county, which joined the United States army of regulars and served through the whole war under their captain, Duncan L. Clinch, for whom Clinch county was named.

In the meantime, the United States troops under Gen. Zachary Taylor, stationed on the Texas frontier, had already opened the war with Mexico.

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The next year, a battalion of infantry led by Col. Isaac Seymour, and two battalions of mounted men, one under Col. Calhoun and the other under Capt. Loyall, of Newton county, marched to far-away Mexico.

Besides the troops sent by the State, many Georgians enlisted in the regular United States army, and assisted in gaining those brilliant victories which, from the banks of the Rio del Norte to the pass of Angostura, and from the ancient city of Vera Cruz to the very wall of the city of the Montezumas, broke the force of Mexican arms and deprived her of all power to interfere with Texas.

Many Georgians lost their lives in this war, among whom none was more lamented than Col. James S. McIntosh, a veteran of the war of 1812. He had led his gallant band against the Mexicans in more than one well-fought struggle, before he received his death wound at the bloody battle of Molino del Rey. Gen. Taylor, who was not usually enthusiastic, but who was always sincere, spoke warmly of McIntosh's coolness in battle, his gallantry, his high bearing, and the efficiency of his regiment. He said: "If I had had with me at Buena Vista McIntosh and Riley, with their veterans, I would have captured or totally destroyed the Mexican army."

Col. McIntosh was brought home for burial, and the citizens of Savannah forsook their usual avocations to do honor to their dead hero. At the residence of his brother his body lay in state. The United States flag was thrown as a pall over his coffin, upon which also rested his sword and the bullet-pierced uniform that he had worn at his last battle. A grand procession escorted his body to the cemetery, where, with military honors, his coffin was de-

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posited in the vault that contained the remains of his illustrious kinsman, Lachlan McIntosh. Thus did the grave close over a man of whom his countrymen were proud to say, "he was a Georgian."

Another distinguished Georgian, David Emanuel Twiggs, on two occasions, commanded the right wing of Gen. Taylor's army. He was promoted for gallantry, and Congress presented him with an elegant sword.

After the Georgia troops returned home, their State delighted to honor them. The Legislature passed resolutions praising Col. Henry R. Jackson's regiment, saying that "their manly and soldierly conduct maintained and indicated the honor and valor of Georgia."

Another Legislature thanked Gen. William H. T. Walker, Capt. Hardee and Lieut. William M. Gardner for their gallantry, and presented each of them with a sword. Capt. Josiah Tattnall, the son of Gov. Tattnall, of honored memory, serving during this war in the United States navy, gained for himself a wreath of imperishable fame as the commander of the Moscheto fleet, at the bombardment of Vera Cruz. He, too, was honored by his State with a sword.

Thus gloriously was Georgia illustrated by her sons on the distant plains of Mexico.

The year this war was ended, Jasper county was visited by the severest hail storm ever seen in Georgia. It entirely destroyed the crops, killed stock and cattle, and ruined much timber. The hailstones were as large as a man's fist, and some of them were carried to Monticello twenty-seven days after the storm.

Atlanta had been settled at the beginning of this decade and called Marthasville, after the youngest daughter of

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Gov. Lumpkin; but in 1847 it was incorporated, and its name changed to Atlanta. The new name was suggested by Mr. J. Edgar Thomson, then chief engineer of the Georgia railroad, on account of the geographical position of the town. It is just on the dividing ridge which separates the waters of the Gulf of Mexico from those of the South Atlantic slope. Situated at such an elevation, its climate is comparatively mild and delightful at all seasons. The growth, thrift and prosperity of the city were remarkable. It scarcely numbered five hundred inhabitants when the Georgia Railroad was finished.

In the last year of this period, there was a snowstorm in the middle of April, and crops all over the State were damaged by the cold. In spite of many drawbacks, Georgia had made long strides towards prosperity, and was steadily advancing in education, agriculture and commerce.

The towns settled in this decade were Atlanta, Griffin, Aeworth, Cartersville, Kingston, Calhoun, Dalton, Ringgold.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A SOVEREIGN STATE. (CONTINUED.)

1850—1860.

Georgia now stood forth among the sisterhood of States as a great and noble commonwealth. Nature had lavishly endowed her with a varied and healthful climate, with picturesque mountains, a beautiful seacoast, and a splendid river as her western boundary; with a fertile soil adapted to all crops except those of the extreme tropics, with considerable mineral wealth, and every facility for manufacturing purposes. She enjoyed freedom of opinion and of the press; her judicial ermine was unsullied; her elections were honestly decided at the ballot box; her State Road, whose step is on the mountains, and her thousand miles of other railroads, were her Appian ways of commerce. Georgia had never tarnished her glory by any religious or political persecutions. Free from any union of Church and State, the Cross glittered in every town and hamlet with the splendor of an oriental sun. Always regarding the schoolhouse as a fortress of freedom, and the more stately halls of learning as towers of defense, Georgia had ever kept education in view, and now boasted of thirty-five colleges and institutes, with every town supporting an academy and every county its free school.

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By this time the press had become a power in the State. The daily papers of Savannah and Augusta wielded an immense influence, while every town of any size had a weekly paper that moulded public opinion in the surrounding country; Macon was especially prominent in this respect.

Early in this decade a normal school was connected with the Female College in Madison. It was designed by the trustees for the benefit of those graduates who desired to receive instruction in the theory and practice of teaching. No charge was made for tuition.

Year after year larger crops had been made in Georgia. There had been a special increase in the quantity of cotton raised and exported, and this plant had proved to be the most wonderful talisman in the world, making mansions of our cottages and princes of our planters.

At no time in her eventful history had Georgia boasted so many brilliant men, both in State and Federal councils; men who were thinkers, orators and statesmen, exercising a powerful influence far beyond the limits of the State which it was their glory and pride to illustrate.

Howell Cobb, as Speaker of the House, presided over the stormy session of Congress that ushered in this decade. The debates, which were chiefly on the slavery question, were so fierce and frequent that the whole United States became excited upon this subject. Georgia leaped to the front as the leader of the controversy. From the time she assumed the proud position of a sovereign State, and then consented to become one of a Confederacy, she had resisted every aggression of the Federal Government, and she did not break her record in this instance.

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As far back as 1825 the brave-hearted and far-seeing Troup had sounded a note of warning upon this very subject. After informing the Legislature in what manner the dignity of Georgia had been recently outraged by officious meddling with her domestic concerns, he predicted that it would not be long before the Federal Government would lend itself to fanatics for the destruction of everything valuable in the Southern country. On the subject of slavery, he said: "One movement by the Congress, unresisted by you, and all is lost. Temporize no longer. Make known your resolution that this subject shall not be touched by them but at their peril. *But for its sacred guaranty by the Constitution we never would have become parties to that instrument.* If slavery be an evil, it is our own; if it be a sin, we can implore the forgiveness of it. I beseech you most earnestly, now that it is not too late, to step forth and, having exhausted the argument, to stand by your arms."

The patriarchal character of family life in Georgia, consisting as it did of parents, children and slaves, was beautiful and elevating, and can only be fully understood by those who were born to it. If slavery was a crime, then Abraham was a criminal, and so were Moses and the prophets.

The Georgia gentlemen, as the head of a family, was accustomed to command and to be cheerfully obeyed. He felt himself responsible for the well-being of his entire household; this responsibility and the habit of command ennobled him by cultivating a kindness and tenderness towards his dependents. His slaves were generally born members of the household, grew up with his children, and there was a mutual attachment between them. It was this patriarchal feature of family life in Georgia, and the other

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Southern States, that developed the magnanimity, manliness, chivalry and high ambition of Southerners.

When a gentlemen achieved renown in a profession or in political life, none of his family took greater pride in his success than his negroes, one of whom, perhaps, had cradled his head upon her breast in his helpless infancy, many of whom were his playmates when a boy, and all of whom loved and trusted him.

Some men are instinctively cruel and tyrannical. Of course such as these were hard and unjust towards their slaves, but a bad master was the exception and not the rule in Georgia. Stringent State laws protected negroes against such men, and public opinion, more potent than law, caused them to be execrated. A few natures are so base that they never have authority over the weak and helpless without abusing it. Such characters are found in all lands; doubtless, every cruel master in Georgia could be matched by a hard, cruel father in New England.

The ancestors of our negroes had been slaves in Africa, and subjected to the most capricious despotism; so, when they were brought here by Northern merchants, their condition was immensely improved. They never dreamed that they were debased by their servitude, nor were they; for, being constant objects of interest and care, they were elevated to a higher plane in civilization than they had ever before occupied. No peasantry in any part of the world were so well fed or clothed, less burdened with work and care, or were more joyous than our Georgia negroes who went singing about their work as light-hearted as children. It is impossible for foreigners, or even Georgia children of this generation, to understand the kindly relations

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which existed between Georgians and their slaves. When our negroes began to grow old they were addressed by all classes as "aunt" or "uncle," while children almost invariably called their nurses "mammy" or "maumer." No field hand on a plantation was ever too common or rough to be accosted by one of these courteous terms.

A strong characteristic of the negro is a capacity for lasting attachments. The widow of a Revolutionary officer was very fond of one of her maids named Bess, whom she set free by her will as a reward for faithful services. The widow's only child, a son, was left to the care of her executor, who betrayed his trust, squandered the greater part of her property, and took little care of the orphan boy. The child was living on a plantation near Charleston, South Carolina, when Bess heard of his neglected condition. She went for him, carried him to Charleston, and supported him by her own labor, assisted by her husband, who was a fisherman.

As soon as possible she brought the little fellow back to Georgia, placed him in school, and cared for him at her own expense. Afterwards, when he was a married man, she lived in his family as a voluntary servant, his comfort and happiness still being her chief delight. Bess lived to be over a hundred years old, and died early in this decade, in Bryan county. She was respected and honored by all who knew her.

A false idea has gone abroad of Georgia women and their Southern sisters. They have been represented as useless and idle beings, who grew up like the lilies of the field, "which toil not neither do they spin." It was a part of the systematic slander of the South. If Georgia women had

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been drones for generations, whence came the knowledge and the strong character that bore them so nobly through the ordeal of blood and fire that awaited them in the near future? Without their helpful hands and glorious example, how could their husbands and sons have endured their sufferings?

At this time, the Georgia matron, who was often mistress of a large plantation, led a most beautiful and self-sacrificing life. "She was the commissary of an immense establishment," superintending the making of clothes and giving out provisions; she ministered to the sick and comforted those who were in distress. One of Georgia's talented journalists has said of her: "What mystery of the garden or vineyard was not hers; what recipe for the kitchen or the dairy? As she walked about with her fair wrists bared, her smooth coils brushed back over her shapely head, her face was luminous with intelligence, her body the refinement of active grace, and her soft eyes full of knowledge and truth. When Sunday, like a benediction, rested upon the busy plantation, it was her sweet voice which read from the Book of Life words of consolation to the slaves gathered about her. Drones indeed! The Georgia matron of this time will be led in the Better Land to the feet of the Christ to receive the reward which is given to those who show mercy 'to one of the least of these.'"

"Straws show which way the wind blows," and trivial incidents show the fanaticism or broad-mindedness and chivalry of a people. During the excitement over the slavery question, which every year grew more intense, a Georgian was travelling in the Catskill Mountains in a stage-coach, most of the passengers being ladies. When

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the coach reached its destination the Georgian was assisting them to alight when one of them, hesitating to accept his aid, said: "I know you are a Southerner by your speech, and I do not suppose you will assist me when I tell you that I am an abolitionist." Courteously extending his hand to help her, he replied: "Madam, your being an abolitionist does not prevent me from being a gentleman."

During the slavery discussions in Congress, Georgia held a Convention to consider the aggressions of the Federal Government, to define her position, and to decide what her duty was under the circumstances. The celebrated report adopted by the Convention was called "The Georgia Platform." Its author was Charles J. Jenkins, who had been a member of the Legislature continuously for fourteen years, and who ranked among the ablest and most eloquent members of the House. He was the peer of Joseph Henry Lumpkin and Walter Colquitt. His sense of honor was so keen and his love of truth and justice so great that no combination of circumstances was strong enough to tempt him from the path of duty. All men respect the right, but not all of them have the moral courage to follow the right when it is unpopular; Charles J. Jenkins had this, and it constituted the strongest trait in his noble character.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A SOVEREIGN STATE. (CONCLUDED.)

1850—1860.

By the second year of this decade the finances of Georgia were again in a prosperous condition, and Howell Cobb, in the zenith of his fame, was the governor. He had been elected to Congress when less than thirty years of age, and it was his first service in any legislative body. For many years he guarded the interests of our State in the national councils and, always wise and conservative, delivered able speeches upon the leading questions.

In the midst of her prosperity Georgia had never forgotten the afflicted of her population, and at different times the Legislature had appropriated money to establish benevolent institutions. At Cave Spring was established a State asylum for the deaf and dumb, where even the poorest could find instruction; and near Milledgeville was located an asylum for the insane, one of the best appointed institutions in America. Now, during Cobb's administration, the Georgia asylum for the blind was established at Macon.

It had long been the custom in our State for the Governor to begin his term of office with a reception, which was called the "Governor's levee." No invitations were issued —any one who chose to come was welcome. Social distinctions were obliterated for that evening, and the company

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mingled together in democratic equality. A grand supper was provided at great cost, and many people flocked to the Executive Mansion. These occasions were a continued delight to the young people who went to Milledgeville for the inauguration.

Cobb's successor was Herschel V. Johnson. As a young lawyer of great promise, he could not long resist the allurements of political life, and he did good service for the democratic party, through the press and on the stump. The gallant Thomas Glascock, who was then a congressman, had often witnessed his exploits as a stump-speaker, and said he was "a youthful giant who fought with burnished armor and was able to compete with the most stalwart of his foes." While Johnson was a United States senator, he attracted the attention of the great Calhoun, who several times declared that he considered him the ablest man of his age in the Senate. When he became our governor, he was so impressed with the importance of education for the masses that he thought the matter worthy the fostering care of the State, and spoke thus on the subject in his inaugural address: "The cause of public education is emphatically the cause of our State. It addresses itself to every noble feeling of our hearts. If, as patriots, we desire the perpetuity of our free institutions; if, as philanthropists, we would gladden the children of poverty with the sunbeams of science, elevate them to useful citizenship, and press to their lips the cup of intellectual happiness, it pleads with an urgency and pathos that should awaken every generous impulse."

Gov. Johnson's wife, who was a niece of President Polk, made the Executive Mansion famous for elegant hospitality while she presided over it. She was a model house-

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keeper and brilliant conversationalist. Her manners were graceful, she talked equally well of politics, science or literature, and was the center of a brilliant circle.

Among the Georgia delegation to Congress during this decade were Alexander H. Stephens and Robert Toombs, who were destined to win a world-wide fame, Alfred Iverson, who was thanked by the Legislature for his services, and William C. Dawson, the distinguished jurist.

Perhaps at no period of the State's history was there such a distinguished array of Judges of the Superior Courts as during the close of the last and the beginning of this decade. Each judge was a man of note, but eminent among them was Henry R. Jackson, who had led a regiment in the Mexican war: one of Georgia's most gifted sons, he was not only a fine orator and lawyer, but in his busy public life always found time to cultivate literature, for which he had a natural fondness.

When the time came to elect another Governor, there were five candidates before the Democratic convention, all of them prominent men who deserved well of their State. After three days of balloting, Joseph E. Brown was chosen, though he was not a candidate. At the very hour when he received this high honor he was tying wheat at his mountain home. He had gone to the field to see how the work was progressing, and, noticing that the binders were very much behind, and that they could not keep up with the four men who were cutting the wheat, he pulled off his coat and assisted them. He had been a member of the Legislature, and was at this time, Judge of the Blue Ridge Circuit; but he was unknown to the State, and when his nomination was announced the first question asked by many was: "Who is Joe Brown?"

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His opponent in the race for governor was Benjamin H. Hill, whose matchless eloquence and political acumen had already made him famous. This would have given him a tremendous advantage at the start had he not belonged to the Whigs—a party that was unpopular in Georgia; so, Joseph E. Brown, the Democrat, was elected by a large majority.

During his first term he had to fight the Legislature, the Banks, and the Press; but so well did he please the people that he was elected for a second term by an increased majority.

About this time John E. Ward, a Georgian, was United States minister to China. He was a Liberty county man, but had long been identified with Savannah. He was a man of large culture, had been a prominent member of the Legislature, and also President of the Senate.

Thomas R. R. Cobb, of Athens, was now one of the leading lawyers of the State, and a man of elegant culture. He possessed a magnetism that drew all hearts to him, and was the special friend of every child. He interested himself to have built in his town an advanced school for girls, that they might without leaving home be well educated. Through his influence the citizens of Athens erected a large and beautiful building, which was to be called "The Athens Female College." When it was about ready to open its doors, Mr. Cobb lost his eldest daughter, a child of thirteen summers. As a compliment to him whose zeal had insured the successful accomplishment of the enterprise, and whose contribution had been very large, the name of the school was changed to Lucy Cobb Institute. From the beginning it has been a school of high grade, and well deserves the popularity it enjoys.

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It was in the last year of this decade that there happened in China an event which was of peculiar interest to a Georgia family whom the State has delighted to honor. Certain English and French envoys, during their troubles with China, being kept waiting by the authorities at Canton, grew weary of the delay and attempted to remove the barriers which kept back their ships. This drew upon them the fire of the Peiho Forts. The Chinese aimed with such accuracy that four gunboats were very soon disabled, and the others were aground. Nearly fifteen hundred English and French were either killed or wounded.

A Captain in the United States navy, whose ship was near the scene of action, "with magnanimous indiscretion" disregarding the law of Nations, went to the assistance of the English, saying that blood was thicker than water, and he could not see the Chinese destroying them without lending a helping hand. This generous Captain was Josiah Tattnall, one of Georgia's heroes in the Mexican war.

Stump-speaking was one of the time-honored customs of Georgia; this, and the habit of attending their County Court, had given the masses a thorough knowledge of political history. They were well informed of the nature of the Federal Union, and of the exact position that Georgia occupied therein, by men of superior ability, who had made government a scientific study. There was perfect political equality between all citizens, and they freely expressed their opinions. They all took part in the exciting scenes of the hustings; and, as the plain old farmers sat around their firesides, they told their children and their grandchildren of the great speakers to whom they had listened and with whom they had talked. These farmers inherited

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the habit of an open and unrestrained expression of their feelings, and they were proud of every Georgian who rose to honor in the State or in the nation. Such customs generated a healthy public sentiment, and Georgia's greatness at this time was due as much to her sturdy yeomanry as to her noble and brilliant public men.

The citizens constitute the State; in Georgia they knew their rights, and, knowing them, dared maintain them. They were public spirited, hospitable, and proud of their ancestry. With such a population, it was no wonder that Georgia grew and flourished, and occupied an honorable and enviable position among the States, though she was the youngest of the thirteen, and had suffered much by the Federal Government failing to keep faith with her and remove the Indians from her territory at the proper time.

Georgia had given to the nation two Secretaries of the Treasury, William H. Crawford, and Howell Cobb—who was serving at this time. W. H. Sparks, himself a noble Georgian, thus writes of them: "Cobb was born within a few miles of Crawford's grave. They were both administering the office at a time in the history of the nation when she was surrounded with perils. The one, Crawford, when she was just coming out of a war with the most powerful nation on earth; the other, Cobb, when she was just going into a war, civil and gigantic. Both were offered every opportunity for dishonest peculation, and both came out, despite the allurements of temptation, with clean hands and untainted reputations. They were reared and lived in an atmosphere of honesty; they sought their inspiration from the hills and vales, blue skies, and clear, pure waters of middle Georgia. The surroundings of nature were pure;

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the honest farmer and mechanic, the professional men and merchants were and are pure. It was the home of Upson, Gilmer, Thomas W. Cobb, Peter Early, Eli S. Shorter, Stephen W. Harris, William C. Dawson, and Joseph Henry Lumpkin; and is now the home of Alexander H. Stephens, Benjamin H. Hill, Robert Toombs, Bishop Pierce, and his great and glorious father. In their integrity and lofty manhood, they imitate the mighty dead who sleep around them."

The towns settled in this decade were Cusseta, Morganton, Nashville, Colquitt, Morgan, Hiawassee, Dawsonville, Camilla, Cleveland, Homer, Quitman, Jonesboro, Butler.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

1860.

A black storm-cloud, the shadow of an approaching calamity was slowly gathering upon the horizon to eclipse the golden sunshine of prosperity and happiness which had for many years been diffused over Georgia.

The endless controversy over the slavery question had wearied the patience of our State. The Black Republican Party was the strong political party in the Northern and Western States. They cared nothing for the restraints which, under the Constitution, bound them to respect the rights of the South. They acted as if they did not wish to preserve the bond which held together the sisterhood of States. One of their prominent leaders openly declared that the Constitution of the United States was “a covenant with death and an agreement with hell.”

Truly it seems a little strange that slavery had no moral aspect to the Northern mind while negroes were owned in New England; but, when the South grew rich and powerful by their labor, it was suddenly found that slavery was a great crime.

When Christ was denouncing the sins of the age in which He preached, slavery was all about Him; yet He never once pronounced it sinful. On the contrary, He commended a

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slave-holding Roman, saying, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."

Paul, the greatest of the Apostles, in his epistles, frequently alludes to slavery, but nowhere does he say it was wicked; and when he was under no obligation to do so, he sent a runaway slave back to his master.

An odd fact in connection with the attitude of the North towards slavery was, that Northern men who emigrated to Georgia almost invariably bought negroes. For many years the North had insisted on taking care of the conscience of Georgia and the rest of the South. This was very properly resented and resisted, until suspicion and dislike were engendered. Difference of race had doubtless something to do with the aversion between the two great sections of the country. The South was mostly peopled by descendants of the gentry of Great Britain; the North by cold, calculating Puritans. It is not by any means astonishing that two sections, with such different ideas of government and religion, of life and duty, should find it difficult to live harmoniously under the same Constitution. A hatred of persecution and tyranny, whether of a king or of a powerful majority, was the birthright that Georgians had inherited from their ancestors.

The avowed determination of the Black Republican Party to abolish slavery in the South without the consent of her people, kept Georgians in a restless political condition. Unfortunately, the South could not agree upon the best method of resisting the aggressions of the North, so there was division in the Democratic party. Georgia had two electoral tickets in the field, on one of which her distinguished son, Herschel V. Johnson, was candidate for Vice-President.

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Our State had always been rich in great men and eloquent speakers, but there was never a time when she could show such a superb galaxy of greatness as now. There were Johnson, Toombs and the Cobbs; there were Henry R. Jackson, Alexander H. Stephens and his gifted brother, Linton Stephens; there were Benjamin Hill, Alfred H. Colquitt, Eugenius Nesbet, and others not so famous, but equally as ardent in their devotion to Georgia. They threw themselves with fervor into the grave questions of state that were agitating the people. Many were invited to speak on "the state of the country" at different towns, and splendid oratory was the order of the day. Excitement ran high, and all through this summer, men's minds were filled with a vague uneasiness.

Macon originated a club, regardless of parties, called "Minute Men," whose purpose it was to sustain Southern rights. Soon, similar organizations were established all over the State, firing the military spirit of the young men. Some of these clubs had singular names, such as "Choctaws," "Rattlesnakes" and "Regulators." Their calls for meetings, published in the newspapers, were signed "Liberty," "Southern," "76," and the like. They were the outgrowth of the excitement of the hour, and the next year, when our young men were crowding into regiments to march to "the front," nothing more was heard of them.

This was the year to elect a President, and the Black Republican candidate was Abraham Lincoln. In view of the excited condition of the country, it was the most serious election that had taken place since the Federal Government was formed. The whole South was holding its breath, anxiously awaiting the result.

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When Lincoln was elected there was intense excitement throughout the Southern country, and several States called Conventions to take action as to their future safety. Lincoln did not receive a single vote in Georgia or the South. Our State considered his election as an expression of the settled purpose of the North, under control of the Abolitionists, to continue their breach of faith with the South and to centralize the government of the United States. The indignation of our State was aroused to such a pitch that, in November, after the election, when a citizen of Clarke county gave utterance to some abolition sentiments he was arrested and brought to trial before the Mayor in Athens. He declared that he did not intend any mischief, and thought it no harm to say what he did; so he was released upon a promise to thereafter hold his tongue.

In spite of many hindrances to advancement, when the Legislature met as usual in the fall, the Governor's message showed a strikingly prosperous condition of the State. There had been a gain in taxable property of something more than sixty million dollars over the previous year.

The relation of Georgia to the Federal Government at this time was made the subject of a special message by Gov. Brown, which ended with a recommendation that a million dollars be appropriated for a military fund, so that our State could be ready for an armed resistance to any further aggressions.

When Lincoln's election became generally known, county meetings were held in every part of the State, and the Legislature was deluged with resolutions insisting upon immediate action in the matter.

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Georgia's oldest city, noble Savannah, led off in this demand, declaring that she would not submit to Lincoln's election, and asking that measures be taken to organize and arm the militia.

At the Richmond county meeting, in Augusta, after the chairman had stated their object in assembling, he said it had been made known to him that there was waving over them a white flag, upon the cupola of the temple of Justice where they were seated, upon which was a lone star with this inscription: "Georgia: Equality in, or Independence out of the Union."

This announcement was received with long-continued applause, and it was then unanimously resolved that the "meeting adopt the flag and its position as their act, evincive of their determination in the present crisis."

There was much difference of opinion in Georgia as to the best mode of resisting the tyranny of which she complained, but all Georgians were a unit in the feeling that they could not tamely submit to injustice, and that it must be resisted.

When the rights of Georgia were threatened, Parties were lost sight of; her citizens were adversaries sometimes, but Georgians always.

The Legislature called a Convention of the people to meet on the 16th of the following January, to decide what was best to be done in the present crisis; they also made a call for troops, and ordered arms to be purchased.

In December, when South Carolina withdrew from the Federal Union, torchlight processions, and the firing of guns expressed to her the sympathy and approval of Georgia.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. (CONTINUED.)

1861.

While waiting for the called Convention of the people, the burning questions of the day were thoroughly discussed by the Press and by our public men in their speeches. Secession was the theme of conversation in every city, town, and village in Georgia.

In the United States Senate the lordly Toombs made a speech upon the position and rights of the South that deserves to be perpetuated in history with the famous oration of Pericles in explanation of the causes of the Peloponnesian war.

Gov. Brown, being a far-sighted man, resolved at once to take possession of our forts and the arsenal, before the Federal Government could prevent Georgia from controlling her own.

Fort Pulaski, at the mouth of the Savannah river, was the most important fortification on our coast. It was named in honor of the distinguished Polish general of Revolutionary fame. It effectually guarded the main entrance to the river, as all vessels of any size had to pass under its guns. It is situated on Cockspur Island, which is separated from Tybee Island by a narrow curve of the

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sea. The walls of the Fort are exceedingly solid, well built of hard gray brick, and are about six feet in thickness.

Fort Pulaski was in charge of two men whose duty it was to take care of the property and keep the weeds out of the grass. The Governor ordered Alexander R. Lawton, Colonel of the first regiment of Georgia Volunteers, to take possession of it and hold it, as the Federal Government had a movement on foot to occupy all southern forts; if they should seize Fort Pulaski he knew that it would give them, in any contest of arms, a great advantage over the people of Georgia. Col. Lawton's orders were to hold the Fort until it was decided by the Convention what course the State would pursue.

This action created great joy and enthusiasm in Savannah, and there was much generous rivalry among the volunteer companies of the city to assist in this duty. Fifty men were taken from each infantry company, and thirty-four from the artillery, making a force of one hundred and thirty-four men who were detailed for this first military expedition.

The seizure of the Fort was ordered for the morning of the 3d of January, and though there was but a short time between the issuing of the order and the hour for its execution, great preparations had been made for the comfort of the soldiers, by their mothers, wives and sisters. Every man had his cot, camp-chair, trunk and valise; every mess had a chest and cooking utensils; in short, every home comfort that they could be persuaded to carry, was pressed upon them. So, when they embarked on the little steamer

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"Ida," the pile of luggage was simply immense. The wharves were crowded with people who had come to see them off and wish them "Godspeed," and the Ida steamed away with colors flying, bands playing, and the cheers of the city ringing upon the air.

The Fort contained only twenty guns, with but little ammunition, and was out of repair. The Georgia soldiers soon had it in a thorough state of defense. The guns were properly mounted, plenty of ammunition supplied, and the troops put in training by daily drills.

Gov. Brown telegraphed his action to the Governors of the other Southern States; they all applauded his course and followed his example. The Georgia press approved his action, and the "Minute Men" of Macon passed resolutions pledging themselves to stand by him. He went to Savannah to see the seizure of the Fort completed, and when he returned to Milledgeville he was lustily cheered, and serenaded at the Executive Mansion. The interest of Savannah in Fort Pulaski did not cease with its occupancy by Georgia troops. The Savannah ladies made cartridge bags for the heavy guns, nor did they ever tire of supplying the garrison with comforts and luxuries. One of them sent a large iced fruit cake with the word *Secession* embossed upon it.

It was not long after this before other Southern States, following gallant South Carolina, severed their connection with the Federal Union. Every day, almost every hour, brought some stirring news, until our whole State was almost breathless with expectancy. Secession cockades were worn by thousands, as emblematic of their sentiments. These rosettes were about the size of a silver dollar, and

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were made of narrow blue ribbon with a Georgia military button in the center. They were pinned on the hats or the coat lapels of the gentlemen.

In this wise the 16th of January arrived, and the Secession Convention met. The whole number of delegates was three hundred and one. Every county had representatives there—not one was missing. Most of our public men were members, each party and every shade of opinion sending its leaders. Never had a more able body of men assembled in Georgia.

At this momentous crisis the eyes of all her sister States were turned upon Georgia and her Convention. George W. Crawford was chosen president. He was a popular leader of immense influence, was an ex-governor and ex-secretary of war under President Taylor. Among the prominent men on the Secession side were Robert Toombs, Thomas R. R. Cobb, Eugenius A. Nesbet, Francis S. Bartow and Asbury Hull.

On the anti-secession or union side were Alexander H. Stephens, Benjamin H. Hill, Augustus Kenan, Herschel V. Johnson—a recent candidate for the vice-presidency on the Douglas ticket, and twice governor of the State—and other gentlemen of distinction.

Howell Cobb, who had just resigned his office as Secretary of the Treasury and left Washington City, was invited to a seat upon the floor.

One of the first acts of the Convention was to pass a resolution approving the energetic and patriotic conduct of Gov. Brown in taking possession of Fort Pulaski.

It was very soon known that a majority of the delegates were in favor of withdrawing from the Federal Union, and

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a Committee was appointed to prepare an Ordinance of Secession. Its author was Eugenius A. Nesbet; Georgia had no son of greater ability or purer character.

While the Committee were preparing the Ordinance, the argument, for and against this remedy for grave evils, was carried on in a masterly manner by both sides, until the State-house trembled with the thunder of their eloquence. When the direct vote was taken only eighty-nine delegates voted against secession. Linton Stephens, of Hancock county, who was a Union man, offered resolutions to the effect, "that the lack of unanimity in the action of the Convention in passing the Ordinance of Secession indicated a difference of opinion among the members not so much as to the rights which Georgia claimed, or the wrongs of which she complained, as to the remedy; and, as it was desirable to give expression to that intention which really existed among all the members to sustain the State in the course of action which she had pronounced to be proper for the occasion, that those members who had voted against the Ordinance sign the same as a pledge of the unanimous determination of this Convention to sustain and defend the State in this her chosen remedy, with all its responsibilities and consequences, without regard to individual approval or disapproval of its adoption."

So, the Ordinance was signed by all the delegates but six—who came from Gwinnett, Hall, Pickens and Montgomery counties. Though they did not put their names to the Ordinance, they entered upon the journal a statement, declaring it to be their purpose "to yield to the will of the majority of the people of the State, as expressed by their

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representatives"; and they "pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to the defense of Georgia."

Thus, the Convention became unanimously bound to go with their State and abide her fortunes. In signing his name, each delegate was given a new pen, which he carried home as a sacred memento, never again to be used.

When the Committee reported the Ordinance of Secession, on motion of Mr. Toombs it was twice read; then the president, Mr. Crawford, announced that it was his pleasure and privilege to declare that the State of Georgia was free, sovereign and independent. As the words fell from his lips there was thunderous applause. Thus, Georgia resumed all her original rights at two o'clock p. m. on the 19th day of January, 1861. She was the fifth State to withdraw from the Federal Union.

At this time Milledgeville was crowded with people, and a vast multitude was waiting outside the State-house for the news; and as soon as they learned that Georgia had seceded, such an exultant shout rent the air as was never before heard in our State. In the House, the Secession delegates were wild with joy; some of them were crying in each others arms, others were throwing up their hats and cheering lustily. In the midst of this great excitement the colonial flag of Georgia was raised.

The glad news was promptly telegraphed all over the State, and illuminations, the ringing of bells, and the roaring of cannon were the order of the day. Gray-haired men caught the enthusiasm of impulsive youth, as the bonfires blazed and the bells rang and the cannon boomed. Georgia's fair daughters added their enthusiasm, ministers of the gospel blessed the movement, and the blue cockade

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was on almost every hat. At night when private residences all over the State were illuminated, an aged gentleman in Augusta, whose house was ablaze with candles from garret to cellar, had this motto worded in flame over his gateway: "Georgia, right or wrong—Georgia."

Georgia's right to withdraw from political union with her sister States rested upon her treaty with Great Britain at the close of the Revolutionary war; in this treaty Georgia was distinctly recognized by King George III. under her own name as a sovereign power, and was not considered as part of a group. (See chapter 13.) The Federal Government was the common agent of all the States, and Georgia acknowledged no superior.

Secession was not a conspiracy of leaders, as has been asserted by superficial writers; on the contrary, it was a thorough uprising of the people. The statement so often repeated by our enemies, that our leaders plunged us into war, is false from beginning to end. The voice of Georgia demanded secession. Never was there a political movement more entirely dictated by the people.

As soon as Georgia seceded, her congressmen, recognizing that their first duty was to their State, resigned their positions and returned home.

It is a cause of pride to note how true were Georgians to their State! The Union men bowed to the will of the majority; none doubted their duty to go with their State; the cause of Georgia was their cause; Georgia's destiny was their destiny!

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. (CONTINUED.)

1861.

When Georgia had seceded, Gov. Brown, with his usual promptness, hastened to take the arsenal at Augusta from Federal control, as Georgia had resumed exclusive sovereignty over all her soil. It was in charge of Capt. Elzey, with eighty Federal soldiers.

Gov. Brown went to Augusta, accompanied by Colonel Henry R. Jackson as his aid, through whom an order was sent to Capt. Elzey to withdraw his troops from the limits of the State at the earliest practicable moment. He was promised a receipt for all Federal property under his charge, which should be accounted for when an adjustment was made between Georgia and the United States.

Capt. Elzey refused to leave the arsenal, telegraphed the situation to his government at Washington, and was instructed to hold his position until forced to surrender by violence or starvation, and then to stipulate for honorable terms and a free passage, by water, to New York.

The volunteers of Augusta were ordered out, and about 800 reported for duty. There was great excitement over the fact of the Federal flag—which was now a foreign flag—floating over the arsenal, and it was the chief topic

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of conversation in the city. As Gov. Brown decided to give Capt. Elzey twenty-four hours to reconsider his decision, the volunteers were dismissed until the next day, when they were joined by many others from the country, who had heard that there was some prospect of a battle.

Finally, when our soldiers marched out to the arsenal, the Governor received a message from Capt. Elzey, asking for an interview; and, when he and his staff arrived, honorable terms of surrender were agreed upon. The United States flag was to be lowered and saluted, the company to retain their arms and property, and to remain in their quarters until they could be sent to New York by way of Savannah. Then the flag of Georgia was raised. It was a pure white banner, in whose center was a large red star having five points. It represented the sovereignty of the State. As soon as this flag floated to the breeze, a cannon fired salutes.

By the surrender of the arsenal, a large quantity of ammunition and valuable ordnance were obtained. As the forts in Georgia were designed for her protection against a foreign foe, and she had resumed her rights of separate independence, the Federal Government had no longer any concern in her fortresses or in the arms and ammunition stored here for her use.

In the meantime, the work of the Secession Convention, in adjusting the State to her new position, went on as rapidly as possible. Among other important matters, delegates were chosen to attend the Congress of the seceded States, which was to meet at Montgomery, Ala., in February; and the Governor was authorized to raise two regiments to defend the State. The Convention then adjourned to meet again in Savannah.

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About this time a Macon firm purchased 200 guns in New York, ordering them to be shipped by water to Savannah. After they were placed on the steamer, they were seized by the New York police and stored in the arsenal. The Macon merchants complained to Gov. Brown, who, having satisfied himself of the justice of their claim, wrote the facts to the Governor of New York, demanded that the guns be given up, and requested a reply by telegraph. After waiting a reasonable time and receiving no response, he issued an order to Col. Jackson, at Savannah, to seize every ship in the harbor belonging to citizens of New York, and hold them until the Macon merchants received the property of which they had been robbed.

There was a good deal of delay and trickery practiced in New York, but when it was found that Gov. Brown was determined to retaliate, and that he could not be overawed by the Governor of New York, the police hastily let go the guns.

This episode gave Georgia's Governor a great reputation abroad, and proved him to be the man for the hour in promptness, firmness and good judgment.

In due time the Congress of the six seceded States met at Montgomery, Ala. Having elected Howell Cobb, of Georgia, their presiding officer, they formed a union under the name of the Confederate States of America, with Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, as president, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, as vice-president.

In order to reach Montgomery with as little delay as possible, Mr. Davis went from his home to Chattanooga, Tenn., and thence through Georgia over the Western and Atlantic and the West Point railroads. Crowds gathered

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at every station to do him honor. In Atlanta he was received by about five thousand people; and from this town to the Alabama line he was greeted with the same enthusiasm. In one of his speeches he paid the following fine tribute to Georgia's promptness in resenting Federal aggressions and in protecting her citizens. He said: "Georgians—for by no higher title could I address you—your history, from the days of the Revolution down to the time that your immortal Troup maintained the rights of your State, and of all the States, in his contest with Federal usurpation, has made Georgia sacred soil. Nor have you any reason to be other than proud of the events recently transpiring within your borders, and especially the action of your present Governor in wresting from the robbers of the North the property of your own citizens which they had stolen. His promptitude in demanding the property from the Governor of New York, and in seizing the vessels of citizens of New York when the demand was not immediately complied with, is worthy of all praise."

Among the illustrious sons of Georgia, not one has been more honored by the world for his virtues, or more respected for practical wisdom, than Alexander H. Stephens, vice-president of the Southern Confederacy. At this time he stood in the front rank of living statesmen; and the accuracy with which he again and again foretold the occurrence of important events caused it to be frequently said that he was the wisest man living.

Of the three commissioners appointed by the Confederate Congress to treat with the Federal Government for a peaceful separation of the States, one was an eminent Georgian, Martin J. Crawford, legislator, congressman and judge.

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Such was the temper of the North that their efforts for peace were fruitless.

About this time a new flag was hoisted over the Custom House at Savannah by Maj. Lachlan McIntosh, who had recently resigned his position in the United States army, to be ready at any moment to serve his State. This flag, like the one that waved over the arsenal at Augusta, was white; but it bore the coat of arms of Georgia, encircled at the top with six stars; the number of the seceded States. The star which represented Georgia was blue, the rest were red. Over the whole was an eye.

In March the Secession Convention re-assembled in Savannah. They adopted the Constitution of the Confederate States, and a new State Constitution, and adjourned after a session of two weeks.

While these events were transpiring, Gov. Brown had not for a moment relaxed his vigilance. Volunteer companies were rapidly formed; arms, ammunition and cannon were bought; the United States Mint at Dahlonega, with twenty thousand dollars in gold, was seized, and every precaution that a wise foresight could anticipate was taken for Georgia's safety. A division of troops was organized, with William H. T. Walker as major-general. Gunboats were purchased for the defense of the coast, and Josiah Tattnall, who had resigned from the United States navy, was put in command, with the title of Commodore.

The personal property of Commodore Tattnall was confiscated by the Federal Government because he refused to remain in their service and take up arms against his State. In 1782 Georgia had condemned and appropriated property belonging to his grandfather on account of his loyalty

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to the British Crown. After the close of the Revolutionary war it had been offered at public sale, purchased by friends of the Tattnall family, and restored to them. It is a curious fact that some of these same articles were included in the property of Josiah Tattnall now confiscated by the Federal Government.

While the Confederate Congress was sitting in Montgomery, Capt. G. W. Lee, of Atlanta, organized "Lee's Volunteers," which was the first Georgia company that was offered to the Confederate government. The first time the Confederate flag was raised in our State, this company paraded under its folds through the streets of Atlanta, amidst the enthusiasm of the citizens.

The first call for troops that President Davis made upon Georgia, was for one regiment to aid in defending Fort Pickens, at Pensacola.

So high was the war fever that 250 companies volunteered for this duty. In order to avoid jealousies and hard feelings among them, Gov. Brown formed the regiment of those who first tendered their services.

Without any authority of law, Abraham Lincoln, the Federal President, had issued a call for seventy-five thousand men to invade the seceded States. When he took the oath of office he had sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, which protected the rights of the South. By his action he violated his oath, and thus perjured himself. The last insult the Federal Government could offer a sovereign State was a hostile invasion.

Georgia's sons would have been unworthy of their sires, if they had consented for their State to remain a confederate with the Northern States, since they had formed

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themselves into a great sectional party, which virtually denied that Georgians had the same rights as themselves; though Georgia was recognized as a sovereign power by the country of which she had been a colony.

Whether Georgia has not paid too dear a price for the benefits accruing from her union with the other States, let unprejudiced history judge!

Those who say Georgia waged war for slavery are very ignorant of the true facts. The two sections, South and North, entertained opposing principles and had different ideas of the nature of the Federal Government. Slavery was only one subject of difference among several; slavery was but as the dust in the balance compared with Georgia's rights of independence and sovereignty. Hundreds of her citizens owned no slaves, yet they strongly resented any trespass on Georgia's rights.

A political bargain cannot be broken on one side and still be binding on the other, so Georgia began a second war for the right of self-government. She fought for the same principles in 1861 that she defended in 1776, when she refused to remain a colony of George III. upon a question of constitutional rights. The righteous remedy of secession was adopted by our State after she had endured a long course of treachery and oppression.

President Lincoln determined by force of arms to compel the seceded States into a union with the other States, though no such power was conferred upon him by the Federal Constitution.

Richmond, Va., was selected as the capital of the Confederate States. Almost immediately thereafter, Georgia was called upon for volunteers to assist in repelling an in-

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vasion of the “mother of States and Statesmen.” How eagerly our men responded is shown by the fact that forty splendid regiments had gone to the battle-field by October 1st. Companies were raised in every county, and Georgia quickly became one vast military camp. Newton county organized five companies in a few days. Augusta sent out nine companies, Macon and Columbus eight each, and Athens six. Among the many companies from Savannah was the famous Chatham Artillery, with Joseph S. Claghorn, captain; Charles C. Jones, Jr., was senior first-lieutenant. He was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of artillery the next year, and throughout the war was distinguished for his patriotism. “He did love his country’s good with a respect more tender, more holy and profound than his own life.” The Oglethorpe Light Infantry, of the same city, under Capt. Francis S. Bartow—a conspicuous member of the first Confederate Congress—was the first company in the Confederacy, that offered its services for the entire war. It was composed almost entirely of young men, the sons of some of the best families in the city. Beginning with the first battle of Manassas, it fought through the war and made a glorious record. Among the companies from Franklin county was the Tugalo Blues, whose motto was “Victory or Death.” Up in the mountains, a company in Fannin county was named “Mrs. Joe Brown’s Boys.” Mrs. Brown acknowledged the compliment by presenting each of its members with a military suit.

Men whom age or infirmity kept from battle, gave freely of their substance, often at a sacrifice. Several newspapers were discontinued, because the whole force—editor, printers and devil—had gone to the war.

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The women all over the State formed sewing societies, that the soldiers leaving home might be made as comfortable as possible. Two Milledgeville ladies offered their silver plate to the Governor to be turned into money for the use of the State, and a Columbus lady gave her diamonds to the Confederacy.

Whenever a company left for Virginia it was made an occasion to give it an ovation. Throngs of citizens escorted them to the depot, with lusty shouts and the waving of handkerchiefs. The women who loved them best, though their eyes were brimming with tears, said, "*Go!*" Georgia's mothers and wives, like Spartan matrons, spoke brave words as they girded the sword upon their loved ones, when none but God knew the secret pain that weighed upon their hearts; they were as heroic as those who shed their blood upon freedom's field of honor!

The first Georgia regiment organized for the whole war was the 6th Georgia Infantry, Volunteers, Alfred H. Colquitt, colonel.

As the busy months passed by and the year approached its close, Georgia and Georgia's Governor were the admiration of the South.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. (CONTINUED.)

1861.

The first battle of the war was fought at Manassas, Va., July 21st of this year.

The Federals were so confident of victory, that they carried halters in their pockets to hang "Southern rebels" as soon as they were captured; their Congress was adjourned to enable such members as desired to feast their eyes on the rout of the Confederates. Long lines of carriages, filled with women in holiday attire, followed in the rear of their army, with baskets of champagne and other good things for the feast and dance with which they proposed to celebrate their victory. The result did not justify their expectations, as they were put to a disgraceful flight by the Confederates, and Virginia was delivered from an immediate invasion.

In Richmond, which was so near the horrors of the battlefield, no popular demonstrations were made over this victory; from the solemn acts of religious thanksgiving the whole population turned at once to eager ministrations to the wounded.

It was otherwise in Georgia, whose people were too far from the scene of battle to realize its horrors. Bells were rung and bonfires lighted in public rejoicing all over the State.

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The 7th, 8th, 9th and 11th Georgia regiments of infantry were engaged in this brilliant victory and won signal fame.

The 11th Georgia Regular Volunteers, commanded by Col. George T. Anderson, enlisted for the whole war, and was among the first to leave the State for Virginia. Under Johnston, Lee and Longstreet, this regiment saw hard service in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, and won immortal renown.

After Capt. Bartow took his company to Virginia he was made colonel of the 8th Georgia, and in this battle commanded a brigade composed of the regiments mentioned above, with a Kentucky regiment. No braver troops fought that day than those under Col. Bartow, and the 7th Georgia commanded by Col. Lucius Gartrell. They had suffered great hardships and privations in their forced march from Winchester to the battle-field; but notwithstanding their fatigue they fought all day without food and with very little water.

In the midst of the battle the brave Bartow was mortally wounded. With one foot mangled by a cannon ball, he leaned against a fence, waving his sword and urging on his men. When he felt that he must die, he said: "Boys, they have killed me, but never give it up!" Thus, the hero fell, maintaining his noble bearing to the end. When on the eve of leaving Georgia to join the army in Virginia, he had written: "I go to illustrate Georgia!"—words that will be handed down to posterity with his immortal name; for most glorious was his record on the bloody field of Manassas!

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There were many other noble Georgians illustrating their State on that battle-field, who fell as martyrs to the cause of constitutional liberty. The memory of these heroes is embalmed by a grateful State. The bravery of Col. Gartrell was mentioned in Gen. Johnston's official report. So conspicuous had been the 8th Georgia in the brunt of the battle, that, as they passed from their position in front of Gen. Beauregard, he sat bareheaded on his horse and thus addressed them: "8th Georgia, I salute you with my hat off!"

J. E. Rumney, a member of the 9th Georgia, was severely wounded by the explosion of a shell. He was a veteran of the last Creek war and one of the guard of the steamer "Georgia," which patrolled the Chattahoochee, between Columbus, Ga., and Eufaula, Ala., and which was repeatedly fired upon by the Indians who lined the banks of the river. He was also at Roanoke the day after this town was burned.

The most conspicuous of Georgia's killed at the battle of Manassas was Gen. Francis S. Bartow. His remains were brought to Savannah and buried with most imposing ceremonies. There was a large military and civic procession which marched through the city to the tolling of bells and the firing of minute-guns. An eloquent funeral oration was delivered by the Right Rev. Bishop Elliot.

During the battle of Manassas, Lieut. Edward Hull, of Athens, without receiving a wound, was struck senseless by the concussion of a fragment of shell. As soon as he recovered sufficiently to rise to his feet, he began to carry water from the branch near by to the wounded lying all around him. With great pain he performed this labor until night-

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fall. While thus engaged a gentleman approached on horseback and asked him for a drink of water.

"No," said the lieutenant, "I'm carrying this water to those who cannot walk. You can walk; go to the branch and help yourself."

To his surprise some one said: "That is Pres. Davis." Then he insisted that Mr. Davis should drink the water in his canteen.

A long and painful illness followed his arduous labor of love on that eventful day. During his convalescence he met the President in Richmond, who smilingly recognized him, and asked to what regiment he belonged. Lieut. Hull answered: "To the 8th Georgia."

"To belong to that regiment is glory enough!" replied the President.

The next month after Manassas, the accomplished Col. McIntosh, a Georgian, was killed at the victorious battle of Oak Hill, Mo. There had not been a day in over a century that there was not a distinguished son of this family to bear and transmit its name to posterity.

In October, during the campaign in West Virginia, the 1st Georgia Regiment, under Col. Henry R. Jackson, suffered every kind of privation while among the mountains; yet, in the battle at Cheat Mountain Pass, where the Federals met a disastrous repulse, they behaved with great gallantry.

The success of the Confederate arms in Virginia caused no abatement of the preparations for war in Georgia. If possible the activity was greater than ever. The desire to face the enemy was universal, and more troops were organized and drilled, ready for a call to the front. Capt.

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Jesse Glenn, commanding the Wrightsville Infantry, wrote a beseeching letter to the Governor asking to be moved from Savannah to some place "where there is a prospect of a fight."

In the midst of this fever of war the time drew near for electing a Governor. Joseph E. Brown, who had shown himself so devoted to the interests of Georgia, was complimented with a third term; his majority was 13,691 votes, though his opponent was the learned Judge Eugenius A. Nesbet. Only once before in the history of the State, had a Governor been honored with a third term, and that was Jared Irwin. When Gov. Brown was inaugurated, he showed his patriotism by dressing in a suit of Georgia-made jeans.

Though Georgia always stood first in the hearts of her sons and daughters, they loved the whole Confederacy, and delighted to honor its officers. A Clarksville lady sent Pres. Davis a blanket shawl made from wool that was carded, spun and woven by herself. The war had already developed our resources to an extent that a year before would have been thought impossible—"from seeming evil still educating good."

When the Legislature met, the Governor concluded his message with these glowing and patriotic words: "I would cheerfully expend in the cause the last dollar I could raise, and would fervently pray like Samson of old, that God would give me strength to lay hold upon the pillars of the edifice and would enable me, while bending with its weight, to die a glorious death beneath the crumbling ruins of that temple of southern freedom which has so long attracted the world by the splendor of its magnificence."

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By the end of this year, Georgia had sent fifty regiments into Confederate service, thirty of which she had armed and equipped at her own expense. When the supply of arms ran short the Governor called upon private individuals for their shotguns and rifles, and they were not withheld.

While the Legislature was in session, the Federals threatened our seacoast. The planters cheerfully sent their negroes to assist in the elevation of military works at various points; and the coast, from Savannah to the Florida line, was put under the command of Gen. A. R. Lawton.

The Federal Commodore, Dupont, had a force of forty-one vessels and soon captured Tybee Island, as Commodore Tattnall had only four small gun vessels to oppose him. The danger was great, as Fort Pulaski was also threatened. Gov. Brown, ever earnest and prompt, went to Savannah to confer with Gen. Robert E. Lee, who was Confederate Commander of the whole Southern coast, as to what was best to be done in this imminent danger. So, as the year closed, the enemy were thundering at the eastern portals of our beloved State.

Georgia now had in Confederate service the following brigadier-generals: Robert Toombs, who had resigned his position as Secretary of State in Pres. Davis' cabinet, to take the field; Henry R. Jackson, A. R. Lawton, A. R. Wright, A. H. Colquitt, W. H. T. Walker; and two major-generals, David Twiggs and W. J. Hardee.

Georgia was not fighting for power or dominion: for what, then, was this war waged? Let one of Georgia's great statesmen, Alex. H. Stephens, answer: "It is for home, for

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fireside, for our altars, for our birthrights, for property, for honor, for life—in a word, for everything for which free-men should live, and for which all deserving to be freemen should be willing, if need be, to die!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. (CONTINUED.)

1862.

This year opened with active preparations on the part of the Federals against our coast, their purpose being to capture Fort Pulaski.

As Gen. Henry R. Jackson was needed in Georgia, he was recalled from Virginia, appointed major-general of the State troops, and entrusted with the defense of the coast. With great energy and ability he planned and directed the preparations for training his army and defending Savannah. At this time, the Confederate forces in Georgia were commanded by Gen. Alexander R. Lawton.

Col. Charles Olmstead defended Fort Pulaski with 365 men and twenty-four officers. A small fort named Jackson was eleven miles distant. Each of these forts had been strengthened and put in as good condition as our resources would allow, but Commodore Tattnall's gunboats could do but little against the Federal fleet. Our coast was swarming with the enemy's vessels, which had taken possession of the principal islands and occupied Brunswick and St. Mary's. They also forced their way up the Savannah river and stationed troops on Tybee and Warsaw, which caused our troops to abandon Skidaway and Green Islands. By removing obstructions in the artificial channel called

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“Wall’s Cut,” the Federal gunboats entered in the rear of the frowning battlements of Fort Pulaski, and, by thus isolating it, completely cut off all communication with the city. During the siege of Savannah in 1779 the patriots had failed to guard Wall’s Cut, and the British vessels passed through it above Count D’Estaing’s squadron. Thus strangely did history repeat itself.

The gallant Tattnall made his way through the Federal gunboats and carried six months’ provisions to the garrison at the Fort, which was now in a state of siege. After the siege had lasted for a number of weeks, early one April morning, Gen. Hunter, the Federal commander, demanded its surrender. Col. Olmstead replied: “I am here to defend the Fort, not to surrender it.” Whereupon the bombardment directly began, and the firing soon became general on both sides. The Federal batteries being established on Tybee Island, their fire was directed chiefly against the southeast angle of the Fort, whose guns were soon dismantled. After two days’ bombardment a large breach was made, through which the shot and shell penetrated to the magazine, and the fort could no longer be defended. As retreat was impossible, our troops surrendered on condition that they should receive honorable terms.

This disaster was brightened by the personal heroism of Lieut. Christopher Hussey of the “Montgomery Guards,” and of private John Latham of the “Washington Volunteers.” During the second day’s bombardment the flag was shot down, when these two Georgians leaped upon the parapet under the storm of shot and shell, coolly disentangled the fallen flag, carried it to the northeast angle of the Fort, fixed it to a temporary staff and erected it on a gun-carriage, where it again floated proudly to the breeze.

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By the fall of Fort Pulaski, our whole coast was in a state of blockade, and Georgia was cut off from communication with foreign countries, while Federal cruisers freely passed in and out of the inlets and rivers that emptied into Warsaw and Ossabaw sounds. The Savannah river, too, was in their possession up to a point a little below Fort Oglethorpe. It was expected that the enemy would at once attack Fort Jackson, but they were in no condition to do so, and had to content themselves with holding Fort Pulaski. The loss of our strongest fortification, far from discouraging our people, increased their patriotism and fired the war spirit anew. Savannah very soon became accustomed to the proximity of the enemy, and heard with indifference their cannonading.

Now, again, Georgia was called upon for troops for Confederate service, and quickly furnished the twelve regiments which were requested.

It was during this spring that the Confederate Congress passed the Conscription Act, which caused a spirited correspondence between our Governor and Pres. Davis. While the war between the States continued, there was at no time any necessity in Georgia for conscription. When a call was made for troops it was promptly answered; and more could have been sent than were asked for—sometimes double the number.

Never before had the world seen such material as composed the rank and file of the Confederate army. Never had a body of men made greater sacrifices or been animated by higher motives. They hesitated at no hardship. Gentlemen dressed in such clothing and ate such food as tramps

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would scorn. They often slept upon the bare earth, exposing themselves to winter snows and summer suns, and all this for pure love of liberty. The officers honored themselves in honoring the noble men in the ranks, who were often their social superiors.

In Georgia, and throughout the South, the men who fought in the Federal army were called *Yankees*, whether they were from the North or West, or were foreign mercenaries. They called us *Rebels*. Whether the Georgians, who fought in this war, were "rebels" depends entirely upon whether the United States was or was not a Federal Republic. It is very important that words should correctly express facts. There is no opprobrium in the word rebel, since rebellion against tyranny is an inherent right that belongs to every man. Our forefathers were rebels against King George, and we glory in their position.

To argue that Georgia belonged to her sister States is preposterous! Rebellion is the act of subjects, not of sovereigns; so, it was impossible for the sovereign State of Georgia to be in rebellion!

O youth of Georgia! your fathers cherished the institutions of their beloved State, kept unstained her character and her plighted faith, and, when the time came, they were not afraid to die for her, rejoicing to defend her rights and protect her homes. Now, it remains for you, taking for your watchword the motto emblazoned on Georgia's coat-of-arms—Wisdom, Justice, Moderation—to watch and guard her only crown jewel, *Constitutional Liberty*; and may the history of future ages tell how well you kept the trust!

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In April a party of twenty-two Federals, disguised as civilians, came to Georgia as spies and for the purpose of burning the thirteen bridges on our State Road, and otherwise damaging it as much as possible. Their leader was a tall, black-bearded man named Andrews. If his scheme was successful he was to be paid sixty thousand dollars in gold.

He and his party boarded the train at Marietta. When they reached Big Shanty, while every one was at the breakfast table, they uncoupled the engine and three cars from the passenger-train and started for Chattanooga.

The engineer, conductor, and superintendent of the Road shops, seeing what had been done, lost no time in conjectures, but dashed after them on foot until they reached a hand-car, when they were joined by several other men. Then the pursuit was more rapidly continued, until they were delayed by the track being blocked with forty or fifty cross-ties; they saw, too, that the telegraph wires were torn down for a quarter of a mile. After a little they procured another hand-car and were joined by ten men, when they pressed onward with redoubled energy. Near Etowah they were thrown into a ditch by the track being torn up at a short curve; but they had the good fortune to get an engine and a coal car, and the race became more exciting.

The bridge-burners, as they dashed ahead, told the switchmen that they were carrying ammunition to Gen. Beauregard; and whenever they dared they stopped to tear up the track.

At Kingston our men procured the Rome engine and hurried forward, only twenty-five minutes behind the spies.

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Again they encountered a torn-up track, when the conductor and superintendent proceeded on foot, until they reached the down train at Adairsville and appropriated the engine to continue the pursuit. They renewed the race with all possible speed, and though stopped several times by obstructions, they at last came in sight of the flying Yankees, who detached one of their cars to block the way. It was removed, and the Georgians were still gaining upon them, when they were forced to leave another car behind. Their third one was loaded with cross-ties, with which they continually obstructed the track. Our indomitable men cleared the way and dashed after them.

A great danger at last confronted the spies; their steam was giving out, and still the Georgians were in hot pursuit. Everything that would burn was piled upon the diminishing fire, but by the time they reached Ringgold the steam was nearly exhausted. A few miles further on they reversed the engine to collide with the one that was chasing them, and took to the woods. At Catoosa mounted men followed them, and the entire band was captured. Andrews offered ten thousand dollars for his release. He and seven others were tried in Atlanta by court-martial, found guilty, and hung as spies. The other fourteen, who had been detailed from an Ohio regiment for bridge-burning, were considered prisoners of war and afterwards regularly exchanged.

The capture of these Yankees was mainly due to William Fuller, who held no position but that of a railroad conductor, and it was one of the most wonderful achievements in the annals of this war.

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The name of the stolen engine was *General*; it pulled a passenger-train on our State Road for many years after this adventure, and is now preserved as a precious relic.

When the war began, Atlanta—called “The Gate City”—was quite a large town, with many fine and substantial houses. On account of its railroads it soon became a military post of great importance.

In these stirring times the chief interest of our State was centered in her soldiers. The Georgia women were not one whit behind the men in patriotism, courage and prompt action. Knitting socks for soldiers took the place of fancy work. Stitch, stitch; knit, knit; day in and day out; few women or girls in Georgia were idle. Our Governor requested contributions of clothing for the soldiers in the field; two ladies in Bibb county were the first to respond, but very soon every town, village and country-side in the State were gladly aiding.

The Masonic Hall in Augusta was converted into a vast clothing establishment, where could be found every kind of garment needed by a soldier. The ladies of the city, with a never wearying zeal and industry, and with a devotion worthy of the cause in which their State was enlisted, worked for the brave defenders of Georgia’s rights.

In addition to our State troops, the most respectable citizens of each county, who were too old or too feeble to go to the front, were organized into companies, and called “Home Guards.” They drilled as often as they could, and held themselves in readiness to respond at any time to a call to arms.

This year Howell Cobb and his brother, Thomas R. R. Cobb, were made brigadier-generals.

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Georgia strained every nerve to aid the Confederacy, and largely supplied it with munitions of war. Powder mills were established at Augusta, a cannon foundry at Rome, a central ammunition laboratory at Macon, and manufactories of arms at Athens, Milledgeville and Columbus. On every plantation the spinning-wheel was humming and the loom rattling. Cotton and wool cards, the reel and the winding blades, were familiar objects in every house. While the men at home were making arms and ammunition, the women were making cloth and clothing, and contributing in every way possible to the bodily comfort of the soldiers.

Georgia, situated near the center of this struggling young nation, and having no dissensions within her borders, was freely giving her sons, her substance and her entire influence to maintain the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. (CONTINUED.)

1862.

The counties of North Georgia are nestled among the Blue Ridge and its spurs. Their inhabitants are a brave, patriotic and hardy people, loving their section as ardently as the Scotch love their mountains and lakes. In no section of our State were the people more devoted to Georgia's interests. They had buckled on their swords as soon as the war began, and had gone to far-away battle-fields to fight against the despotism of Black Republicanism. Their patriotism was proportionally greater, from the fact that they had no negroes to till the soil and provide for their families during their absence. What Georgian is not proud to claim these brave mountaineers as countrymen?

Early in the spring a party of Yankees, seventy-five or eighty strong, made a dash from East Tennessee into Morganton, the county site of Fannin. After prowling over the town, they went to the residence of one of the citizens to arrest his son, who was at home on a furlough. He resisted arrest, and they fired upon him, severely, but not dangerously, wounding him. His father, who was standing behind him, was struck by the ball and instantly killed. One of the men then seized the boy to disarm him, when his

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sister, nerved to desperation and thinking that he, too, would be killed, sprang upon the Yankee with a bowie-knife and stabbed him in four places. A comrade ran to the rescue, and, with the breech of his gun, knocked the girl to the floor senseless; but she had done her work so effectually that the stabbed man was dead when she recovered.

The Yankees, fearing an attack from Col. Young's men who patrolled that region, did not tarry long in the town. They carried off as prisoners a few old men whose offense was that they claimed the privilege of differing with them on political questions.

Although Georgia's ports were now blockaded, a kind Providence had so blessed our soil and climate, that almost everything necessary to our support and comfort could be produced within the limits of the State; but it is a curious fact that, with the briny Atlantic washing her eastern boundary, the scarcity of salt became a serious inconvenience. The Governor and the Legislature took the matter in hand and saved Georgia from a salt famine, by thwarting the speculators and by making an appropriation for the manufacture of salt, but this problem was a very serious one throughout the war.

Our State cared well for her sick and wounded soldiers. "The Georgia Relief and Hospital Association," at Richmond, Va., with its physicians, nurses, and matrons, looked after our disabled men at the front. Dr. James Camak, of Athens, was medical director. Always faithful and energetic, he rendered incalculable relief to our troops. In addition to his other duties as surgeon and physician, he devoted much of his time to the sick and wounded, lavishing upon them a care that could not have been exceeded if

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the patients had been his own brothers. After a great battle, not Georgians alone claimed his attention; he attended with the same untiring kindness any Confederate soldiers that chance threw in his way.

The soldiers who were cut off, at home, by disease, or in camp or hospital, were as much martyrs to liberty as those who fell on the field of battle; and their names are written by Georgia on imperishable scrolls.

There is no more interesting fact connected with the part that Georgia took in the war between the States, than that many Creeks and Cherokees, remnants of the two great Indian nations that once owned this soil, fought for the Confederacy. They made fine soldiers and showed themselves to be true men, exhibiting a firmness and devotion to the cause which was excelled by none.

Among the Creeks, Ho-poth-le-yo-holo was an exception. "True to his hatred of Georgia, away beyond the Mississippi, he arrayed his warriors in hostility to the Confederacy; and, when numbering nearly a hundred winters, led them in battle in Arkansas against the name of his hereditary foe and hereditary hate—McIntosh; and with this officer in command of the Confederate troops, he was defeated and his followers dispersed. Since that time nothing has been known of the fate of the old warrior-chief."

Georgia soldiers this year added anew to their fame by deeds of valor in Virginia. They were with "Stonewall" Jackson in his wonderful Valley Campaign. The 12th Georgia, called "the bloody 12th," helped him to win the victory in the engagement at McDowell, which was their third pitched battle.

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The service in Virginia was very arduous. Our soldiers suffered great privations of rest and food, and made long marches—many without shoes—over mountain roads, but their enthusiasm never flagged. Georgians fought valiantly in the swamps of the Chickahominy, and in the bloody and trying conflicts around Richmond, where their patriotism, courage and efficiency were brilliantly displayed. Space fails to mention all the individual acts of gallantry of officers and men which are recorded in the reports of their different regiments.

In one of the battles on the Chickahominy, Col. Thomas, of the 35th Georgia, though wounded, remained at the head of his regiment. His adjutant and other officers were conspicuous for gallantry, and sealed with their lives their devotion to the cause. The quartermaster of the regiment, seeing it deficient in field officers, volunteered his services for the occasion, and rendered valuable aid until he was seriously wounded.

Col. Fulsom, of the 14th Georgia, was confined to his bed when the order was given to move forward; but he arose and gallantly led his regiment in this battle, though laboring under the effects of disease.

In May, after the battle of Seven Pines, Gen. Alex. R. Lawton was ordered to form a command and send it to Richmond as quickly as possible. He earnestly requested by telegraph to be permitted to go with them, which was granted; and the magnificent brigade which he took to Virginia, one of the largest in Confederate service, arrived just in time to take part in the seven days' fighting around the capital of the Confederacy.

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On the 27th of June, they moved rapidly to the attack upon the flank of the Federal General, McClellan, at Cold Harbor. It was their first battle after they were organized as Lawton's Brigade, and they won a reputation which grew brighter and more illustrious in each battle in which they were engaged, until the war ended. It was in this conflict that Gen. Lawton led his gallant Georgians through the woods, firing at every step, and guided by the volleys of the enemy towards the thickest of the fight. In the midst of the woods they met Gen. Ewell, then hotly engaged, who, as he saw that long line advancing under firé, waved his sword and shouted:

"Hurrah for Georgia!"

The brigade responded with a cheer and moved forward more rapidly than ever. In emerging from the woods, the 31st and 38th regiments found themselves in the hottest part of the battle, where the Confederates were pressing the enemy towards the left. They joined the contest at that point, under a murderous fire. Steadily did they push forward, doing great execution, until their last cartridge was expended; and even then, they joined heartily in that final charge after nightfall, which resulted in shouts of victory. The list of killed and wounded in these two regiments attest the danger which they so gallantly faced.

Toombs's brigade was also in this battle, the 2d and 15th regiments being more actively engaged than the rest of the command. Their conduct was brilliantly heroic when the enemy endeavored to drive them from their position in the ravine; but they found themselves unable to wrench it from the grasp of these determined Georgians,

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and were driven back and repulsed after two hours of fierce conflict. The chivalrous colonel, William McIntosh, was at the most exposed part of the line, when he fell mortally wounded while cheering on his men.

In Gen. Longstreet's desperate fight at Frazier's Farm, the 14th Georgia formed the left wing, while the 35th, 45th, and 49th Georgia regiments formed the right wing of his army.

At Malvern Hill, Gen. Howell Cobb's brigade fought gallantly, though for more than forty-eight hours before the battle his men had little rest or food. Their ranks were thinned by exhaustion, but there was no murmuring or spirit of complaint as long as there was an enemy in their front.

In this battle Gen. Lawton again led his now famous brigade. Maj. McIntosh was conspicuous for gallantry and had his horse shot from under him.

Georgians took a prominent part in the victories in which Gen. Robert E. Lee, in quick succession, defeated the Federal Generals, McClellan, Pope and Burnside, and in the campaign of Albert Sidney Johnston in Tennessee.

In the second battle of Manassas, where the Federal General, Pope, was completely routed, Gen. Toombs led the last charge of the Confederates against the enemy, one of whose colonels was Fletcher Webster, son of the eloquent senator, Daniel Webster, who had so often exerted his power to avert an issue of arms between the States. Col. Webster fell mortally wounded at the head of his regiment. Recognizing Gen. Toombs as he was dashing by, he called him. The gallant Georgian turned his horse, and, seeing the condition of his quondam friend, ordered a detail of

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soldiers to remain with the dying man and give him every possible attention. The meeting and parting of the friends were deeply affecting.

On the first day of this fight, Gen. Ewell lost a leg, and Gen. Lawton, whose brigade was in the action, was given command of the division; (he led it on the second and third days of the battle.)

He continued to command this division, which included his brigade, until he was seriously wounded at Sharpsburg. In this engagement he was defending the Confederate left, where the fighting was fast and furious, as the Federals tried to break through the line, when he found that he had only one staff officer remaining. This was Henry Jackson, who was the first cadet officer appointed to the Confederate army by Pres. Davis. This youth, only seventeen years old, was the eldest son of Gen. Henry R. Jackson. Gen. Lawton now sent him with a message to Gen. Hood, asking his assistance. He dashed up to Gen. Hood, who was in bivouac with his jaded troops, and with the instinctive politeness of a well-born southern boy said, "Gen. Lawton sends his compliments, with the request that you come at once to his support."

He conducted Gen. Hood's division to its proper place in the line, and, later on in the battle, had Gen. Lawton borne from the field when he was wounded.

On one occasion during this summer that was so full of fierce fighting and heroic deeds, the Troup Artillery of Athens, in Cobb's Legion, was in such a position in battle that, while exposed to a galling fire from the enemy, they could not reply with safety to the Confederates engaged;

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yet, under such trying circumstances, their coolness was admirable.

On another occasion the 9th Georgia and the 1st Georgia Regulars, a gallant body of skirmishers, drove the Yankees from their position through their bivouac, capturing their knapsacks, canteens and other property.

Again, when the 1st Georgia regulars were deployed as skirmishers, the duty assigned them was attended with great labor, but they acquitted themselves admirably. For nearly a day they were in advance of the entire division, preserving their alignments through woods and over every obstacle. Afterwards, when they were in immediate conflict with the enemy, they behaved with a steadiness and coolness which exhibited the excellency of their discipline, the efficiency of the officers and the courage of the men.

The 7th and 8th regiments, of glorious fame, did their share of the fighting during this year, sustained heavy losses, and the chivalrous Lamar was dangerously wounded. It is said that the 7th Georgia was the first regiment that ever placed a Confederate flag upon a Federal battery.

It was in September that "the seven governors of Northern States," the men who had forced on the war, joined by five others of the same fanatical character, met in secret junto and demanded of Pres. Lincoln that the execution of military affairs be placed in the hands of persons of anti-slavery views, and that slavery be abolished. The pressure upon him was so great that he was compelled to issue his Emancipation Proclamation. Thus, without their consent, and against the Constitution of the United States, he deprived the citizens of the non-seceding border States of their property.

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With Georgia he had no right to interfere, as she had resumed all her reserved rights, and was no longer a member of the Federal Union. Still, if the enemy could overrun Georgia with an armed force, they could also deprive her of a great part of her wealth, against her will and against the Constitution of that Union which they so pretended to love.

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Nothing was so characteristic of the Georgia soldiers as the determination with which they would hold a position. Again and again during this war did they cling to a point with the tenacity of a bulldog.

On the morning of the 14th of September, at the battle of South Mountain, the 23d and 28th Georgia regiments, being in the wrong position, were brought back and placed behind a stone wall which ran perpendicularly to the pike. They laid there quietly all day, not knowing that their brigade had surrendered. The enemy made no direct advance by the pike, but succeeded before night in carrying the ground on both sides of it, and far to the rear of the stone wall. Strangely enough they never discovered the two Georgia regiments, and, thinking the way was clear, pushed a column up the pike. They received a galling fire from the stone-wall, and fell back. They made repeated efforts to advance, but always failed, until they finally abandoned the attempt, about nine o'clock at night.

While the Yankees were trying to pass the wall, a group of Confederate officers, some standing, some seated, and others lying down, were clustered about the toll-house on the summit of the mountain. Every volley from the stone

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wall was responded to by laughter from these officers, and the observation: "Georgia is having a free fight."

But, indeed, it was no laughing matter, for had the wall been carried, the rout of those brave Georgians would have been complete. There are few instances in history of a grave disaster being averted by troops who were themselves cut off and surrendered. It was a most notable feat of heroism. The Troup Artillery had eighteen horses killed in this battle.

At Crampton's Gap, where the Confederates were forced from their position after a stubborn fight, Gen. Howell Cobb's brigade was ordered to hold their ground at all hazards. Attacked by fearful odds, they suffered terribly, but did not yield a foot, thus giving Gen. Lee time to bring up his men and gain the point he desired. The brigade lost heavily—fully forty-four per cent. of its men; among the number, the gallant Col. Jno. B. Lamar of Macon. The Mell Rifles, of Athens, with twenty-seven men, came out with only five unhurt.

All during the war there were innumerable instances of the cool-headedness and quickness of action of the Georgia soldiers in the ranks. After one of the Virginia battles, an unarmed private in the 4th Georgia battalion captured in the woods one lieutenant, one sergeant, and two privates of a New Jersey regiment. The Yankees were armed, but he brought them into camp and delivered them to his commander.

Thus, through cold winter's ice and snow, the balmy days of spring, and the fiery heat of summer, the Georgia troops had enthusiastically followed wherever the Red Cross pointed.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. (CONTINUED.)

1862.

Virginia was the great battle-field this year, but Georgians were found wherever there was a Confederate army. They often had to perform the hard duty of waiting and watching, or marching and re-marching, and they discharged that duty as faithfully as the more grateful task of active service on the battle-field.

Gen. Paul Semmes and his men, of McLaw's Division, won fame in many of these Virginia battles. In one of his reports he compliments the efficient service of his volunteer aids, who were "much exposed to the enemy's missiles, ball, shell, grape and bullets." The report ends with this high commendation: "Individual cases of gallantry might be named, but this is deemed unnecessary; only the chivalrous and the brave were there, in such close and deadly proximity to the foe."

At King's Schoolhouse there was a severe and long-contested battle, in which many Georgia troops fought with their accustomed valor. Gen. Wright, in his report of this battle wrote: "The conduct of Col. Doles' 4th Georgia regiment challenges our warmest admiration and thanks, for the gallant manner in which it rallied late in the even-

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ing and drove from their stronghold the famous ‘Excelsior brigade.’ I beg leave to suggest that an order be issued authorizing the 4th Georgia to inscribe upon its banner, *King’s Schoolhouse.*”

Another regiment won similar distinction during this summer. Gen. Robt. E. Lee ordered the renowned 3d Georgia to inscribe *South Mills* upon its banner, for their heroic conduct in that battle.

Cobb’s Legion had made its name illustrious on many a well-fought field in Virginia, and when the war ended could boast that fewer men were captured from its ranks than from any other legion in Confederate service. One day, in a desperate battle, the General in command wished to capture a certain battery and asked for volunteers. Col. Wm. G. Deloney, commander of the cavalry in this Legion, rode to the front, his eyes glowing with the fire of battle, and above the din and crash of strife his stentorian voice was heard to shout: “Cobb’s Legion, follow me, and we will capture those pieces.”

In December the Legion won fresh laurels in the battle of Fredericksburg. Its ardent and enthusiastic leader, Thomas R. R. Cobb, now commanding a brigade, as a civilian had been tireless in his efforts on the hustings, through the Press, and in conventions for the rights of Georgia. Soon after the war began he raised the corps which was called Cobb’s Legion, and began his military career with the same spirit and zeal with which Peter the Hermit rushed to Palestine to rescue the Holy Sepulchre.

He loved the humblest soldier in his command as one “who had gone out with him,” considering each man a sacred trust for whom he was responsible to God and his country.

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He and his staff walked four-fifths of the way from Winchester to Fredericksburg, through snow, rain and mud, while the sick and foot-sore were placed on their horses. In the battle his brigade, which was composed mostly of Georgia troops, was stationed behind a stone wall, while the artillery occupied the bluff in their rear. The whole force of the enemy at this point was hurled against the wall, but not a man of them ever got nearer to it than fifty feet. Fourteen brigades of the enemy, one after the other, were repulsed and decimated in the field in front. While the battle was hotly raging, Gen. Lee sent word to Gen. Cobb that his position must be held. He replied: "It will be, to the last!"

As the battle waxed hotter, the roar of musketry and artillery was so terrific that orders could not be heard at any distance.

In the meantime, the enemy succeeded in getting on Cobb's flank; but he had promised for himself and his men to hold the position, and well did he keep his word! He ordered Adjutant John Rutherford to bring up troops if any could be found; if not, to concentrate the artillery on that point. When the order was given neither he nor its bearer knew if it could be carried through the storm of battle. For one terrible moment it seemed as if the position would be taken in spite of all that courage could do; but the adjutant accomplished his mission, the point was re-inforced, and the enemy were driven from the lodgment which they had made in the din, smoke and darkness. The heroic daring of Adjutant Rutherford in carrying the order was worthy of him and of his name.

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Calm and self-possessed, Gen. Cobb was everywhere, making his presence felt all along the line. It was while cheering his men and urging them to keep cool, and reserve their fire, that he was struck by a fragment of a shell and mortally wounded, in sight of the old home in Fredericksburg, where his mother was born and married. As the litter passed down the lines bearing his mangled body, rejoicing over their success ceased for a time, and mourning sat upon the countenance of every Georgian.

But still the battle raged, and a fixed resolution seemed at once to possess the Brigade, and especially the Legion, to avenge their beloved General. Col. Robert McMillan, of the 24th Georgia, took Gen. Cobb's place and sent a volley into the ranks of the foe, which carried ruin in its way. Every man in the Legion caught his spirit, and his own regiment turned in the thickest of the fight and gave him three hearty cheers. He won a laurel wreath in this battle, to which fresh leaves were afterwards added.

Ten thousand of the enemy were killed and wounded in this unsuccessful assault upon the Confederate lines.

Phillips' Legion and the 18th Georgia were also engaged in this fight. Braver and better men never drew a sword or fired a gun. Lawton's brigade, which, after he was disabled, had been assigned to John B. Gordon, sustained its reputation in this memorable battle. Its gallant adjutant, E. P. Lawton, was among Georgia's distinguished sons who fell.

After Gen. Gordon was promoted for bravery, in the spring of 1864, this famous brigade was commanded by Gen. C. A. Evans, colonel of the 31st Georgia, who bore

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himself nobly in every battle in which he fought. He retained the command until Gen. Lee's surrender.

Gen. Cobb's body was carried to his home in Athens for burial. Never in the history of that town was such a funeral procession seen. Aged sires and prattling children, matrons and maidens, all classes mingled with the military to do him honor. Conspicuous in the immense procession, leading his war-horse, was Jesse, his body-servant, who had followed him to the war.

By the murmuring waters of the Oconee rests the honored dust of Gen. Thomas R. R. Cobb, who had fought neither for self-interest, nor passion, nor prejudice, but for constitutional liberty. Among the long list of her martyrs who have fallen in freedom's cause his name shines brilliantly on the page of Georgia's history. Gen. Lee, from his camp near Fredericksburg, wrote a letter of condolence to Gen. Howell Cobb on the death of his brother, which deserves to be printed in letters of gold. No hero ever won higher praise.

All through this year the Georgia troops suffered greatly. Gens. Lawton, Toombs and Ranse Wright were wounded, and Col. C. A. McDaniel, of the 41st Georgia, was killed. The names of all the Georgians who this year died on the field of glory are recorded upon the hearts of a grateful people. Georgia consented to the sacrifice of her noble sons only to secure the inestimable blessing for which they fought and died.

While our soldiers were winning fame in Virginia and the West, those who remained in the State were not idle. Commodore Tattnall made several attempts with his small force to attack the fleet which was blockading Savannah.

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His iron-clad, Atlanta, delivered battle singly to two iron-clads of the enemy. The Atlanta got aground twice—the second time hopelessly so. She was attacked in this situation, and her men fought bravely, but were finally forced to surrender.

Gen. Howell Cobb, of whom it was justly said, "he was loved by the lowly and honored by the great," had been transferred to Georgia in November, and was assigned to duty in the southern part of the State.

The enthusiasm of Georgia women in working for the soldiers, in encouraging and comforting them in health, and nursing them when sick and wounded, had never abated. As the fall came on, every woman and girl was busily working to protect the soldiers against the wintry cold, and every heart was with the army in the field. Proudly does Georgia boast that there were 30,000 girls knitting socks for soldiers. A Jackson county child only six years old knit a pair with her own little hands.

An Athens lady, a most ardent Southerner, took the lead pipes out of her house and from the fountains in her beautiful yard, to mould bullets for the soldiers. These bullets were used in the battle of Shiloh. The patriotism of the women and children of Georgia was a sight to arouse the admiration of mankind! Who shall say that the Georgia women did not do as much as the men in the sacred cause of freedom?

**After one of the battles around Richmond, a letter was taken from the breast-pocket of a dead private soldier of a Georgia regiment. It was written on coarse Confederate paper with pale Confederate ink. It was from his sweet-

*Thomas Nelson Page.

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heart. They were plain and illiterate people, for it was badly written and badly spelled. In it she told him that she loved him; that she had always loved him since they had gone to school together in the little log schoolhouse in the woods; that she was sorry she had always treated him so badly, and that now, if he would get a furlough and come home, she would marry him. Then, as if fearful that this temptation might prove too strong to be resisted, there was a little postscript scrawled across the blue Confederate paper: ‘Don’t come without a furlough, for if you don’t come honorable, I won’t marry you.’ ”

Love for their State and an influence full of incitement to honorable and heroic action were exhibited by Georgia women from the lowly cottage to the stately mansion.

When the year ended, Confederate money was depreciating—three or four dollars of it being equal to only one dollar in gold. Georgia, with her never-failing patriotism, did what she could to strengthen the currency, and the Legislature fought against the despicable speculators who had caused the price of provisions and clothing to be nearly quadrupled in value. A Confederate stamp cost ten cents.

The close of the year found Georgia doing her whole duty in every way. She had 75,000 men in Confederate service and 8,000 for State defense; and well were her men and women illustrating the valor and patriotism of their State!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. (CONTINUED.)

1863.

As the new year advanced, Georgia labored under a terrible pressure. Three-fourths of her able-bodied men were fighting in other States, provisions were getting scarce, and there was a multiplying number of soldiers' widows and orphans dependent upon the State for support.

A Federal fleet was still investing our coast, and towards the end of January some of their gunboats made a demonstration against Fort McAllister, which was an earthwork with sand parapets, at the mouth of the Ogeechee river. It was among the earliest of the Confederate defenses constructed on the Georgia coast. Its mission was to prevent the ascent of the river by any Federal ship, and to this end its guns were disposed. Its rear was protected by a heavy entrenchment, not with the hope of offering successful resistance to any serious investment from the land side, but simply to repel any sudden assault by expeditions from the hostile fleet. It commanded the channel of the Ogeechee river, shielded the important Railroad bridge near Way's station, and preserved from molestation the rice plantations in its neighborhood.

The Federals bombarded the Fort for five hours, and then retired without doing any damage. For the first time in

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the history of naval warfare, 15-inch guns were used in the effort to reduce a shore battery. The ability of sand parapets to resist the effect of shot and shell from guns of the heaviest calibre was thus demonstrated.

When it was thought that Savannah would be attacked, the militia responded with alacrity to the Governor's call. Every man who could command a gun or a pike, from the mountains to the seaboard, rushed to the rescue.

About this time, for certain personal reasons, Gen. Toombs came home. Having permanently resigned his command in Virginia, he intended to raise a regiment for State service. In taking leave of his old troops, he proudly said to them :

"This Brigade knows how to die, but not how to yield to the foe! Since I took command over you, I have not preferred a single charge, nor arraigned one of you before a court-martial. Your conduct never demanded of me such a duty. You can well appreciate the feeling with which I part with such a command. Nothing less potent than the requirements of a soldier's honor could with my consent wrench asunder these ties while a single banner of the enemy floated over one foot of our country. Soldiers, comrades, friends, farewell!"

Toombs' brigade, composed of the 2d, 15th, 17th and 20th Georgia regiments, was then placed under the command of Gen. H. L. Benning. It formed a part of Hood's renowned "fighting division."

Although the Georgia women worked so incessantly for our soldiers, their hardships increased in a terrible ratio as the war progressed. Contemplate this picture :

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"At early dawn, the private rises from his hard bed at beat of drum and puts on his dirty clothes, not because he likes dirt or is lazy, but because he has neither soap nor a change of clothes. His breakfast is soon cooked, and he sits down to corn-bread, beef, molasses and rice. The bread is made of unsifted meal almost as coarse as hominy, and his beef is so poor it looks blue. He jokes over his miserable fare, rises from his breakfast singing "Dixie," and shoulders his gun for a twenty-four hours on guard, or as long a march; or, perhaps, he stands on picket and the rain pours down on him, and his dirty clothes are saturated with mud."

No soldiers ever grumbled so little as the privates in the Confederate armies. Yet many of them were nurtured in the lap of luxury. It was the race from which they sprang and the sacred cause for which they fought that gave them such stout hearts. Some of the best blood in Georgia was in the ranks, and they proudly boasted of being "high privates in the front ranks."

When the war began there lived on our seacoast a widow with seven sons. She armed and equipped six of them, and sent them forth to battle for her dear native land. Five of them were members of one regiment, as privates, and privates they remained—though offered commissions in the field and positions at home where they might have lived in ease and grown rich by speculation.

The heroic mother paid a visit to the regiment this year, and, the morning she left, she called upon the Colonel and asked: "Have my sons done their duty?"

"Madam," he replied, "they are the best soldiers in the army."

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"I knew they would do their duty," she said. "I have not come, sir, to ask favors for them, but to give you my seventh son, my Benjamin, the child of my old age. He is only sixteen, but old enough to serve his country."

On one occasion, she said to a friend who was returning to the army in Virginia: "Tell my boys that I can hear of their death and live; but to learn that they had proved recreant to their country would kill me."

It is pleasant to record that five of these brave, true-hearted boys lived to return to their mother after the war.

In March, a part of the Federal fleet made another attack on Fort McAllister. For eight long hours it was rained upon, without effect, by four monitors, three 13-inch mortar schooners, and five gunboats. This was the seventh attempt that the Federals had made to capture it. The brave little garrison finally drove them off in a crippled condition, and the Confederate flag still floated proudly over its parade. Maj. Gallie, the commander, was killed early in the action.

Georgia rang with the praises of the gallant defense of the Fort, and by special order the garrison inscribed on their flags: *Fort McAllister, March 3d, 1863.*

In April, another brilliant exploit took place in our State. A band of Federal cavalry, eighteen hundred strong, under Col. Streight, made a raid into Georgia. Coming from Tennessee, they aimed for Atlanta and Rome—two very important points—intending to destroy all military supplies, and cut the railroads which carried them to the Confederate army by way of Chattanooga. Information of this raid was received almost immediately. Gen. Forrest, who happened to be within striking distance, started in pur-

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suit with only six hundred men. Following the raiders rapidly, day and night, he engaged them in several spirited skirmishes and two battles, and finally, by a stratagem, captured the whole command near the picturesque town of Rome. He saved the western part of our State from being harassed by an unprincipled foe, and preserved Atlanta and Rome from destruction.

When Forrest's weary and hungry men entered Rome with the captured Yankees, every woman in the town "rolled up her sleeves" and went industriously to work to prepare food for our gallant defenders; and when they departed, after a short rest, each one was given all the provisions he was willing to carry.

During the spring, a scarcity of corn caused great suffering in our mountain counties. An old lady, who is a native of this part of the State, says that her section was always true to Georgia and the Confederacy, and hated Yankees more, if possible, than the rest of the State; that it is vile slander to say the contrary, simply because some desperadoes and deserters were concealed among the mountains. That her words are true, let the splendid service of our mountain companies testify! No part of the Southern Confederacy furnished more men, in proportion to population, to fight its battles; nor half so many patient, industrious, noble women. In many instances, with little children around their knees, they toiled in the fields for a bare support. What they suffered while the men were in the army, no pen can portray! They were clothed entirely in homespun, their thread being made on spinning-wheels and woven into cloth on hand-looms. Occasionally, by paying from ten to twenty dollars, they could get a bunch of thread

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from the factories, before these were burned by the Yankees. Their salt was obtained by digging up the dirt floors in their smoke-houses, where meat had been salted year after year, boiling it down in water and straining it, and repeating this process many times. The poorer people never tasted sugar, and the hardships which they endured in every way were terrible!

Gov. Brown's zeal for our soldiers and their families never abated. He now set an example of patriotic liberality by giving all his surplus corn and shucks to needy families of soldiers in Cherokee county, where his plantation was situated.

It was during this spring that John B. Gordon was made brigadier-general. He was every inch a hero! Having entered the army as captain of infantry, he was regularly promoted through all the intermediate grades, and was destined to become one of the most brilliant soldiers that Georgia gave to Confederate service.

This year, too, Georgia's distinguished son, Gen. A. R. Lawton, was made quartermaster-general of the Confederate army, in which position he served his country as effectively as he had done on many a battle-field.

In the summer, Darien, one of our oldest towns, was captured by Federal gunboats, and the labor of generations was wantonly destroyed.

More regiments were organized this year for Confederate service, and when Pres. Davis called for 8,000 troops for home defense, 18,000 offered.

Thus did Georgia's sons show their patriotism! Gov. Brown was right; conscription was unnecessary in our State.

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Gen. Howell Cobb commanded these troops; under him were Gen. Henry R. Jackson, at Savannah, and Gen. Alfred Iverson, at Rome.

The Georgia Press poked a great deal of fun at our Governor in one way or another. In their zeal for the Confederacy, they often forgot Georgia's rights as a sovereign State. Their special subject for ridicule was "Joe Brown's Pets." The name originated in this way:

The State Guard, composed mainly of exempts and professional men who organized for the defense of the State, were under the command of the Governor, and he persistently refused to let them go out of Georgia, or to be merged into the Confederate army; hence their nickname. They were armed with anything they could get; Gov. Brown had a lot of pikes made which he distributed to some of the "pets" with a patriotic address, and the injunction: "If the enemy attack you, jab 'em!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. (CONTINUED.)

1863.

Early in September, a Federal army entered Georgia through Tennessee. They obtained possession of the passes leading into McLemore's Cove, intending to cut off the Confederate army under Gen. Bragg, at Chattanooga, from communication with Atlanta, force him to retreat through East Tennessee, and leave Georgia at their mercy.

Under these circumstances, Gen. Bragg, who had been retreating before the enemy all summer, evacuated Chattanooga, entered our State, and made a stand between Ringgold and Graysville, his main army being posted along the road between Gordon's Mill and LaFayette, in Walker county. There were daily skirmishes along this line, and occasionally a sharp fight. A cavalry engagement at Catoosa Springs resulted in the retreat of the Confederates to Tunnel Hill, where they were reinforced. In another cavalry fight at Ringgold, the Confederates were driven into the town, but they rallied under Gen. Forrest, and drove off the enemy in disorder. Both armies were manœuvring for a good position, and all these engagements were but preliminary to the great battle on the Chickamauga, in which Gen. Bragg commanded the Confederates and Gen. Rosecrans the Federals. The position occupied by the two

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armies was historic ground. The house of John Ross, the famous Cherokee chief, was within two miles of the battle-field, at the foot of a pass in Missionary Ridge.

"It was in this lovely valley of the Chickamauga, and along these mountain passes, that Indians of hostile tribes were wont to meet in battle array and settle their disputes. It was here that the dark-eyed maiden was wooed and won by her forest-born lover; it was here that questions of boundary and dominion and revenge found their bloody solution. Then, the fearless Indian alone held sway in these wild glens and coves, and among these rocky fastnesses.

"Chickamauga, river of death; if this was an appropriate name for the crooked, gliding, serpent-shaped stream in the days of the Indians, the events which transpired here on that memorable Saturday and Sunday in September give it a yet stronger claim to that mournful title."

Gen. Polk commanded the right wing of the Confederates, and Gen. Hood the left wing. The battle raged from nine o'clock Saturday morning until night closed in, without any material advantage to either side. Early on Sunday, the Confederates renewed the attack, and the tide of battle ebbed and flowed the livelong day. Gen. Longstreet, with his brave veterans, had rushed from Virginia with little food or sleep, to aid Gen. Bragg. The Georgians in his command passed by their homes without stopping to embrace the loved ones there—homes that some of them had not seen since the beginning of the war.

When the hardy Longstreet arrived upon the scene of action, he halted only long enough for his men to clear their eyes of the dust of travel and replenish their cartridge

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boxes. His officers were without horses, and there were no wagons to transport their supplies; nor was there any time to procure either, for the battle was about to commence. Without rest or a moment's unnecessary delay, these veterans were placed in the van, and led every attack upon the enemy made by the left wing, where the Confederate success was most signal and where the day was really won. The services of the modest chieftain and his heroic command were enthusiastically applauded throughout the South. In this battle there was a generous rivalry in daring action and patient endurance, between his troops and those of the Confederate army of Tennessee.

It was owing to the promptness and efficiency of Gen. A. R. Lawton that Longstreet's corps arrived in time to turn the tide of battle in favor of the Confederates. This feat of transporting an army corps in a limited time, and over worn-out railroads, from the Rapidan in Virginia to the Chickamauga in Georgia, is considered the most remarkable of the war. By the successful issue of this battle the invaders were, for a time, driven back from our State.

The loss of officers in these two days of fighting is unprecedented in the annals of war. Among the Georgians Brig.-Gen. James Deshler was killed, and also Peyton Colquitt, colonel of the 46th Georgia Regulars. He was a son of Walter Colquitt, who was so much admired and loved by his State.

The suffering caused by the battle of Chickamauga made a tremendous draft upon the energy, humanity and benevolence of our non-combatant population, which was most cheerfully met. Committees were formed for the relief of the wounded, and large subscriptions were made to fur-

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nish necessary articles and delicacies for the suffering. All this from Georgia's poverty, for provisions were getting so scarce that Gov. Brown had made an appeal to the farmers to plant provision crops instead of cotton. Business was stagnant, and the foreign commerce of the State was reduced to a few small cargoes in light vessels which escaped the blockading fleet.

Some weeks afterwards, Pres. Davis visited our State. In his speech at Marietta, he complimented Georgia women on their exertions in behalf of the wounded in the recent battles; our citizens on the alacrity with which they responded to a call for troops, on their readiness to rally to the defense of the border, and on the distinguished services of her war-worn veterans in the field.

After the disastrous battle of Missionary Ridge, the Federals, largely re-inforced, occupied Chattanooga, and the Confederates held their position at Tunnel Hill, in Georgia. The beautiful valley of the Chickamauga was neutral ground between the hostile armies, which remained comparatively quiet for nearly three months.

While the Yankees were in Georgia, the owner of a mill near the Chickamauga battle-field destroyed the dam to prevent their grinding corn. For doing as he saw fit with his private property, he was hung on a tree in front of his own door.

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All during the war the Confederate navy was small, but her sailors were bold and dashing. Georgia contributed her full quota to this branch of the service. John McIntosh Kell was a representative Georgia sailor. When his

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State seceded he was a lieutenant in the Federal navy, and well on his way to the commander's list; but he would have scorned the commission of an admiral, if it had been offered him as the price of treason to his State. He would have considered it little short of matricide to have brought a Federal ship into Georgia waters to ravage her coasts and fire upon her people. He became an officer of the famous Confederate cruiser Sumter, and then first lieutenant of the still more famous cruiser Alabama. These two vessels alone did an immense injury to the commerce of the United States. The Alabama "walked the waters like a thing of life" and was renowned throughout the civilized world; and Georgia's son, Lieut. Kell, helped to win that renown.

The revolving years had again brought around a gubernatorial election. Gov. Brown had the great honor of being elected for a fourth term, the only man ever so complimented by Georgia. He was an ideal war governor, and his majority was large.

Home politics excited little interest this year, as the attention of our State was centered upon the armies and military operations. Georgia soldiers were keeping up their prestige in a magnificent manner, from the low-lying shores of the Gulf of Mexico to the northernmost boundaries of Virginia—from the Atlantic slope to the uttermost Confederate limits beyond the Mississippi; and Georgia's name was associated with every memorable battle fought for Southern independence.

Doles, Colquitt and Iverson were in the storm of blood and fire at Chancellorsville; and there fell the gallant Col. Slaughter of the 51st Georgia Regiment. The pluck of our soldiers was highly complimented in this fierce battle.

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An officer who knew the hazard of the endeavor, said: "Give me a Georgia brigade and I can carry those heights."

In the thick of the fight, Richard Saye, a private in the Troup Artillery, saw a shell fall near the gun he was serving. Quickly stepping forward, he picked it up, with its fuse burning, and threw it down the hill. As it rolled on, it exploded. This brave act saved several lives at the imminent risk of his own.

Among the many Georgia soldiers who have yielded up their lives in defense of liberty, death has stilled no braver heart than that of Lieut.-Col. Wm. G. Deloney, who fell at Madison Court House, Va., during this year.

With what pride does Georgia point to the patriotic Cobb, the dashing Toombs, the noble Benning, the brave Deloney, and the daring Wright! Happy the State that can boast such sons!

At Gettysburg, the Georgia troops were in the fiercest of the fight. The Third Georgia Regiment of Volunteers—of Gen. A. R. Wright's Brigade—in charging Cemetery Heights, penetrated further into the enemy's lines than any other Confederates in that engagement: they fought over the ground which Pickett's Division had charged the evening of the 3d. Death, wounds, or captivity, were the fate of many Georgians during those two hot days in July—for Longstreet bore the brunt of the fight, and his command always included Georgians. Although he was not born in our State, his affiliations by descent and association were emphatically with Georgia.

Gen. E. P. Alexander was Longstreet's chief of artillery, and directed that fearful fire of a hundred guns upon

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the enemy's batteries at Gettysburg. Gen. Paul Semmes was mortally wounded in this battle.

On one occasion this year, while the 23d Georgia was on picket duty at Fredericksburg, conversation with the Yankee pickets was strictly forbidden, but a word would pass between them now and then. A Yankee, getting the attention of a Georgian, bawled out: "I understand you have a new general on your side."

Upon being asked who it was, he replied: "General Starvation."

Finding they could not whip us as long as there were anything like equal numbers in our armies, they gloried in the prospect of starving us out.

A young soldier from Columbia county, in the 10th Georgia, had been two years in service. He had fought in all the Virginia battles except the first Manassas, and had never been touched by ball or shell. During the great fight on the Rappahannock this year he was severely wounded in the face and hand by a Minie ball. Walking off the field, covered with blood, and very faint, but still holding his loaded gun in the uninjured hand, he saw a Yankee marching off three of our unarmed soldiers as prisoners. Passing quite near the wounded Georgian, he called out to him to surrender. As quick as a flash, the Georgian raised his gun and shot him dead, thus saving himself and releasing his three comrades.

Familiarity with the conduct of Georgia women during this war increases the wonder at their heroism and self-sacrifice. They stood shoulder to shoulder with the men in their love for Georgia, deeming it glorious to give up every comfort and pleasure for their beloved State. They

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surrendered their gems with a smile, without a sigh cut up their rich carpets for soldiers' blankets, and freely sent their fine linen to hospitals for lint and bandages. The cheek glows and the heart swells with pride at the recital of the labor of love performed by the busy fingers of children as they knit soldiers' socks in their hours of recreation, and of the many acts of self-sacrifice displayed by our bonny girls! Fifty thousand pairs of socks were sent from Georgia this year to assist in carrying our heroes comfortably through the winter. There was nothing that our women would not do for the soldiers, and a sacrifice of comfort was a part of their daily lives. A lady in Newnan, who had given her horses to the cavalry, was content to have her fine carriage drawn by a couple of oxen!

Mrs. Mary Ann Williams, wife of the colonel of the 1st Georgia Regulars, established the "Wayside Homes" for soldiers; a system that immediately went into operation from our State to Virginia. Cooked provisions were sent as voluntary contributions to appointed railroad stations, and a committee of ladies saw that, when the train arrived, every soldier had a good meal without money and without price. The "Wayside Home" at Union Point and other places where troops were constantly passing, was an inestimable blessing to "the boys in gray."

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When the manhood of Georgia went to the front, they confidently left their wives and children to the care of their negroes. These humble friends tilled the soil, ministered kindly to the needs of the unprotected women and children, and performed all their customary services with the same

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cheerfulness and alacrity as when the men were at home. How faithfully those who went to the army with their masters served them is known to every Georgia veteran! Most praiseworthy was their conduct, and Georgia's heart warms towards them still for their fidelity, friendship and uninterrupted labors during a period of trouble such as our State had never known.

Every year when the Legislature met they appropriated money for the "Georgia Relief and Hospital Association" at Richmond, and for the indigent families of soldiers.

When the Confederate army retreated to Dalton, Gen. Bragg asked to be relieved of the command, and it was offered to a noble Georgian, Gen. Wm. J. Hardee. Declining the permanent leadership, he was placed in temporary command until Gen. Johnston assumed control in December.

Hardee was tall and handsome, and one of the finest horsemen in the South. A man of rare suavity, his talents fitted him to shine as a scholar, and also to occupy a prominent place in military councils where stern warriors were wont to figure. He was a veteran of the Mexican war, and one of the most superb soldiers in Confederate service. For bravery at the battle of Shiloh he had been promoted from brigadier to major-general, and placed in command of a division of Bragg's army. Now he was defending his native soil against invasion.

As the year drew to a close the depreciation of Confederate money caused great distress in Georgia. Twenty-one dollars of it was only equal to one dollar in gold; and then, too, Georgia had lost 9,504 of her heroic sons. No State in the Confederacy had sustained so great a loss. Oh, the

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sorrow, the desolation, the crushed hearts in our homes! Bartow, Cobb, Cooper, Nelms, Stovall, Smith and Burch, with hundreds of other devoted Georgians, were killed on Virginia's sacred soil, and hundreds were killed in the West. Where they sleep "glory keeps eternal watch."

Besides this mountain of sorrow, a powerful, hostile army was upon Georgia's northern border and the situation was critical. Yet never once did her sons falter, but, with stern resolve, every freeman prepared to meet the invaders as became men fighting for everything they held dear. The militia, between sixteen and sixty, were enrolled, and the Governor authorized to call them out if necessary.

No State in the Southern Confederacy had surpassed Georgia in struggling for the right of self-government. Her soldiers had been in the forefront of battle; her whole population, men, women, children and negroes, had come fully up to the measure of what was expected of them. She had furnished her quota of troops, and in some instances more than were called for; and, now, when an unrelenting foe was threatening an invasion, her sons rushed to arms with their wonted ardor and enthusiasm. Proudly do Georgians point to this year of bitter sorrow and struggle, and say: Our State did her whole duty!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. (CONTINUED).

1864.

Georgia was the very heart of the Southern Confederacy. She supplied the army with grain, with most of its powder, and with a considerable portion of the war material employed in its equipment. There were large iron works at Etowah, Rome and Atlanta; cotton and woollen mills at Augusta, Columbus, Roswell, Athens, and other towns, which turned out great quantities of fabrics for the use of Confederate troops. The machine shops of the principal railroads were in Atlanta, and there, too, was the most extensive rolling mill in the Confederacy, besides pistol and tent factories, and numerous other works which were under the direction of the Confederate Government. Hence, it was of first importance to the whole country that our State should not be overrun by a Federal army.

In February, the enemy resumed active military operations on our northern border and in Florida. The battle of Olustee, or Ocean Pond, Fla., was fought by a Georgian, Gen. Alfred H. Colquitt. He gained a brilliant victory and saved Florida from further invasion, winning for himself the title of "hero of Olustee." The Confederates captured quantities of arms and ammunition. A section of

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the captured twelve-pounder Napoleon guns was assigned to the Chatham Artillery, led by Capt. Wheaton, for their gallant and efficient conduct during the engagement; when they were returning from the victorious field they were lustily cheered again and again, by the men of Colquitt's Brigade. During the remainder of the war, with feelings of special pride, this famous company retained the captured guns as a component part of their battery.

It is a fact worthy of record that, during the four years of war, the Chatham Artillery furnished from its membership more than fifty commissioned officers to Confederate and State service.

Historic truth requires that trivial events should be described, and expression given to the emotions of the times, so that posterity may appreciate not only the efforts but the sentiments of our people. Among the war-worn soldiers who rushed to the defense of Florida there was, in one of the Georgia regiments, a boy whose bare feet were bleeding from long marching. When the train bearing these troops arrived at Madison, Fla., as was usual, a large crowd of ladies was there with refreshments for the soldiers. A young lady, moved by a noble impulse of pity, took off her shoes and made the suffering Georgia lad put them on, while she walked home in her stockings. This instance is only one in a thousand that illustrates the devotion of the glorious southern girls to the Confederate cause.

Towards the latter part of February, the Federal columns united in front of Ringgold; there was considerable skirmishing with the Confederates, and battles at Tunnel Hill, Mill Creek Gap, and Dug Gap. The latter is on

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Rocky Face Ridge—a steep, thickly wooded and rugged eminence which commands the approach to Dalton both by railroad and wagon road. It was held by the Confederates. For about a month after this there was no other engagement between the two armies. During this interval of quiet, the Confederate army under Gen. Johnston lay at Dalton, which was defended by strong works on Mill Creek. While they were recuperating they constructed additional fortifications, thus gathering their energies for a contest with an enemy outnumbering them more than two to one. While the army was still in camp, there was a great snow storm on the 22d of March, and the Confederates amused themselves by a mock battle with snowballs.

This same month, Gov. Brown called an extra session of the Legislature to discuss what was best to be done in this time of gloom. His message, full of a burning patriotism, created a great sensation all over the Confederacy. Complimentary resolutions were passed on the conduct of the Georgia troops whose time had now expired, but who immediately re-enlisted. The battle flags of the 10th and 50th Georgia Regiments were placed in the State archives. An act was passed by this Legislature allowing any woman in Georgia a total divorce from her husband, if he was in the Federal army, voluntarily living within the enemy's lines, or furnishing them aid.

What is known as the Georgia campaign began the first week in May. The Federals at Chattanooga, largely reinforced and placed under the command of Gen. Sherman, moved down upon the Confederates at Dalton, thinking to crush them by force of numbers.

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The enemy destroyed everything between Chattanooga and Ringgold, leaving the country a barren waste; but they repaired the State Road as quickly as possible. They held to this railroad with great tenacity, as over it the supplies for their army would have to be transported. So important did they consider its possession, that they left garrisons to protect each bridge as they progressed nearer and nearer to Atlanta.

Dalton was impregnable to any direct attack, so the Federals made a feint of a vigorous assault on Gen. Johnston's front, while a portion of their army was sent through Snake Creek Gap to flank him and capture Resaca, eighteen miles below Dalton.

Resaca is situated on the Oostanaula river, in a peninsular formed by the junction with the Conasauga. The Confederates had erected lines of rifle-pits, with strong field fortifications across this peninsular, so their flank was protected on both rivers, and a line of retreat preserved across the Oostanaula. The position was too strong for the enemy to assault, but Gen. Johnston, who saw the trap set for him, gave up Dalton and concentrated his forces at this point. It was his policy to protect his precious army, even at the sacrifice of territory, for when one of the Confederate heroes fell, there was no other to take his place. Gen. Johnston could only give battle when there was a chance of success, and endeavor to draw the Federals from their base of supplies.

In the battle of Resaca, the Federals lost 5,000 men, while the Confederate loss was inconsiderable. During the conflict in the forenoon there had been some furious fighting over a four-gun battery. After the war, when

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The dead at Resaca were disinterred, 170 Confederates were found on this spot and 1,790 Federals. Such a continual fire was kept up that neither side had an opportunity for removing the guns; they were left between the two armies until dark, and then seized by the Federals. These were the only field trophies captured by the enemy during the entire campaign to the Chattahoochee river.

Gen. Johnston's base, where he had his reserves, was six miles below Resaca, at Calhoun—which is within a mile of the Oostanaula river.

Col. I. W. Avery, of the 4th Georgia cavalry, was stationed at Tanner's Ferry, on this river. He was endeavoring to protect two miles of the river; but, with only a brigade of cavalry and a battery of artillery, he had a thin line of defense. The Federals sent a heavy force against the ferry, while their main army was attacking Gen. Johnston at Resaca. The Confederates made a stubborn resistance, but after several hours' fighting, when half of Col. Avery's brigade was killed, the enemy forced a passage over the river, and were three and a half miles nearer to Calhoun than was Gen. Johnston.

When this news reached him, knowing that it would be hazardous to risk any interruption of his communications with Atlanta, he quietly withdrew from Resaca during the night and fell back to Cassville. This movement left open to the enemy the road to Rome, with its valuable mills, foundries and military stores. Cassville was a strong position and the Confederate army was eager to fight, so Gen. Johnston determined to make a stand. Against his judgment he abandoned this intention when his two lieutenants, Hood and Polk, said they could not hold their positions.

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The noble Georgian, Gen. Hardee, who had the weakest position in the line, promised to hold his ground. He and Gen. W. H. T. Walker were conspicuous during this entire campaign for their gallantry and efficiency.

There were several contests around Cassville, and sharp skirmishing often occurred in the streets. The fine college buildings and many residences were riddled with balls.

Allatoona Pass, in the Etowah mountains, was another strong Confederate position. The Federal General, thinking that Gen. Johnston would utilize it, flanked him again by moving towards Dallas. The information of this intention of the enemy was secured by a Georgia general, Joseph Wheeler, who, with his cavalry, was closely watching their actions. He had just had a sharp fight near Cassville, with a body of Federal troops who were guarding a large supply train. The battle resulted in the capture by the Confederates of a good many prisoners and 200 wagons loaded with army stores. Seventy of these wagons with their teams were carried across Etowah river, and the other wagons with their contents were burned.

As soon as Gen. Johnston heard of the enemy's flank movement, he abandoned the natural fortress of Allatoona and interposed his army at New Hope church. The enemy at once occupied Allatoona, and, strongly fortifying it, made it a secondary base of supply.

A furious and bloody battle was fought at New Hope church. Early in the action a large body of Federal cavalry made an effort to turn the right wing of the Confederates and get in between them and the railroad. The 4th Georgia Cavalry, led by Col. Avery, was sent at double-quick speed to check them. A sharp fight occurred, and

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Col. Avery was badly wounded in the onset; but, supported in his saddle by a soldier, he continued to command, and maintained the contest until the arrival of reinforcements capable of holding the position.

During the progress of the battle, Gen. Johnston and Gen. Hood were standing near the church, only a few yards apart, when a shell from a Federal battery burst between them without hurting either.

The fighting of the Confederates was magnificent. Stovall's brigade of Georgians fought without any protection.

Some of the Federal officers had circulated the report among their troops that Johnston's army was demoralized. The Confederates heard of it, so, on one portion of the battle-field, when the enemy were advancing on "the boys in gray," a pleasant smile played upon their countenances as they cried out to the Federals: "Come on, Yanks, come on, we are demoralized!"

The fighting continued until night fell with lowering clouds and heavy rains. The two armies, facing each other among the thickly-wooded hills, worked through the darkness to strengthen their positions against any sudden assault. After the battle of New Hope church there was daily fighting for ten days. Early in June there was a sharp cavalry fight at Big Shanty, where the Confederates were successful; about the middle of the month there was a contest at Bush mountain. Every effort made by the enemy against the position occupied by the main Confederate army was bloodily repulsed, so they began another flank movement. The strong positions of the Confederates were wrested from them, not by assault or by generalship, but by force of numbers.

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The Federals now moved around the Confederate lines, and the two armies faced each other once more. Gen. Sherman was near Acworth, and Gen. Johnston near Marietta, where his soldiers manned the mountains in the neighborhood.

Kennesaw mountain, which was on Gen. Johnston's right, is a double-peaked eminence 1,200 feet high. Lost mountain is west of Marietta. Half way between the town and Kennesaw, but a little further north, is Pine mountain, a rugged, cone-shaped peak. This mountain forms the apex of a triangle, of which Kennesaw and Lost mountains constitute the base. The three mountains are connected by several ranges of lesser heights, seamed with ravines and covered with a dense growth of oak and hickory. Upon these summits the Confederates had erected signal stations which commanded an excellent view of the general operations of the enemy.

When the Federal army had been re-inforced and rested, Gen. Sherman tried to break through the interposing wall of Confederates, and on the 9th of June a terrible battle was fought. From that time for twenty-three days there was incessant fighting. Sometimes it would lull to a skirmish, and then again burst into a deadly struggle. Gen. Hood commanded the Confederate right, Gen. Hardee the left, and Gen. Polk the center.

In vain had the Federal General hurled his troops against the Confederate positions; but it became evident to Gen. Johnston that his lines were too slender to hold Pine mountain. On June 14th he took Hardee and Polk and rode to the top of this mountain to view the situation and select a better position.

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The Federal General, observing the group, ordered the commander of a battery to fire upon them. Gen. Polk was struck in the breast by an unexploded shell and killed. He commanded a corps in the Georgia campaign. His death filled the Confederacy with grief, for his character was as spotless as his Bishop's robe. All children instinctively loved him. The Sunday before he was killed, stopping out of the rain at an humble Georgia home, as he sat drying himself by the fire, a little two-year-old girl, far from clean, approached him. He took her on his knee at once and began singing nursery songs while she smiled up in his face. Turning to one of his aids he said: "I wonder if the mother would be offended if I washed this child's face; I do so love to kiss the innocents."

The next morning after Gen. Polk's death, the Federals made an advance, and there were battles at several points along the line; in a short time the Confederates had to abandon Pine mountain, and then give up Lost mountain. Gen. Johnston, contracting his line, concentrated his troops around Kennesaw mountain. On the 27th of June the Federals attacked the entrenched Confederates, when the great battle of Kennesaw mountain was fought. It raged for five hours, when the enemy recoiled with frightful loss. It is said that the next day, from an observation point on the mountain, 500 ambulances were counted, removing the Federal wounded and dead.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. (CONTINUED.)

1864.

The country around Allatoona, New Hope church, and Kennesaw mountain abounds in hills and irregular ridges, divided by ravines or narrow valleys, all covered with forests and undergrowth. Hence, it was easy for the Federals—with an army largely outnumbering the Confederates—not only to make flank movements, but to conceal troops which were massed to make a rush on weak points.

When the Confederates were entrenched on Kennesaw, and there was so much fighting, thousands of the enemy's shells passed high over the mountain, exploding in the air; but other thousands fell in the forests, prostrating or tearing trees to pieces, and carrying destruction almost to the suburbs of Marietta. Often a body of Confederate troops would make a dash upon the enemy. Sometimes they were successful, sometimes they were repulsed. At the battle of Kolb's Farm, where the Confederates assaulted an entrenched battery on a high, bare hill, after a bloody fight they were driven back with the loss of 1,000 men.

Five days before the great battle of Kennesaw Mountain, the Confederates, who were having almost constant artillery duels with the enemy, opened a furious bombardment upon the Federal camp and entrenchments below

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them. The enemy, behind their breastworks, were greatly annoyed, and their wagon-trains forced to a disorderly retreat to the rear. When night settled down on the scene, the Confederate guns were again opened upon the enemy, and in "the wee sma' hours" the darkness was illuminated with flashes of light. The rising clouds of smoke were made luminous with glare, so that the summit of Kennesaw seemed crowned with a tiara of fire. One hundred and forty guns—all Gen. Sherman could command—were brought to bear upon this position before the Confederate batteries were silenced. In this battle the Federals made a general assault upon the Confederates, and a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry was kept up continually along the entire line, a distance of about ten miles. One of the principal efforts of the enemy was against Hardee's corps. The attack was met with a cool steadiness, and repulsed with an enormous loss to the assailants.

A stirring episode occurred on little Kennesaw mountain. A shrapnel shot, with a smoking fuse, passed under the headlog and fell among the Confederates in the ditch. A stampede instantly commenced, in the midst of which a Georgia sergeant leaped forward, seized the shell and threw it out of the trench, where the explosion did no harm.

Just after the Confederates had repulsed a desperate assault, the dry leaves in front of Cleburne's entrenchments were set on fire by the bombshells and began to burn rapidly around the Federal wounded. When this horrible catastrophe was observed by the Confederates, their commanders ordered them to cease firing, and one of them called out to the nearest Yankee officer that they would suspend the battle until the wounded Federals could be

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removed, as they were in danger of being burned alive. The offer was accepted, and the Confederates assisted in rescuing their helpless enemies from the burning timbers; when they were in a place of safety renewed the fight.

The battle of Kennesaw mountain, taken in all its details, presented a magnificent panorama. The roar of cannon and the sharp explosion of shells was so incessant that naught else could be heard. The blue smoke of the muskets marked for miles the line of the Confederate infantry, while the white smoke of the artillery, like cumulus clouds, rose over the mountain.

After two unsuccessful assaults upon Kennesaw, the Federal General, with a strong force, made another flank movement towards the Chattahoochee river. Gen. Johnston, seeing that his communication with Atlanta would be cut off, and knowing his army to be too small to hold his advantageous position, evacuated both Kennesaw mountain and Marietta. To mask this movement, a terrific bombardment of the enemy's positions was kept up from the batteries on the crest of the mountain, while the evacuation was going on. Between sundown and dark these batteries and the last columns of the Confederate army were safely withdrawn from the heights which they had so successfully defended against great odds.

The Federal commander, thinking that Gen. Johnston's army would be in confusion on the retreat, pressed his huge columns after the Confederates, to annihilate them, if possible. Gen. Johnston had prepared for him, by throwing up a line of entrenchments, and there was a sharp fight at Ruff's Station on the 3d of July. The next day there was a battle at Smyrna, where, after quite a struggle, the

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Federals were repulsed. In this battle Gen. Sherman came very near losing his life.

The next strong Federal demonstration was made against the Confederate lines near the Chattahoochee river, but, being met by a heavy fire, they were forced to draw off. During the next few days, Gen. Sherman, keeping a strong army confronting Gen. Johnston, sent out several columns for a number of miles north and south of the Confederate fortifications, and thus secured a crossing over the river.

This manoeuvre of the enemy compelled Gen. Johnston to give up his position, after fighting at several points. Then, with his veterans in buoyant spirits, he, too, crossed the river, leaving nothing behind him, and burning the railroad bridge; but North Georgia, alas! was left helpless in the clutches of the enemy.

The Federals showed our people "such mercy as vultures have for lambs." Both in Pickens and Dawson counties they established a reign of terror and cold-blooded murder. Afterwards, Young's Mounted Battalion of Georgians was detailed for special service in the northeast part of the State, which was subject to frequent Yankee raids. The sufferings of the people were intense! When they had divided their slender supply of food with the hungry Confederate cavalry, the stores were soon exhausted, and some of the wealthiest citizens had to live on dry bread.

Early in July, the two hostile armies, almost in sight of Atlanta, rested for two weeks. Gen. Johnston, with a greatly inferior force, had been fighting Gen. Sherman for seventy-four consecutive days; had checked, foiled and balked him at various points; had killed and wounded of

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the enemy a number equal to his whole army; Chickamauga, Ringgold, Resaca, New Hope church, and Kenne-
saw mountain had become historic names.

From the Chattahoochee river, he fell back to his fortifications in front of Atlanta, which was in as good a state of defense as our means permitted. Before active operations were again resumed, he was relieved of the command of his army, Gen. Hood succeeding him.

Gen. Sherman arranged his army in a semicircle on the north and east of Atlanta; the possible fall of the "Gate City" was now contemplated for the first time, and the situation produced intense anxiety all through the Confederacy.

In this grave crisis, Gov. Brown zealously aided the Confederate Generals in every way possible. He had organized over 10,000 of the militia under Gen. Gustavus W. Smith, and they were placed in the trenches at Atlanta subject to Gen. Hood's orders. At this time, Gen. Toombs was chief of staff to Gen. Smith. Not willing to remain idle when his State was invaded, he, one of Georgia's greatest statesmen, had actually joined the militia as a private and reported for duty to Gen. Wayne.

While all was life, movement and excitement around Atlanta, the black and charred timbers lying along the State Road presented a dreary spectacle. The towns along this railroad were almost deserted, and the large hotels and stores that remained standing had doors off the hinges, window glass broken, and the contents, from garret to cellar, removed. Away from the railroad, "winding your way through the forest, the ravine, or the open country, the utter loneliness, the lack of human life struck one with a

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feeling of desolation. The fences were gone, the houses were destroyed or deserted; the bubbling spring by the roadside had no happy child drinking or paddling in the branch. No sheep grazed in the field, no cattle browsed in the woods; not even the crowing of a cock was heard. The bee-hive was deserted by its once busy tenants, and the ruined mill was still. So startling was the utter silence that even when a wild bird caroled a note, one looked around surprised that, amidst such loneliness, any living thing could be happy."

Several counties were so laid waste by the invaders that the Legislature made appropriations to feed the destitute inhabitants.

Gen. Hood, believing that his only chance to hold Atlanta was to force the enemy to accept battle, left his entrenchments and attacked the Federals on Peachtree Creek on the afternoon of the 20th of July. The battle lasted five hours and was very bloody. Gen. Hood was repulsed, after having lost 5,000 men. The Federal loss was small.

Nothing daunted by this defeat, the next night Gen. Hood moved out on the Federal left, and on the 22d the battle of Atlanta was fought. It lasted from 11 a. m. until night, being the fiercest engagement of the campaign. Gen. Wheeler's cavalry did noble fighting, and Gen. Hardee inspired his men to strike valorous blows for his native State. This battle checked the enemy's movements upon the communications of the Confederate army, but accomplished nothing otherwise, and cost heavily in the loss of officers and men. Among the distinguished slain was that brave and noble Georgian, Gen. Wm. H. T. Walker, who fell pierced through the heart by a Minie ball.

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Col. John M. Brown, a brother of our Governor, was mortally wounded.

Among the saddest incidents of this battle were the deaths of "the hero brothers," Capt. Joseph Clay Habersham, only twenty-three years old, and private Wm. Neyle Habersham, twenty years old. During the afternoon Capt. Habersham was riding in front of the 46th Georgia, assisting its gallant colonel in leading his men. Waving his sword in one hand and his hat in the other, he advanced within a short distance of the enemy, then, leaping from his horse, he rushed forward, cheering on the men and still waving his sword. In a few minutes one of the enemy's shells burst near him, and he fell mortally wounded. A comrade ran to his assistance to whom he said: "Tell my mother I die happy—I die at my post, defending my country."

As his brave young spirit winged its flight from earth, shouts of victory were ringing upon the air.

Later in the afternoon, his young brother, William, of the 54th Georgia, whom he had loved and watched over with almost a mother's devotion, heard a rumor of his death in the midst of the fight. He stepped out of ranks to inquire of an officer if the dreadful news was true; receiving an answer in the affirmative, he resumed his place in the line, biting his lips until the blood came, in his endeavor to suppress the tears that were blinding him. When his regiment had helped to dislodge the enemy from two lines of entrenchments, the command was given to halt. Our soldiers, protected behind a breastwork, were within thirty yards of the foe. Whenever a Yankee showed himself above his fortifications, a few daring spirits, among whom

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was "Willie" Habersham, continued their firing. Their comrades expostulated with them, but in vain. At last a friend caught "Willie" by the arm, exclaiming: "Lie down, my boy, there is no use in exposing yourself in this manner."

He replied: "I have three rounds left; they have killed my brother."

A moment later a bullet struck him, and, with his face to the foe, he fell dead without a groan, and went to join the brother he idolized. These two young men were worthy of the name they bore, and no truer gentlemen nor braver soldiers fell that day.

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

CHAPTER XL.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. (CONTINUED.)

1864.

After the battle of Atlanta, Gen. Sherman sent out various expeditions, for the most part composed of cavalry, to destroy the railroads by which supplies and re-inforcements could reach the city. Two of his Generals, Stoneman and McCook, were to make raids, do all the mischief possible, and then meet on the Macon road. The former had 5,000 men, and the latter somewhat less. Their soldiers were well equipped and supplied with cannon, caisson, horses and wagons.

When Stoneman reached Clinton, in Jones county, Macon was instantly awake to the situation. The militia were mustered; the citizens, including ministers and editors, shouldered their guns, and lads twelve and fourteen years of age begged for places in the ranks. Gen. Howell Cobb was in command of the forces and acted under the suggestions of Gen. Johnston, late commander of the Confederate army in Georgia. So, when Macon was attacked, Gen. Cobb, leading his extemporized army, with Gen. Johnston riding at his right hand, was ready for the foe and beat them back.

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The main body of Stoneman's raiders retreated towards Clinton, but a detachment of them was sent down the railroad. Dense columns of smoke, ascending to heaven, marked their course as they burnt trains, bridges and station-houses.

As Sunday dawned, Stoneman found himself confronted by Gen. Iverson, who had followed him from Atlanta, and there was a fierce engagement at Sunshine church, in which the Confederates were successful. Stoneman was surrounded and, further flight being impossible, he was compelled to surrender, with 600 men, twenty-five officers, and all his cannon, colors, wagons and supplies. The rest of his command broke away, but were closely followed by Confederate cavalry through field and forest. Many of them were picked up in parties of ten, twenty or thirty, and carried as prisoners to Macon. Very few of them ever returned to Gen. Sherman, and this was Stoneman's last raid. The citizens of Macon wished to give Gen. Iverson's command a complimentary dinner, but their stay in the city was too short for the purpose to be carried out.

A party of Stoneman's soldiers, who escaped from the battle-field in Jones county, passed through Milledgeville with prudent speed, taking Eatonton and Madison in their route. When they were away from towns protected by Home Guards, they did all the damage they could compatible with their own safety. In unprotected neighborhoods large quantities of grain and provisions were destroyed. Stoneman's object was to lay waste and burn, and they were carrying out his orders. They accomplished very little in the way of injuring public property, only burning a few cars and tearing up some miles of railroad

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track; but where they found a house occupied only by women, if it looked promising for plunder, they entered it with bluster and insults, pointing loaded pistols at the trembling inmates, and demanded money or jewelry in the tones of highway robbers. They did great damage about High Shoals and Watkinsville, and every one of them had his pockets filled with stolen goods.

As these raiders were making their way to Athens, they were met at the Paper Mill, four miles west of town, by a company of artillery, with two small cannon conveniently planted on a hill, and the Home Guards—all commanded by Edward P. Lumpkin, a captain of artillery, who was at home on sick furlough. He was a son of the first Chief Justice of Georgia.

The Home Guards of Athens was composed of old men and chronic invalids whom some witty veteran facetiously called "The Thunderbolts."

As the Yankees came down the road to the Paper Mill, shot and shell were poured into their ranks. They did not pause to make any attack, but, flanking Athens, kept to the west. Many witticisms were launched at "The Thunderbolts," but it could not be denied that they had helped to save "the classic city" from the horrors of a Yankee raid.

It was now early in August, and, through the long, sunny days, these raiders made all the speed possible, hoping that they would finally be able to join their main army near Atlanta. A futile hope, for when they reached the line of Jackson and Gwinnett counties, half way between King's tan-yard and Price bridge over the Mulberry river, about six miles from Winder, they found themselves con-

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fronted by Williams' Kentucky brigade, and were forced to fight. They were defeated and 430 of them captured. A few escaped and scattered like wild sheep over Jackson county, but most of them were eventually captured.

The Jackson county Home Guards were engaged in this battle. They were commanded by Dr. Ange De Laprière, who, as a mere youth, had fought for his adopted State against the Indians, and was also a gallant soldier in the Mexican war.

The prisoners from the battle of King's tan-yard were brought to Athens, guarded by Col. Wm. C. P. Breckinridge. Athens was a small town then, with no accommodation for so many prisoners; so they were put on the college campus and guarded. That was the best that could be done for them, as the college buildings were full of refugees—women and children who had been forced to quit their homes.

The Kentuckians received a perfect ovation in Athens, and a banquet was given them in the college chapel. Among the ladies, the gallant Col. Breckinridge was the hero of the occasion. Dr. A. A. Lipseomb, chancellor of the University, made the speech of welcome, which was responded to by Capt. Given Campbell, of the 2d Kentucky Regiment. Among the Kentuckians at this memorable dinner was J. C. C. Black, who afterwards became an honored adopted son of Georgia and one of her representatives in Congress.

Old Franklin College heard strange music that day, and novel sights were seen within its scholastic walls. While the captured raiders were lying about on the grass, or standing under the trees, the chapel was echoing with earnest

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words of welcome, clothed in the most chaste and elegant English; heartfelt thanks with soldierly brevity; fiery, patriotic speeches; the jingling of spurs, the rattling of swords; the merry converse of belted knights and fair dames; the clicking of knives and forks, and the hurry of busy citizens "on hospitable thoughts intent," constantly pressing their attentions upon Kentucky's gallant sons.

In another day the honored and loved Confederate soldiers, with their prisoners, had departed, and the pretty town on the right bank of the Oconee returned to its usual routine.

While almost the entire command of Stoneman was captured, it was otherwise with McCook's. He stretched his forces out like a net over the country, but in such a manner that, when they were attacked, the wings could be drawn in and his whole strength concentrated. They, too, were surrounded by the Confederates, but broke through and escaped, though Gen. Wheeler utterly destroyed that portion of their cavalry which was at Newnan. So, Gen. Sherman's plans were frustrated at all points in these two raids, and his cavalry did not unite at the Macon and Western railroad, as was intended.

While these events were transpiring, Gen. Sherman had moved his army over to the west side of Atlanta. Hood had here attacked him on the 28th of July and fought the battle of Ezra church—another bloody, brilliant, unsuccessful attempt upon the enemy's lines. During the first week in August the Federal General, Schofield, attacked Gen. Hood's line, but was driven back with a loss of four hundred men. This was Gen. Hood's first success since he had taken command of the army.

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For some time Atlanta had been virtually in a state of siege, and shot and shell were thrown from the enemy's batteries into the very heart of the city. Private houses and stores were daily struck and greatly damaged. People who lived in the more exposed parts of the city occupied basements and cellars; and some few had to burrow for safety in holes on the sides of railroad cuts. In the city limits there was confusion and misery; around it, the scenes of slaughter and carnage were appalling!

Our raw militia, who had seen service for the first time in this campaign, acted nobly! Both Gens. Johnston and Hood had written to Gov. Brown complimenting the staunchness and efficiency of the Georgia State troops.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. (CONTINUED.)

1864.

When Gen. Sherman found that Atlanta could not be taken by direct assault, he seized the opportunity of Gen. Wheeler's cavalry being sent to cut the State Road above him, to march his main army to Jonesboro, twenty miles south of Atlanta; leaving, however, a large force to hold his entrenched position at the railroad bridge over the Chattahoochee river.

Two corps, under Hardee, were sent to Jonesboro to confront him; but the attack was unsuccessful, the Confederates retiring after great slaughter on both sides. That night, Gen. Hood withdrew a part of Gen. Hardee's command, so, the next day, September 1st, he was obliged to retreat to Lovejoy's, seven miles further south. Late that afternoon he was attacked by the enemy, when a frightful battle ensued. Hardee's command, fighting against odds, held their position until night, and won immortal renown; but the Federal General had accomplished his object—the main body of his army was between Gen. Hardee and Atlanta.

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The Confederate Generals now deemed it necessary to evacuate that city. Among several reasons for this conclusion, one was that owing to the obstinately cruel policy of the Federal Government in refusing on any terms to exchange prisoners, upwards of 30,000 Yankees were confined at Andersonville, in the southwestern part of our State; to guard against their release, Gen. Hood thought it necessary to place his army between them and the enemy. So, abandoning Atlanta, he formed a junction with Gen. Hardee.

Gen. Sherman at once left his position and returned to Atlanta, which was formally surrendered on September 2d by the Mayor, James M. Calhoun. Gen. Sherman promised that non-combatants and private property should be respected.

Thus, by overwhelming numbers and boundless resources, did the Federal army reach Atlanta, capturing it—as they did Dalton, Resaca and Kennesaw—by a flank movement.

Three days afterwards, Gen. Sherman, ignoring his promise, and under the pretense that “the exigencies of the service” required that the city be used exclusively for military purposes, issued an order that all civilians, male and female, should leave within five days. This atrocious order involved the immediate expulsion from their homes of hundreds of unoffending women and children, whose husbands and fathers had been killed in battle, or were in the army, or languishing in northern prisons. In vain did the mayor in piteous language represent “the woe, the horror, and the suffering not to be described by words” which the execution of his order would inflict. Gen. Sherman’s reply

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was: "My orders were not designed to meet the humanities of the case."

An English historian, writing of this incident, says it may have been effective, "but since the Thirty Years War such methods have been excluded from the practice of Christian belligerents."

At the appointed time, delicate women, tottering age and helpless infancy were expelled from their homes, and the Federal soldiers who were sent to guard them until they passed within Confederate lines, robbed many of them of the few articles of value which they had been permitted to carry with them. The highwayman doubtless thinks that the "exigencies" of the occasion require him to transfer the traveller's money to his own pocket, but this does not justify such action in the eyes of the world.

Such of the exiles as had nowhere to go, were taken to Terrell county and quartered at "Exile Camp," near Dawson. Three hundred of them were supported by the State.

In the Revolutionary war, when the British expelled women and children from Boston, our State, in tender pity, sent provisions to the hungry, houseless wanderers; now, when Gen. Sherman turned Atlanta women out of their homes, Massachusetts applauded the act.

In the meantime, Gen. Hood continued to hold his troops in the vicinity of Jonesboro, and Gen. Sherman made no movement beyond strengthening the defenses in and around Atlanta, and collecting a large quantity of military supplies in that city.

Towards the last of September, Gen. Hood abandoned his position, and, with his entire force, crossed the Chattahoochee river, moving against the State Road—which was

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the enemy's line of communication. His successes at Big Shanty and Acworth, in capturing those stations and destroying the railroad between them, forced Gen. Sherman to follow him, after leaving Atlanta well garrisoned.

The first week in October, the Confederate Gen. S. G. French made a desperate assault upon Allatoona Pass, which the Federals had strongly fortified, and at which place they had stored a large quantity of provisions. He was partially successful, and only failed because his supply of powder was inadequate. The deep cut through which the State Road runs at this point was strewn with dead and wounded men. As soon as Gen. French learned that Federal reinforcements were rapidly approaching he retreated.

An incident connected with this battle illustrates how dear to the heart of Georgians is the Confederate soldier. In the deep, fern-lined pass at Allatoona, quite near the railroad track, on the west side, is a lonely grave where a nameless Confederate sleeps. He was buried where he fell; and now a marble headstone marks the spot. The track hands of the State Road have charged themselves with the care of this solitary grave, keeping it free from rubbish and seeing that the stones at the head and foot are kept firmly set.

Gen. Hood succeeded further in destroying the railroad from Resaca to Tunnel Hill, and capturing the enemy's posts at Tilton, Dalton and Mill Creek Gap. Then, fearing to risk a general engagement with the Federal army, he withdrew his forces into Alabama, and Georgia was thus left at the mercy of the invaders, without an army to defend her.

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In this emergency, the entire militia was called out, and "Joe Brown's Pets" won a glorious name. At two or three points there was a handful of Confederate troops, but the force was wholly insufficient to do any effective service. Georgia's veterans were almost all in other States, whose firesides they had been defending for over three years. Georgia's protectors now were old men and young boys; it was said that our State robbed both the cradle and the grave, as beardless youths, and grandsires bending under the weight of years, joined the ranks to defend their loved State from the invaders. Alas! that such devotion was not crowned with success!

When Gen. Hood left Georgia, Gen. Sherman was relieved from the necessity of defending himself against an active army and protecting a long line of railroad, so he returned to Atlanta. From the rapidity with which he had for some time been collecting soldiers and supplies in the city, the Confederates knew that he contemplated a movement further south.

On November 16th, Gen. Sherman left his entrenchments around Atlanta, having first destroyed the city by fire. That any residences or churches were left standing was due to Father O'Riley, a Catholic priest. When the city was first captured and Federal officers were looking for comfortable quarters, he had refused to give up his house, and a party of Catholics—of whom there were large numbers in Sherman's army—volunteered to protect the residence and church of the priest against their comrades. Hence, they would not permit a house in that neighborhood to be set on fire, lest the Catholic property should be endangered. Out of 5,000 houses, only about 400 were left stand-

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ing. The city was a desolate ruin. Its cemetery had before this been desecrated in every way—horses were turned loose to graze upon the grass and shrubbery, monuments were broken and scattered around, coffins were taken from the vaults, the silver name-plates and tippings stolen, and Federal dead were deposited there. Similar acts of vandalism had marked the progress of Sherman's army at Rome, which had been partly burned, and at Kingston, Acworth and Marietta.

When Gen. Sherman left Atlanta, he had an army of 60,000 men, exclusive of cavalry and artillery; and no equipment was lacking that could enhance their comfort, power and efficiency. Such were the physical peculiarities of Georgia that there existed only occasional and partial obstacles to a rapid and successful march through the interior; in fact, there were no obstacles that could not be easily overcome by his pontoon trains and pioneer corps. He divided his army into two columns, one following the railroad towards Augusta, and the other taking the road to Jonesboro. At first, the Federals advanced compactly and with extreme caution; afterwards they presented a front that varied from thirty to sixty miles in extent, amply guarded by cavalry. Sherman cloaked his real design by well conceived feints, so that for some time his objective point was not suspected.

Before Gen. Hood abandoned Georgia, Gen. Hardee had been sent to Savannah and placed in command of the troops there; a few soldiers were at Augusta, and Gens. Howell Cobb and Gustavus Smith concentrated the State troops near Griffin; but all the forces in Georgia were too few to do more than skirmish with this powerful army of invasion.

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At this time, Gen. Beauregard was in command of the Military Division of the West, in which Georgia was included. "The once mighty armies of the Southern Confederacy had been greatly reduced by sickness, poverty, wounds and death." When her brave defenders had been gathered to their patriot graves there had been none to stand in their places; so now but a handful could be spared to aid Georgia in her extremity.

As the Federal army advanced, the Georgia troops fell back in front of it. Their first resistance was made on the 22d of November at Griswoldville, ten miles from Macon.

The Federal General, Walcott, was demonstrating towards Macon; but, when he had erected barricades and temporary works of considerable strength at Griswoldville, he was attacked by Gen. Cobb with that portion of the Georgia reserves who were at Macon, and quite a bloody encounter took place. The militia, some of whom were mere youths, behaved with distinguished gallantry, acting like veterans and facing the destructive fire of the enemy with as much firmness as could have been displayed by the heroes of Lee or Hood. They advanced through an open field to within fifty yards of the enemy's breastworks, in perfect order and with no straggling, and maintained their ground until commanded to withdraw. The Athens battalion, composed of the workmen from the armory, under Maj. Cook, and Maj. Jackson's Augusta battalion, behaved in the same cool and steady manner. In this fight, the Federal General was wounded and several hundred of his men killed.

Considering the forces employed, and the valor displayed, the engagement at Griswoldville is justly entitled

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to a place among the heroic fights of the war. But, however great the honor reflected upon our arms, this battle had no effect in checking the movements of the ruthless invaders. It entailed a loss of men on our side which could be ill sustained in this time of scarcity of troops, and in no wise crippled the enemy, who were supported by a large force in their rear. It was clearly demonstrated, however, that if Georgia could have mustered an army even half the size of Sherman's, he never could have penetrated into the heart of our beloved State.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. (CONTINUED.)

1864.

When the Federal army left Atlanta, one of Sherman's commanders of a corps, Gen. Slocum, marched immediately to Decatur, and thence to Stone Mountain—a vast elevation of granite towering above the surrounding country, and forming one of the wonders of the world. A picturesque village of the same name nestles at the foot of the mountain. From here he went to Social Circle, tore up all the railroad track from there to Madison, burnt the railroad bridge across the Oconee river near Greensboro, and then turned south, marching directly towards Georgia's capital.

Gen. Slocum reached Milledgeville on the 23d of November, and took possession of the town and the bridge across the Oconee, while another body of Federals, with Kilpatrick's cavalry, were massed in and around Gordon, on the Central railroad. Georgia had learned by woful experience that when a town was in the hands of the enemy it meant untold suffering for the non-combatants; so, when the news spread that the Yankees were coming, the consternation in Milledgeville and the surrounding country was excessive. The Legislature was in session at the time. Two-thirds of them were disabled soldiers, or gray-haired

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sires with sons in the Confederate army. Their feeble right arms could do their beloved State no good, and if they were captured, the horrors of a Yankee prison would cut short their days—so the evil tidings excited them as much as it did the citizens. When the news was received they had just adjourned for dinner; their papers were left on their desks at the State House, and they never returned to look after them. The whole city was in a turmoil. Fabulous prices were paid for vehicles of any kind; even the roughest plantation wagons were in demand. Some of the legislators took the train that was going in an opposite direction from the invaders, and others, in private conveyances, reached their homes by unfrequented routes.

Gov. Brown, thinking first of the valuable and perishable State property, ordered Gen. Ira Foster, Georgia's quartermaster-general (who was always prompt and efficient), to secure its removal. Some of the books and other similar property were stored in the Lunatic Asylum, three miles out of town. A train of cars was held at the depot to carry off other State property, and Gen. Foster made herculean efforts to carry out the Governor's orders, but, such was the general terror and the rush to leave town, it was next to impossible to procure labor.

When the Governor saw the condition of affairs, he went to the penitentiary, had the convicts drawn up in a line, and made them a short speech; he appealed to their patriotic pride and offered pardon to each one who would help remove the State property and then enlist for the defense of Georgia. They responded promptly, were put under the command of Gen. Foster, and did valuable service in loading the train. When that was done each one was

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given a suit of gray, and a gun, and they were formed into a military company of which one of their number was captain. They were ordered to report for duty to Gen. Wayne, who was commanding a small battalion of militia at Milledgeville and also the Georgia cadets from the Military Institute at Marietta. A few convicts, sentenced for murder, were not included in Gov. Brown's offer, and were sent to Southwest Georgia for safe keeping until Sherman left the State. Gen. Wayne accepted the convict company and carried them with him to Savannah, as he retreated in advance of Sherman's army; they helped to strike a blow at Georgia's foes whenever there was an opportunity. Some of them deserted, but a great majority did faithful duty during the campaign, and won an honorable discharge.

Gov. Brown, the heads of the Departments of State, and Gen. Wayne, did not leave Milledgeville until Gen. Foster, after twenty-four hours' hard work, reported that the most valuable part of the State property was on the train. Then they boarded it with him, and the engine pulled out of the town but a short while before the Federals entered it. The "Local Guard" also left; so the few old men who could not or would not go, and the noble women, were left to submit to whatever insults and tyrannies the enemy saw fit to inflict.

The penitentiary had been used for making guns for the Confederacy, so it was burned to the ground; but no other public building was destroyed. Perhaps the Federals were too much interested in robbing the rich planters in the vicinity, to care for anything else. They strolled about in small parties, frequently unarmed. A few resolute cav-

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alrymen could have captured hundreds of them; but Wheeler's command was doing good work elsewhere, and none of them could be spared.

The great mass of the papers in the State House could not be removed, as the Governor had little time to collect them, and but limited means of transportation. The Yankees took them from their places of deposit, scattered them all over the floor of the State House and the grounds around the building, and used large quantities of them to kindle fires—an irreparable loss, as many old documents and letters of the previous fifty years were destroyed.

This portion of Sherman's army remained in Milledgeville from Sunday until the following Friday morning, which gave them ample time to pillage the surrounding country for miles, and burn several private residences. From the time Sherman's army entered Georgia, when his soldiers were not otherwise engaged, they amused themselves with petty larceny and general plunder, each on his own account. Now, as usual, robbery of every kind and in every degree was the order of the day. Scenes of plunder were perpetrated in the presence of officers, and when they were asked to protect private property, they insultingly answered that they "intended that every Southerner should feel that it was *expensive* to be a rebel." It was characteristic of our enemies to put a money value on everything, even on patriotism—one of the holiest sentiments of the human heart. The Yankees acted as if they considered it a great crime to hide any valuables from them. Hiding, indeed, did little good, for they had had so much experience in stealing, since they invaded Geor-

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gia, that they had become the most adroit thieves ever heard of, knowing exactly where to look for hidden treasures. Their officers rarely exercised any restraint over them in this respect, but set the example of stealing. Entering houses in which there was no one but women and children, they broke open drawers and trunks, and stole jewelry and silverware of every description. In some instances rings were stripped from ladies' fingers, and breastpins torn from their dresses. Sham guards were sometimes posted around houses at the importunate entreaties of the inmates; but the guard, and the officer who commanded it, would straightway fall to work and sack the premises. While in Milledgeville, they choked a prominent Hebrew gentleman to force him to tell where his money was concealed. When a lady refused to play the piano at the dictation of a party of them, they stripped off her clothing, sat her by force on the piano-stool, and pricked her with bayonets until she played.

The damage to property and the loss by stealage in all this region was immense. The enormities perpetrated here would fill a volume. The conduct of the Federals in and around Milledgeville was not exceptional; they were in high glee, and seemed to think they had done grand deeds in warring on women and children, but the spirit of Georgia women was unconquerable, as they discovered.

As the invaders advanced into the interior of our State, they destroyed almost every foot of railroad in their path, and telegraph communication was so much interrupted that the Press was left almost wholly dependent upon rumor for any news.

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When Gen. Wayne left Milledgeville with his small command, he was placed as a guard at the railroad bridge over the Oconee, some miles below Macon. There he was joined by Gen. Wheeler, who, from the time Gen. Sherman left Atlanta, had daringly and persistently harassed his army whenever it was practicable. A battle took place at this bridge, and the enemy were held in check for two or three days. The Georgia cadets, a noble band of boys, acquitted themselves gallantly. Among them was a youth of sixteen summers, the eldest son of Gov. Brown. A day or so before the fight took place, his father had told him that he would have to escort his mother and the children to Southwest Georgia to some place of safety, as he (the Governor) must remain in Macon with the troops.

The brave little lad said that he would obey his father, but he had rather die than to leave his comrades and fail to share the common danger. So the Governor made some other arrangement for his family, and his son went forward with the cadets. In the battle one of his comrades was shot down by his side.

On the 29th of November there was a fight near Waynesboro, between Gen. Wheeler and the Federal cavalry under Kilpatrick. Our soldiers gave them a good drubbing, having arrived just in time to prevent them from burning the town.

Gen. Wheeler also fought the enemy hotly at Sandersville and Buckhead creek. Two thousand of his men often charged and routed more than double their number. The Federal soldiers had been falsely informed by their officers that Gen. Wheeler took no prisoners, which caused them to fight with desperation and to run very dangerous gaunt-

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lets to escape capture; this fact frequently accounted for the large proportion of their killed.

Gen. Wheeler is entitled to a place on the roll of great cavalry leaders. Operating on all sides of Sherman's columns, he kept our government and all our commanders advised of the enemy's movements, defended towns and villages along the railroad lines, afforded protection to depots of supplies and to government works, darted upon the enemy and defeated exposed detachments, and saved thousands of dollars worth of property from the torch.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. (CONTINUED.)

1864.

When Gen. Sherman abandoned his base at Atlanta, it was very soon perceived that he was pointing his banners towards the coast. It was supposed that Augusta would be his first objective point, as it appeared probable that he would endeavor to destroy its valuable powder mill and other government works. Gen. George W. Raines, an accomplished soldier and military engineer, who had constructed and operated these works, was instructed to enlarge and strengthen the defense of the city; in case of attack, Gen. Howell Cobb would have ready the militia, the invalid soldiers, and any others who were available to defend it.

Gen. Gustavus W. Smith and his militia were on their way there, when, halting at Macon for further orders, they took part in the brilliant engagement at Griswoldville. In the meantime, the Central railroad having fallen into the possession of the enemy, Gen. Smith's command could not get to Augusta, so were sent to Savannah. When they reached Albany, they had to walk across the country to Thomasville, between fifty and sixty miles; the means of transportation between there and Savannah were so insufficient, that it was necessary for a part of the command to await the return of the train.

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Before Gen. Smith left the cars, when he arrived at Savannah, he received an order from Gen. Hardee to proceed without a moment's delay to Grahamville, in South Carolina, to repel an advance of the Federals, who were seeking to cut the railway communication between Charleston and Savannah. It was absolutely necessary to retain this railroad in order to hold Savannah. Over it reinforcements were expected, and over it the garrison must retreat in the event that it became necessary to evacuate the city. Gen. Hardee had no troops that could be detailed for this important service, except two Confederate regiments from Charleston, and he feared they would arrive too late for the emergency. There was no time to lose, and Gen. Smith was urged to go and hold the enemy in check. He was told that several thousand troops from North and South Carolina, who were on their way to re-inforce the garrison at Savannah, would arrive at Grahamville in time to insure the repulse of the enemy. No legal obligations rested upon Gen. Smith and his soldiers to go beyond the limits of Georgia, whose territory alone they were instructed to defend; but when he realized that the battle for the salvation of Savannah was to be fought on the instant and on Carolina soil, he had an interview with his Lieutenant-General, and became satisfied that if he obeyed Gen. Hardee his course would be right. So he issued the proper orders, and reached Grahamville about eight o'clock a. m., Wednesday, the 30th of November, with his men almost broken down from fatigue and want of sleep.

Gen. Hatch, of the Federal army, had conceived the design of occupying the Charleston and Savannah railroad to aid Gen. Sherman, who was known to be seeking the

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coast at some convenient point. By isolating Savannah, he would enable Gen. Sherman, without hazard, to cross the Savannah river at any point below Augusta, and open communication with Port Royal, in South Carolina—at that time the principal Federal depot on the South Atlantic coast. Gen. Hatch had 5,000 men of all arms, including a brigade from the navy.

These Federals landed at Boyd's Neck early on the morning of the 29th of November, and spent the entire day entrenching themselves at a point only half a mile from where they disembarked. So they were not worn by a long journey, like the Georgia militia.

The only Confederate force at Grahamville was a part of a squadron of South Carolina cavalry. All available troops had been sent into the interior to oppose Gen. Sherman's expected advance. Col. Colcock, the district commander, was fifty miles away, having field works erected at the principal crossings of the Savannah river. He only reached Grahamville an hour before Gen. Smith was on the ground.

The Confederate line of battle extended from the Honey Hill road (on which the right wing of the little army rested), in a semi-circular form, through an open pine-barren to the Coosawhatchie road. Half way between Bolan's church and Grahamville a line of breastworks had been previously constructed for the use of infantry and field artillery. The morning of the 30th was not far advanced when news was received that Gen. Hatch was approaching, then, that he had passed the church, and finally that he was only five miles from town. Col. Colcock rushed up the Honey Hill road to meet him, to give Gen. Smith time for occupying the breastworks.

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Col. Colcock encountered the head of the Federal column on a causeway, one mile and a half in front of the breastworks. On his left was an impenetrable swamp, and on his right an extensive old field, intersected by numerous canals and ditches. When the enemy reached the causeway they were met by an opposing fire from a twelve-pounder Napoleon gun, before which they halted, and, after some delay, abandoned the highway. Then they detached a considerable force to flank the Confederate position, and commenced marching across the old field.

Col. Colcock ordered the dry brown sedge—which covered the entire field—to be set on fire. A strong wind was blowing at the time, and carried a fierce line of fire and smoke into the faces of the enemy, before which they precipitately retreated, abandoning blankets, haversacks and knapsacks. When they got back into the road they soon reformed, and again advanced. This time Col. Colcock's little command retired before them, delaying their progress as opportunity offered, until they reached the breastworks where the "Georgia Boys" were ready for them. The Confederates had in position, prepared for action, five pieces of field artillery, about 1,400 muskets, and a few South Carolina cavalry. The Federal force was more than three times as numerous.

The battle began about 10 o'clock a. m., and from that time until dark, the enemy made repeated but fruitless efforts to carry the Confederate position. When they first formed their line of battle, efforts were made to force the center of the Confederate line, and also to turn its flanks. This attempt was renewed from time to time during the day, resulting in defeat and heavy loss on each occasion.

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The Confederates, in position, bravely held their ground. The 32d Georgia Regiment, which constituted a movable reserve, acted with great gallantry, always appearing at the proper point at the most opportune time.

The Federals, perceiving that they could not carry the breastworks, began to slacken their fire late in the afternoon; then they massed their artillery to cover their retreat, and commenced retiring. The next morning found them behind their defensive works, near Boyd's Landing, protected by Federal gunboats. Their loss in this battle was 746 killed and wounded. The Confederates had only four killed and forty wounded.

The enemy having been beaten back, and the Confederate re-inforcements having arrived at Grahamville, the fruits of the victory were confirmed and the railroad could be held. Under these circumstances, Gen. Smith, seeing that the necessity no longer existed for detaining the State troops beyond their legal jurisdiction, asked and obtained leave from Gen. Hardee to lead his exhausted command back to Savannah, where they arrived at ten o'clock p. m., December 1st.

From this time until the city was evacuated, Gen. Smith and his command were posted on the right of the western lines of defense, where they rendered efficient service prior to and during the siege.

It is recorded with pride and satisfaction that the battle of Honey Hill, S. C., was fought almost entirely by Georgia militia; and, also, that the militia of no other State fought beyond their own boundaries. Georgia's war record is hallowed, and its details are lingered upon with gratification.

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This victory relieved Savannah from a great danger, which, had it not been averted, would have forced its immediate surrender under perilous circumstances. It also preserved the only line of communication by which reinforcements could arrive, and afforded an avenue of retreat when, three weeks later, the garrison withdrew from the city.

In the meantime, as Gen. Sherman held his way through the interior of the State, "his route was traced by the burning of dwelling-houses, and the wail of women and children, who, having been made homeless, were left to shift for themselves. From opulence they were reduced to poverty and wretchedness. Smoke-houses and granaries were also burnt, and miles of beautiful country left a hideous picture of desolation." When the enemy had taken all the provisions they could eat or carry away, they frequently destroyed the remnant, in very wantonness.

Upson was at this time one of the richest counties in Georgia, and the Yankees swarmed all over it. A widow in this county stood helplessly by and saw Sherman's soldiers take all the meat out of her smoke-house, stack it up in the back yard, and burn it. At the same time they knocked the heads out of the syrup barrels, and their contents flowed like a branch through the yard. They thus destroyed the support of a large number of negroes—the race for whom they pretended to have such sympathy! Ladies in this county were forced to live for days on lye-hominy.

While Sherman's army was in Georgia, they not only destroyed enormous quantities of food, but burnt grist mills, and committed every barbarity that was practised by Goths, Vandals and Huns.

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“About the middle of the fifteenth century, when, encouraged by Pope and Emperor, a desolating war had swept over the Palatinate, Friedrich, surnamed the Victorious, succeeded at last in scattering the strength of his foes, obtaining a brilliant victory, and getting into his power a great number of his enemies. With his victorious army and his prisoners, he made a splendid entrance into Heidelberg. He treated his prisoners magnanimously; and on the same day invited the most noble of them to a grand banquet which he arranged at the castle. The magnificently spread table groaned under the weight of fine dishes and delicious wines. Only one thing was lacking, and that was the most indispensable, *bread*.

“The Earl of Würtemberg, who had been active in laying waste the country, called a servant and bade him fetch some bread; but the Elector, Friedrich, took his captive by the hand, led him to the window, and said: ‘To the warrior who, unmindful of the laws of humanity, devastates the fields and wantonly stamps down the seeds and burns the mills with the villages, belongs no bread!’ ”

Would Gen. Sherman and his invaders ever have tasted another morsel of bread, if this sort of justice had been meted out to them?

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. (CONTINUED)

1864.

A cyclone of popular indignation was raised against Gen. Sherman as he led his army through Georgia, and there were no "Union men" left in his track.

Besides the gentleman who was choked in Milledgeville, other old men—non-combatants who had nothing to do with the war, further than to indulge in that sympathy which nature prompted—were seized and brutally tortured to compel them to deliver up treasure which they were supposed to possess. Judge Hiram Warner was hung until life was nearly extinct. It was suspected that he had money, and this was what these "truly loyal" "Union Restorers" were most eager to secure. A girl eighteen years of age was stripped and beaten to force her to tell where her uncle, who was also her guardian, had concealed her money and his own. It is recorded with pride that this tenderly reared Georgia girl endured the torture, but never divulged the secret! Weak old men and defenseless women and children were in some instances driven from their homes, their dwellings fired, and these non-combatants subjected to insults and privations. For years the landscape in Sherman's track was disfigured with lone chimneys, which were called "Sherman's Sentinels"; they were the

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only remains of once happy homes. What had these Georgia women done to be treated with such savage cruelty? They had loved Georgia best of all lands; they had worked day and night to clothe and feed the Georgia troops in the field, who were battling for Georgia's right of self-government; "they had incited their husbands, sons and lovers to heroic action, and their sympathy, their sacrifices, their devotion to the cause, the eloquence of their tears and of their smiles, were priceless in the inspiration they brought, and more effective than an army with banners."

Gen. Sherman's soldiers turned war into profit on their private account. All residences along their line of march were subjected to rude search. Money, plate, jewelry and other light articles of value were stolen; books, works of art, paintings, private manuscripts and family reliques were destroyed. "Attempting the annihilation of all the necessities of life, they laid waste whole sections of country. Corn cribs, emptied of so much of their contents as sufficed to fill the commissary wagons, were often either pulled to pieces or burned, and grist, flour and sugar mills shared in the common ruin. Horses, mules, cattle and hogs were either driven off, shot in the field, or uselessly butchered in the pens and lots. Such was the wholesale destruction of animal life that the region stank with putrefying carcasses, and earth and air were filled with innumerable turkey-buzzards fattening upon their thickly strewn death-feasts."

"Neither orchards nor growing crops were spared, and agricultural implements were broken up or carried away. Cotton houses, gins, screws and cotton were almost universally consumed. County and municipal records of great

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value were mutilated, temples of worship were impiously profaned, and the sanctuaries of the dead brutishly desecrated!"

They made extraordinary efforts to stir up servile insurrection, but they failed—the negroes being too much attached to the families of their owners. In localities not overrun by Sherman's soldiers, they remained true to their masters; but in the line of their march through the Georgia plantations, it has been estimated that the Federals seduced from their allegiance not less than ten thousand negroes. Hundreds of these died of want, smallpox and other diseases incident to neglect, privation and the lack of suitable shelter and clothing.

In Wilkinson county a party of Yankee soldiers hung a negro man by the thumb because he would not tell where his master had concealed his mules. This negro survived his sufferings, and the next year piloted Gen. Toombs through the woods when he was a fugitive, after Gen. Lee's surrender.

During Gen. Sherman's unholy crusade, there were some horrors committed in peaceful Georgia homes that can not be printed. His soldiers seemed to vie with each other in acts of violence, insult, outrage, pillage, desolation and murder. They were capable of any crime, however monstrous!

One of Gen. Sherman's aids, Brevet Major George Ward Nichols, records with conspicuous approval in the pages of a military history the manner in which "with untiring zeal the soldiers hunted for concealed treasures." In a playful manner, both with pen and pencil, he describes their habitual acts of plunder, and humorously terms it "treasure-seeking."

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In one of our midland counties, the Yankees, in searching a house, found that all portable articles of value had been removed; a close examination of the yard and garden revealed nothing, so they all rode away. In about fifteen minutes, a Federal captain was seen galloping hurriedly back. He stopped before the door and called to the mistress of the house to come quickly, his comrades had found all her things, and he thought if she would go with him he might save some of them. Giving him a grateful look, the lady rushed to the place where her silver and other valuable articles were hidden in the woods, never stopping until she reached the spot, which had not been discovered at all. The Federal captain laughed heartily at her misery, when she realized his ruse. He thought it a smart Yankee trick, and appropriated the treasure.

It will be remembered that in 1782 Georgia gave Gen. Greene, of Revolutionary fame, a beautiful plantation in Chatham county, called "Mulberry Grove." The historic mansion in which he passed the happiest period of his life remained standing until destroyed by Sherman's soldiers.

One of Gen. Howell Cobb's plantations was in their line of march, and they burnt all the houses on it except a few cabins. They had burnt the houses on Gov. Brown's plantation as they passed through Cherokee county, before the fall of Atlanta.

While the Federals were in Georgia they totally destroyed one-fourth of her railroad tracks and ravaged and made a wilderness of ruin over 2,000 square miles of her territory.

Sherman's soldiers would never have dared to commit their acts of vandalism without the approval of their offi-

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cers of the highest rank. The stealing, the house burning, the distress of women and the suffering of children were open, avowed and notorious!

Gen. Sherman complacently and boastfully announced to his government that eighty million dollars worth of the property destroyed in Georgia by his army was "simple waste and destruction," in no wise contributing to the wants of the invaders, but plunging the defenseless non-combatants into a sea of sorrow, tribulation and ruin. In his dispatches he had used such undignified expressions as "make Georgia howl" and "march through that State smashing things to the sea," which were unworthy of an officer of high rank, but they gave the key-note to the conduct of the whole campaign. There is no resisting the artillery of facts, and they brand the name of William T. Sherman as a blot on the civilization and culture of the nineteenth century.

Abandoning whatever designs he may have had against Macon, and turning aside from Augusta, it soon became evident that Savannah was Sherman's objective point. Before this time, the likelihood of any attack from the interior upon Georgia's beautiful commercial metropolis had seemed so remote that little attention had been bestowed upon any defense of the western approaches to the city.

The water front on the east and south was protected by forts and fixed batteries well supplied with ammunition, guns and artillerists. These defenses began at Red Bluff, on the Carolina shore, extended across the Savannah river along St. Augustine Creek, by way of Whitemarsh Island, Thunderbolt Bluff, the Isle of Hope, Beaulieu and Rose Dew, until they rested upon the Great Ogeechee river. So

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judiciously located were these batteries, and so efficiently armed, that the Federals were kept at bay at all points.

Now, in anticipation of Gen. Sherman's arrival on the coast, Federal war vessels had multiplied in the vicinity of Savannah, and their demonstrations became more frequent and more forcible. Notwithstanding this, the Confederates found it necessary to withdraw many of their guns and place them in battery on the land side of the city, where every possible effort was being made for defense. The principal roads leading to Savannah were blocked by felling timber across them, and detached field works were prepared at every important point. Gen. Hardee had about 10,000 men fit for service; but most of them were militia, local troops, reserves, and hastily organized regiments and battalions made up of convalescents from the hospitals, and artisans from the Government shops.

As Gen. Sherman advanced towards Savannah, Georgia had few troops to dispute his passage, but they delayed his progress whenever it was practicable. At Millen and Monticello, on the Central Railroad, our soldiers offered all the resistance possible, but had to abandon those defensive lines under heavy pressure by the overmastering Federal columns.

By the 10th of December the Federals had closed in upon the advanced line of Savannah's defense. Owing to the length of this line, the small number of the Confederates who manned it, and the ease with which its detached earthworks could be flanked, it was evacuated shortly after the enemy made a serious demonstration against it. Thus, the city of Oglethorpe lay between the upper and the nether millstone, with no hope of relief from any quarter.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. (CONTINUED)

1864.

Owing to the scarcity of Confederate troops in our State, neither the activity of Gen. Wheeler, nor the valiant and united efforts of Gens. Cobb, Smith and McLaw, assisted by Gens. Hardee and Beauregard, had been able to keep back Sherman's powerful army; and for the second time in the history of Georgia, Savannah was besieged.

The city's interior line of defense commenced at Williamson's plantation on the Savannah river, and extended to the Atlantic and Gulf railroad bridge across the Little Ogeechee river. This line was rendered formidable by the succession of marsh lands and well-nigh impassable swamps in its front. To increase the physical obstructions, the river dam at Williamson's plantation was cut, so as to allow the water at high tide to submerge the rice fields. All other water in the vicinity, which could contribute to swell the inundation, was utilized, and thus the entire front of the line from the Savannah river to Salt Creek was submerged to a depth varying from three to six feet. The creek was dammed at the bridge on the Savannah and Darien road to retain the water in case the enemy should cut the banks. Below the bridge on this road the marshes of the creek and of the Little Ogeechee river afforded substantial protection.

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The artificial defenses consisted of detached works, armed with siege and field pieces, crowning causeways and private crossings over the lowlands, and wherever a prominent point commanded the established avenues of approach to the city. The most elaborate fortification on this interior line was called Fort Hardeman. It was planned by Col. Fobel of the engineers, the labor being performed by the Georgia militia and a detail of negroes. The enemy tried twice to carry this work, but were easily repulsed.

This line, so persistently defended by the Confederates during the siege, was thirteen miles long and was held by scarcely more than a skirmish line, composed in large part of raw troops, among whom was that gallant band of boys, the Georgia Cadets. Yet this small force held Sherman's formidable army at bay for ten days. The Federals had six men to the Confederates' one. If Gen. Hardee's army had been only half the size of Sherman's, one chapter of Georgia history would be written differently. Such was the pressure upon the Confederacy that at no time during the siege of Savannah was it possible to send Gen. Hardee any reinforcements.

The Federals, closely investing the city, demonstrated in force on more than one occasion and attempted to carry the Confederate works, but in every instance suffered repulse. They kept up an incessant cannonading, supplemented at various points by sharp shooting, musketry firing and fierce artillery duels. The Confederates were so well protected by their entrenchments that their loss was inconsiderable.

While Savannah was besieged, Commodore Josiah Tattnall, with his small naval force rendered all the assistance possible.

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Gen. Sherman threw a considerable body of troops on the left bank of the Savannah river, particularly upon Argyle Island and the upper end of Hutchinson's Island, to cut off the Confederate retreat and to intercept communication with South Carolina. They met continuous and bloody resistance by the Confederates in the rice fields and along the dams. The retention of this route was essential to the ultimate safety of the troops defending Savannah, so the commands of Gen. Wheeler and Gen. P. M. B. Young, assisted by some South Carolina light batteries, were concentrated for its protection. There was some heavy fighting, but these troops stubbornly resisted and successfully frustrated every effort of the enemy to get possession of this avenue of retreat. In these skirmishes Capt. F. E. Eve of Augusta displayed conspicuous gallantry and rendered important service.

Just before the Federal army encompassed Savannah, Fort McAllister had been amply provisioned in anticipation of its early isolation if Gen. Sherman should fully envelop the western lines; in which case, no communication could be held with this post. Maj. George W. Anderson was in command, and the garrison numbered 150 men.

The day after Gen. Sherman began the siege of Savannah, our small infantry force, which had been disputing the advance of the enemy on the right bank of the Great Ogeechee, was withdrawn. The Confederate cavalry retreated to Liberty county, and the Fort was left in an absolutely isolated condition, without any hope of support or relief. That it was not evacuated and the garrison recalled within the lines in seasonable time has been explained on the supposition that Gen. Hardee hoped by a

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bold retention of this outpost, and a strong display of resistance, to induce Gen. Sherman to avoid Savannah and seek some other and more favorable point on the coast for communicating with the Federal fleet.

On the afternoon of the 13th of December, the Federal General Hazen and his division fell upon the rear of Fort McAllister, and, by a rapid assault, swept over the abattis and rear defenses and captured it with a loss to his command of 134 killed and wounded; a number almost equal to that of the heroic garrison. The fighting was desperate and deadly, the Confederates contesting every inch of ground within the Fort; when they had finally retreated to the bomb-proofs, they still fought and only yielded as each man was individually overpowered. Thus, overwhelmed by numbers, the beloved Confederate flag went down amid smoke and carnage. "The noble part that Fort McAllister sustained in the Confederate struggle for independence will not be forgotten in the lapse of years, or lightly esteemed in the record of truth and valor."

By the fall of this Fort, Gen. Sherman had full control of the Ogeechee river and for the first time could communicate with the Federal fleet. In a conference with its Admiral, they agreed that Savannah should be vigorously attacked, both by land and sea, and that heavy guns for bombarding it at long range should be speedily placed in position.

On the 17th of December, Gen. Sherman demanded the surrender of the city and its forts, threatening if he should have to resort to an assault, or to the slower process of starvation, he would adopt the harshest measures and make

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little effort to restrain his soldiers. To this demand Gen. Hardee returned a prompt and emphatic refusal.

Up to the 20th of December our troops had not yielded a single position or lost a foot of ground with the exception of Fort McAllister. Still, when Gen. Hardee discovered that Gen. Sherman had put heavy siege guns in position near enough to bombard the city, and that the Federals were threatening Union Causeway, which stretches across the large swamps that lie between Savannah and Charleston—and offered his only line of retreat—he determined to evacuate the city rather than expose it and its inhabitants to bombardment. Holding Savannah could no longer benefit the cause, and his troops could do more valuable service in the field.

As it was impossible with the few steamboats and river craft at his command, to convey the army, the artillery and the requisite stores in safety to the Carolina side of the river, Col. Frobel's skill was again displayed, and three pontoon bridges were made by the sailors from the Confederate navy, assisted by a detachment of the Georgia militia. These bridges were constructed of rice field flats, and they were so scarce that they were lashed end to end and not side to side as is usual in pontoon bridges of this description. They were kept in their places by car wheels, the only anchors which could be procured. After Hardee's army crossed, these boats were cut loose from their moorings and turned adrift, thus preventing the enemy from pursuing the Confederates if they should attempt it. Col. Frobel encountered many difficulties from heavy fogs and scarcity of material, but the soldiers worked so rapidly that everything was ready for the retreat by the night of the 20th.

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In the meantime, our artillery and infantry fire had for two days been heavier than at any previous time, as it was no longer necessary to husband the ammunition. The navy yard, the iron-clads, and other Confederate property were destroyed, the fortifications below the city were razed to the ground, and the ladies' gunboat, Georgia, was sunk at her moorings. When all things were ready for their departure, rice-straw was thickly strewn over the pontoon bridges, and under the dusky shadows of night, the Confederate army safely passed over to South Carolina.

There was no confusion, and every movement was executed promptly and in silence. The venerable and gallant Commodore Tattnall, having in person superintended the destruction of his vessels, marched at the head of his sailors and marines to the rendezvous at Hardeeville, in South Carolina, although, at the time, he was suffering severely with rheumatism.

Prior to the retreat of the Confederates, Gen. Wheeler and Gen. Young were actively engaged, night and day, in holding the enemy in check, and keeping open the line of retreat, while Gen. Iverson created a diversion on the right and in the rear of the Federal army. Brisk firing was kept up, until the moment when our forces were withdrawn from the western lines.

"The destruction of guns, ammunition and ordnance stores, in the presence of and without attracting the notice of the enemy, the successful withdrawal of the command across the pontoon bridges over the Savannah river, the absence of all noise and confusion during the movement consummated at night, and, above all, the safe conduct of such a large body of troops, with artillery and wagons,

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along the narrow rice dams and causeways of the Carolina shore, in a slender column, in close proximity to a strong Federal force, extending from Izard's plantation for more than a mile parallel, or nearly so, with the Confederate line of retreat—and that without loss or interruption—indicate at once the skill and care with which the Confederate commander had arranged his plans, and the excellent behavior of his troops in executing them."

It was half past three o'clock in the morning before the Federals discovered that the defenses on the land side of Savannah had been abandoned. The weather was unusually cold for that latitude, and the beautiful "city by the sea" was still wrapped in night's star-gemmed mantle, when, on the 21st of December, at half past four o'clock a. m., Hon. Richard D. Arnold, the Mayor, and a delegation from the board of aldermen, bearing a flag of truce, met the Federal general, Geary, near the junction of the Louisville and Augusta roads, and made a formal surrender of the city just evacuated by the Confederates—and Savannah, the pride of Georgia, was in the hands of her enemies.

Gen. Sherman did not burn the city as he did Atlanta, but it was at once placed under military rule. The Press was muzzled, and only two newspapers allowed to be published. All the cotton in the city, amounting to thousands upon thousands of bales, was appropriated. During these dark days the citizens had a hard time, as they were at the mercy of Sherman's soldiers and the Yankee speculators who swarmed there from the North "for cotton and all sorts of profit." Ladies who had been reared in luxury were forced to sell cakes and pies from their basement windows to Yankee soldiers, to procure money for the neces-

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saries of life. The principal article of diet in many families was sturgeon, a coarse fish that they had never before dreamed of eating. It was a great hardship to have no change from this mean fare, and the ladies taxed their ingenuity to prepare the fish so as to make it more palatable. It became common for them to greet a friend with the remark: "Oh, I have found a new way to cook sturgeon!"

The wives of Generals Gustavus Smith and A. P. Stewart were left behind when the city was evacuated, but they were accorded special protection by a Federal officer; and rations were also issued to families who had absolutely no means of subsistence. These are among the rare instances of humanity shown by the Federals while they were in Georgia.

A Georgia lady, the wife of the commander of the Confederate cruiser, Florida, was in Savannah at this time, and Gen. Sherman, speaking of her as if she were the wife of a robber on the high seas, ordered her to leave the city at once. She replied that her baby was too ill to take a journey, and besides she was without money and could not pay traveling expenses. In spite of her entreaties, he shipped her off in one of his transports when the baby was so sick that she could not be dressed, but only enveloped in a little red flannel wrapper.

In his order to the captain of the transport, Gen. Sherman called the lady "the pirate's wife." Fortunately she had friends in Philadelphia with whom she could take refuge. When she arrived there the baby was so emaciated that she was a pitiful spectacle, and was kept alive on the juices obtained from raw beefsteak put under heavy pressure. The baby exile had another long journey as soon as

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she regained her strength, going to her father in Queenstown, Ireland, but she survived all her hardships, and is to-day a splendid woman.

While Georgia had become a battle-field, and some of her fairest territory was being wantonly laid waste by the devastating columns of the invaders, her sons in Confederate armies in other States had kept to the highest pitch the renown which they had acquired, though now they were poorly clad, and often on short rations, which intensified their sufferings on the march, in bivouac and in battle.

In these long years of war the ties between the officers and their men had grown to be very close. The soldiers were quick to see the strong points of character in their officers and often gave them very appropriate nicknames. They called Gen. Benning "The Rock," and Gen. George T. Anderson, "Old Tige."

In one of the battles in North Georgia, the latter was in a very tight place; Gen. Benning in going to his relief passed a stationary command, and they shouted to him: "Hurry up, Rock, Old Tige is treed!"

In Virginia, at the battle of the Wilderness, when Gen. Lee, to save his broken line, rode forward to lead the attack, it was John B. Gordon's men who stopped him by crying: "Lee to the rear! Lee to the rear!"

And they declared that they would not "budge" a step unless he retired. Then, as he turned, those Georgians rushed forward with the wild Confederate yell, drove back the Yankees and re-took the position.

In the battles from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor, in every one of which Georgians were conspicuous, the Federal Gen. Grant lost, in two short months, over 60,000 men;

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more by half than all the soldiers Gen. Lee had in his army. At Cold Harbor the slaughter was fearful, the ground being literally blue with the Federal dead, piled upon one another in front of the Confederate breastworks. The battle lasted one hour. The order to the Federals to make a second charge was disregarded, the men sullenly refusing to advance, and Gen. Grant was forced to withdraw them and ask leave to bury his dead.

In November, Col. L. J. Glenn was appointed Confederate commander of the post of Atlanta; and early in December, the exiles began to return with the determination to rebuild their city. They sat down with brave hearts amid the débris and ruin.

At this time the site of the once flourishing city presented a picture of utter desolation. Out of a population of 20,000, there were now not more than 600 inhabitants, with perhaps a hundred negroes.

During this period of misfortune, forty-nine dollars of Confederate money were only equal to one dollar in gold. Wheat was worth from forty to fifty dollars a bushel; a man's hat cost several hundred dollars, a horse several thousand; yet the pay of a Confederate private was but eleven dollars a month in this depreciated currency, which would scarcely buy a pound of meat or a loaf of bread.

In many localities food and clothing were difficult to procure, and brought fabulous prices, while medicine was a costly luxury.

At this time one hundred and twenty thousand indigent persons were supported by the State.

This year, so fraught with misery to Georgia, ended with the spirit of her people unbroken, and an ardent desire to continue the war.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. (CONTINUED.)

1865.

The new year opened gloomily for Georgia, much of whose territory was in the hands of her enemies. Then, too, her railroads were either partly or wholly destroyed, and business was almost at a standstill, Confederate money having well-nigh lost its purchasing power.

The legitimate hardships of war—the destruction of public property and foraging for the maintenance of troops—Georgia was willing to accept as the price of liberty; but she entered a solemn protest against the revolting cruelties of Sherman's soldiers.

Fort Fisher, which guarded the entrance to the harbor of Wilmington, N. C., was now the only remaining port through which the Confederates had any communication with the outside world, and this intercourse was obtained by running the gauntlet of the blockading fleet. It had withstood every attack of the enemy until the middle of January, when it fell before the conjoint operations of a Federal fleet and a large land force. In this last struggle for Fort Fisher, Col. John T. Lofton, of the 6th Volunteer Georgia Regiment, was among the first who was killed.

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Little by little, Georgia women had given up the luxuries of life, and then the comforts, until many of them—especially those who were in the track of Sherman's army—experienced the lowest depths of privation. Old silk and wool dresses were turned and made over time and again, or two or three remnants of dresses were combined to make one. These were their "Sunday clothes." For ordinary wear, the great mass of Georgia's fair daughters could obtain nothing but the domestic cloth, called homespun. They made it up tastefully, trimmed it with odds and ends of velvet or silk, and turned out many pretty dresses. There was no limit to their ingenuity in dressing themselves nicely with scanty material, and in contriving for the comfort of the soldiers in the field. Sherman and all his soldiers might steal and destroy and insult, but they could never make Georgia women forget or neglect "the boys in gray." Times were desperately hard, but our people somehow contrived to live, and send a little to the soldiers.

At this time it was rare to see a man at church, unless he was very old, diseased or wounded. All the men were at the front; so the congregations, as a rule, were composed of women and children. As has been truly said, both the manhood and boyhood of Georgia bore arms in her defense.

During this winter the Federal Gen. Kilpatrick plundered the country south of the Ogeechee river. Overrunning and occupying Liberty county, he reduced a well-ordered and abundantly supplied region to a condition of poverty, lawlessness and desolation.

Civilized warfare does not license the plundering of private property, the insulting of women, nor the starving of children; but "it was better to be the plundered than the

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plunderers; it was nobler to sit down in the ashes of Georgia homes than to be clothed in victorious robes won in such dishonorable warfare."

Gen. Sherman has published to the world that he performed a grand military achievement in his march from Atlanta to the coast, but the facts prove it to have been more of a holiday excursion on a gigantic military scale, than a triumph of martial skill. His well-appointed army left Atlanta with forty days' rations of bread, salt, sugar and coffee; nothing, indeed, was lacking which could contribute to its comfort and efficiency. Georgia had neither soldiers nor materials of war to offer him effectual opposition; and, in the interior counties, there were only old men and boys to shoulder their fowling-pieces and dispute his passage.

When he reached Savannah he showed an utter want of military skill, by sitting down before our lines, erecting counter batteries, engaging in artillery duels and sharp-shooting, and day after day feeling for weak points. Then, when Fort McAllister was captured he made arrangements for the transportation of heavy guns with which to shell the city, at great distance, over the heads of her defenders, and finally suffered the garrison to pass to the Carolina shore "under his very nose." "All the extravagant praises written and sung concerning 'Sherman's march to the sea,' is the veriest balderdash, and can so be proved in the clear light of history."

Gen. Sherman remained in Savannah until the 19th of January, and then left Georgia, whose dignity he had so long insulted.

The conduct of the negroes in Georgia and the other Confederate States during this war, conclusively refutes the

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slander that our enemies had persistently published, that Southerners were cruel tyrants. Our strong men went far away to battle and left their negroes the guardians of their homes and their families. Surely this attests the attachment, the mutual dependence, the trust and genuine friendship that existed between the masters and servants. Our negroes worked the plantations and performed their domestic duties with their customary cheerfulness and alacrity; and those who went to the front with their owners shared with them the fatigues of the march and the privations of camp-life while rendering every service which the occasion required, except that of bearing arms.

In the desperate condition of our State, the situation of the mountain counties in North Georgia was simply horrible, and had been for months. At the request of Gov. Brown, Pres. Davis appointed Gen. William T. Wofford, Department Commander of this section. Being a native of that part of the State, he entered with loving zeal upon his work of relieving its utter desolation. His first step was to send a flag of truce to Gen. Judah, Federal commander in that region, and obtain corn to distribute to the starving people—who, not being able to refugee, had remained at home almost in despair. Gen. Wofford deserves the gratitude of his State for mitigating the miseries of this section and bringing order out of chaos.

In February Gov. Brown convened the Legislature in Macon. This is a notable session, as it was the last held while Georgia was a member of the Southern Confederacy. Gen. Toombs, Gen. Howell Cobb, Benjamin H. Hill and William H. Stiles made encouraging and patriotic addresses before the Legislature and to the citizens of Macon.

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This Legislature passed a complimentary resolution on the services of Gen. Gustavus W. Smith and his command at the battle of Honey Hill, which ended with these words: "The State with pride records this gallant conduct of her militia, and feels assured that when an emergency again arises, State lines will be forgotten by her militia, and a patriotism exhibited which knows nothing but our whole country."

No detailed account of the sufferings endured in Federal prisons by the soldiers from Georgia and the other Southern States, has been published, but the facts can be authenticated by hundreds now living. At Point Lookout, a bleak and dreary prison on the eastern shore of Maryland, the captives were fed on condemned army stores bought at auction. At Fort Henry the fare each day consisted of worm-eaten crackers and one slice of tainted pork, and every morning an ill-tasting slop which the custodians called coffee. In such dens as Fort Delaware the food was worse, and river water—which was impregnated with filth—was used for cooking and drinking. Nine thousand men were crowded into quarters that could not comfortably accommodate 2,000. Attempts were made to extort daily labor from them, as if they were convicts. Some of them were manacled with irons, and others were confined in unwholesome dungeons. The sentinels were told, at one time, to fire into any room where a light was seen after nine o'clock at night, but this order was not published to the prisoners. It happened that, after the interdicted hour, a captive Confederate raked open a bed of coals on the hearth to cook a piece of meat which he had, by some means, obtained, when the guard raised his gun, fired and scattered the poor fellow's brains against the wall.

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There were cases where our gallant soldiers, when prisoners, were reduced by hunger to eat rats. In a room where they were so crowded they could scarcely breathe, one of them got his head partly through a window, for which he was shot down.

Confederate prisoners were taken in mid-winter, in their thin clothing, to such icy regions as Camp Douglas, Rock Island, and Johnson's Island, where it is a notorious fact that many of them actually froze to death. At Fortress Monroe, Bedloe's Island and Camp Chase, their sufferings were equally as harrowing. In thousands of instances the experiences of Confederate soldiers in prison are too sickening and revolting for publication.

Our enemies have written much about the horrors of Andersonville, in Southwestern Georgia, where they assert that Federal prisoners were systematically tortured to death. The selection of that place as a prison was governed by humane considerations, and was not made with cruel designs against the prisoners—as our enemies report. It was chosen because it was in a nice section of country, with plenty of pure water and running streams, and secure from Federal invasion. The prisoners were put in one stockade only from lack of men to guard more than one. The climate was hard upon them during the summer, and their stomachs were not accustomed to corn-meal; this made thousands of them ill, but the Confederate Government cannot be held responsible for their sufferings. Whatever food the Confederate soldiers had—whether good or bad, full or short—the Federal prisoners shared equally with them. Whatever medical attention the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers had, the same was ordered for the Federal

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prisoners who needed it; when the medicines were exhausted, and no more could be obtained, the healing herbs of the country were used as substitutes, and these, too, were shared with them.

An act requiring humanity to prisoners was passed by the Confederate Congress during the first year of the war. The Confederate Government cannot be justly held responsible for occasional cruelty on the part of subordinates who were unfaithful to their trusts. They never, in a single instance, sanctioned—much less ordered—unoffending prisoners of war to be confined in unwholesome dungeons and to be put in irons, as was repeatedly done by order of the authorities at Washington, in utter violation of the usages of modern, civilized warfare.

That the sufferings of the Andersonville prisoners were intense cannot be charged upon Georgia or the Confederate Government. There would not have been one groaning prisoner there, but for the refusal of the Federal Government to comply with the earnest request of the Confederate Government for an exchange of prisoners upon liberal and humane principles. A delegation of these prisoners was sent to Washington to lay their condition before the authorities and beg them for an exchange, but the request was denied, and they were returned to prison. The Federal Government connived at the sufferings of their own troops in captivity, to furnish sensational matter to their Press.

The case in a nutshell stands thus: The Confederates, with their ports blockaded and their resources reduced, did the best they could for those who were placed at their mercy; the Federal Government, in the midst of plenty,

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with good credit, and its ports opened to the world, inflicted cruel, wanton deprivation on Confederate prisoners.

Capt. Henry Wirtz, a European by birth, had charge of the Andersonville prisoners. He obtained the position through letters of recommendation, vouching for his intelligence and good character. When the war ended, the Federals arrested him and tried him before a military commission on the charge of murder, in violation of the usages of war. He was found guilty and executed.

Poor, friendless and wounded, he was doomed before he was heard. His trial was notoriously unfair. At Camp Douglas, at Rock Island, at Elmira, and at Point Lookout, acts of greater cruelty and barbarity were perpetrated by Federals upon Confederate prisoners, than anything that was proven against Capt. Wirtz at his trial. It is due to his memory to recollect that with his dying breath he denied the charges against him, and that his life was offered him if he would swear to false accusations against Pres. Davis. He resisted the temptation, thus exhibiting honor and fidelity strangely in contrast with his tempters and persecutors.

By the showing of the enemy, the Confederates held 50,000 more prisoners than the Federals; yet the Federal deaths in Southern prisons was under nine per cent., while Confederate deaths in Northern prisons was over twelve per cent. On which side was there the most neglect, cruelty and inhumanity?

Alexander H. Stephens says: "But the great question in this matter is, upon whom rests the tremendous responsibility of all this sacrifice of human life, with all its indescribable miseries and sufferings? The facts, beyond question or doubt, show that it rests entirely upon the author-

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ties at Washington! It is now well understood to have been a part of their settled policy in conducting the war, not to exchange prisoners. The grounds upon which this extraordinary course was adopted were, that it was humanity to the men in the field, on their side, to let their captured comrades perish in prison, rather than to let an equal number of Confederate soldiers be released on exchange to meet them in battle! Upon the Federal authorities, and upon them only, with this policy as their excuse, rests the whole of this responsibility.

"To avert the indignation which the open avowal of this policy by them, at the time, would have excited throughout the North, and throughout the civilized world, the false cry of cruelty towards prisoners was raised against the Confederates. This was but a pretext to cover their own violation of the usages of war, in this respect, among civilized nations!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. (CONCLUDED.)

1865.

It was in February of this year that the celebrated Hampton Road's Conference was held. Alexander H. Stephens was a prominent member of this Conference—about which such erroneous ideas have existed—and he has written its true history.

As spring opened, distressing news reached Georgia from the Confederate armies in Virginia, in the West, and in the Carolinas. They were pressed on all sides by overwhelming numbers, but the Georgia troops were displaying their usual dash and energy. During Gen. Hardee's march from the Catawba to the Cape Fear river, in North Carolina, Gen. Wheeler had twice attacked and repulsed the enemy, and Georgia soldiers had fought and suffered with Gen. Lee, in the trenches before Petersburg, until his line was broken and Richmond abandoned to the enemy.

Georgia's sons were with the thin, but resolute and undaunted columns of Confederates, who, as devoted as the Spartan band at Thermopylæ, fought for seven days, more than ten times their number, before they surrendered on the 9th of April at mournful Appomattox.

During those last terrible days, Georgia's knightly son, Gen. John B. Gordon, next to the noble Lee, was the most

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distinguished figure of the army in Virginia. Eight times had he been wounded in battle, once receiving a saber cut across the face. Gordon was the last to leave the trenches at Petersburg; in the retreat, Gordon daily fought the enemy for the protection of the trains; and it was Gordon (who commanded one wing of the army) to whom Gen. Lee appealed on that dreadful day of the surrender, to learn the chances for a successful attack upon the enemy. Gordon sadly replied: "My old corps is reduced to a frazzle, and unless I am supported heavily by Longstreet I do not think we can do anything more."

Gen. Lee, knowing that Longstreet was threatened by the Federal General Meade, said:

"Then, there is nothing left me but to go and see Gen. Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths!" and thus the spotless sword of Lee was surrendered. He received honorable terms from the enemy; otherwise he would not have surrendered his troops. They were paroled as Confederate soldiers, not one word being said about "rebels" or "rebellion." When the officers and men took leave of Gen. Lee soon after the capitulation, it was a deeply affecting sight!

Towards the middle of April, the Federal General Wilson, approaching Georgia through Alabama—for the purpose of making a raid—was opposed by a band of Confederates at Girard, which is a small town connected with Columbus by a bridge, and on the Alabama side of the Chattahoochee river. The Georgia soldiers engaged in this battle were two regiments of the State line, a small number of reserves, and some of Gen. Wofford's men. It was after nightfall Sunday, April 16th, when our soldiers,

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retreating, fell back upon Columbus. The military authorities there determined to attempt the defense of the city, though the companies composing the Home Guards were inexperienced and their arms very inferior. Their line of defense was a single one, and long drawn out around the upper bridge. The four or five hundred Federal troops for whom Gen. Wilson, in his report, claims the honor of breaking through the Confederate lines, did not really encounter one half of their own force. The enemy captured and partially destroyed the city. The chivalric and lamented C. A. L. Lamar fell, while gallantly trying to rally a squad of Confederates at the Columbus end of the bridge. "As much as other cities suffered by the war, the loss of Columbus was perhaps greater than that of any other, for the reason that the great industrial establishments that afforded work and support to so many of her citizens, were wholly destroyed; all the cotton which the planters of the surrounding country had stored here was burnt, and it constituted their only available means of raising money wherewith to continue their work." Columbus made a glorious record during the war, and her patriotism was unbounded. Before Georgia seceded, every military company in the city signified to Gov. Brown their readiness to respond to any call for the defense of the State.

The engagement at Columbus and, earlier in the same day, the sharp fight at West Point, were the last battles of the war this side of the Mississippi river. The Federal General Wilson also captured and held Griffin and Macon.

Two weeks after the capitulation of Gen. Lee, the forces of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston were surrendered in the Carolinas; and by the last of May, the fragments of Confederate

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armies elsewhere had laid down their arms, and the war between the States was ended. The Southern Confederacy went down under the pressure of exhausted resources and the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. From the beginning to the end of the war, near, if not quite, two million more of Federals were brought into the field than the entire force of the Confederates.

The war was over, and Georgia had not won the right of self-government. Was the blood of her sons poured out in vain, and her treasure spent for naught? Not by any means! Every blow that was struck for liberty will redound to the good of unborn generations of Georgians. Military force can decide no truth. “ ’Tis a cause, not the fate of a cause; that is glorious.”

Georgia’s course in the war between the States has left upon her honor neither blot nor stain for which her children might blush in the future. Not less than 120,000 of her sons did battle under the Confederate flag. “The field officers, the staff, the non-commissioned officers and the privates of this grand army won for Georgia a reputation that any nation might envy.”

“The Legislatures convened during this period, freely voted millions upon millions of dollars raised by taxation, for the support of Georgia soldiers and for the relief of such of their families as were needy, but never one cent for hiring or substitute. At every session their proceedings were aglow with patriotic acts and generous resolutions. In a word, “our State Government, the Legislature, the Bench, the Bar, the Pulpit, county and municipal organizations, and every citizen united to do the best that was in them to

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promote the success of the war for Southern rights. All honor to the cause which enlisted such sympathy and evoked such proofs of marvelous devotion!"

It was a pathetic sight to see Georgia's sons—who for four bloody years had so gloriously worn the gray—in their dingy, battered uniforms, singly or in groups, sadly finding their way home from all parts of the Confederacy. Some, alas! found only heaps of ashes and "Sherman's Sentinels" to show where their homes had once stood.

The Confederate soldiers from every part of the fair Southland had suffered as few suffer in this world; and yet, amid all their tribulations, they kept the faith to which they had pledged their knightly honor. History can show no finer types of chivalry! Merely to print the names of the Georgia soldiers who deserve all honor and love would fill more than the pages allotted to this volume.

After Gen. Lee's surrender, Pres. Davis and various members of his cabinet, in passing through Georgia, stopped over night in Washington, and in this Georgia town was held the last meeting of the Confederate cabinet. Their last official act was to appropriate what gold there was in the treasury to buy rations for Confederate soldiers returning from the war, and to be distributed among the wounded and sick. The large brick house where this council was held is built upon the very site where Gov. Stephen Heard erected his Fort for defense against the Indians.

The pen with which Pres. Davis signed his last order is now the property of a gentleman who lives in Washington.

While these high dignitaries were in town, wagons arrived bearing the specie which belonged to the Confederate

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Government. It was between one and two hundred thousand dollars—the bulk of it in bars of gold, the remainder in coins.

Just after the departure of the Confederate officials, a cavalryman from the escort of Gen. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, turned when they had passed beyond the town, hurriedly galloped back, threw a bag of gold coins—amounting to 5,000 dollars—over in Gen. Toombs's lot, and then rode rapidly away. No instructions accompanied the gift and no explanation was ever obtained. Gen. Toombs was in great need, and was borrowing gold to leave the State to avoid imprisonment, but his character was cast in too noble a mould to allow him to make a private use of this Confederate gold. It was eventually turned over to a Federal officer with the agreement that it should be used to buy provisions for returning Confederate soldiers, and it is said that he disposed of it as he had promised.

After he left Washington, the honored and beloved President of the Confederacy was captured by 200 Federal cavalry, on the 10th of May, near Irvinville, in Washington county; and the rest of the Confederate gold was captured at the same time.

Before this painful event happened, the State troops had been surrendered and paroled, most of our towns were in the hands of the Yankees, and Georgia was helpless to aid Pres. Davis in the hour of his need.

The town of Washington was the home of Gen. Toombs, and as soon as the Federals arrived there they tried to capture him, but failed—as he was prepared for them. When one of their soldiers rang his door-bell, Mrs. Toombs, answering it, held him in conversation while the General dis-

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appeared across the plantation. The Yankees searched the premises, finally, and threatened to burn down the house unless Gen. Toombs was produced. Mrs. Toombs, turning away from them, said coolly: "Very well, burn it."

Failing to discover him, and being unable to frighten her, they departed without injuring the property. That night Lieut. Irwin, a gallant Confederate, less than twenty-one years old, carried "Gray Alice" to Gen. Toombs, where he was waiting, eighteen miles from home. This famous mare had carried him through all his campaigns, and he was on her back when he so heroically defended the bridge over the Antietam creek in Virginia; and now he trusted to her again in his race for liberty, if not for life. The Yankee cavalry carefully watched all ferries and fords to prevent his escape, so it was six months before he found a safe opportunity to leave Georgia. His only companion during this time was his devoted young friend, Lieut. Irvin. They generally traveled at night, resting a week or more with friends, whenever it was desirable. Sometimes they were in the wild, picturesque region around Tallulah Falls, then in Middle Georgia, and again in the swamps of the Chattahoochee. When he finally escaped the vigilance of the Yankee guards and passed into Alabama, he left his faithful mare and took the train for Mobile. There he was entertained by that gifted daughter of Georgia, Miss Augusta J. Evans, who, fearing that his identity would be discovered, dismissed her servants and cooked and served his meals with her own hands, esteeming it a privilege to help a Confederate soldier. From Mobile, Gen. Toombs made his way to Cuba, thence to France and England. He remained abroad until after the restoration of the habeas

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corpus (1867), when he returned home and resumed the practice of law.

When the Confederate troops grounded their arms, Gen. Henry R. Jackson was a prisoner of war. Having again been appointed a Confederate brigadier-general he was with Gen. Hood in his expedition to Tennessee in the autumn of 1864, and acted a prominent part in the battles of Franklin and Nashville. In the latter, his gallant brigade, thinned in ranks to only a few hundred, after holding its position until both flanks of Hood's army were driven back, was surrounded and captured on the field. Gen. Jackson was first taken to Johnson's Island, and then transferred to Fort Warren.

The Federal Government did not carry out the terms upon which the Confederate armies surrendered; all our State, civil, and Confederate officers who could be found were arrested and imprisoned, and Georgia held under military rule.

Alex. H. Stephens was arrested and taken to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, where he was confined for five months. He was put in a room below the surface of the ground, although he was a confirmed invalid. The dampness, and living upon soldiers' rations, produced neuralgia and a complication of diseases from which he suffered cruelly, and the effects of which he felt during the remainder of his life. The Federal officers and men who had charge of him treated him with respect and kindness. They were not responsible for the acts of their superiors, whose orders they were bound to obey. Through the efforts of an officer, he was allowed, after a time, to have any article of food he desired, if he would purchase it at his own expense. This

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relieved him somewhat, but he would have died if a Massachusetts Senator had not interposed in his behalf, and had his quarters changed. But this alleviation of his misery was not obtained until late in August, when the little strength that he had was almost exhausted. The Federal Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, never gave his consent that the sick prisoner should have dry quarters, and the order was only signed by Andrew Johnson, the Federal President.

Mr. Stephens was never tried for any of the crimes with which he stood charged; nor was a single Confederate ever put upon trial, notwithstanding all that had been said by the authorities at Washington City about the "treason of the Confederates," about the "Insurrection," and the "Atrocious Rebellion." They did not dare to allow the principle for which the South fought to come before the "Judicial Forum" for decision. "An arbitrament on the arena of Reason, Logic, Truth and Justice, they have avoided from that day to this." One great fact must be kept in mind—a trial would have been the vindication of secession before the world!

Gov. Brown, Benjamin H. Hill, and other prominent Georgians, were also imprisoned by Federal authority. Gen. Howell Cobb was arrested, carried as far as Nashville, and then released, without any reason being assigned. Georgia, under military rule, was forced to submit to injustice and oppression, but the dignified patience with which her brave sons bore their sufferings was as gall and wormwood to the enemy.

"However terrible were the losses, sufferings and sacrifices which befell Georgia in this second bloody conflict for

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the right of self-government, she still had that which is inestimable in value, far above riches, wealth or power, and of which no oppression or tyranny can deprive her, and that is a public character, which, after having passed the severest ordeal that can try men's souls, stands forth with that moral grandeur which is ever imparted to the reputation of States, as of individuals, by uprightness in conduct, integrity of purpose, truthfulness in words, and the crowning glory of unsullied honor!

"Whatever other errors, faults, failings or shortcomings this State may have had, no act of treachery, of perfidy, of hypocrisy or deceit, of breach of faith or of turpitude—nothing of a low, mean, sordid or unmanly nature can ever be justly laid to her charge, either in her State or Confederate organizations, either before or during the war; neither in the antecedents which led to it, nor in all the fury which marked its progress. Her whole public course shows her people to have been as true, as brave, as generous, as frank, as refined, as magnanimous, as moral, as religious and withal as honorable and patriotic in the highest and noblest sense of those words, as ever struggled against odds, and thus struggling, fell in battling for the Right. So the truth of history stands and will continue to stand forever! These are facts which time will never obliterate or destroy. This record of Georgia's past is no small heritage, if she has nothing else left for her sons to transmit to their children, and to their children's children for generations to come!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD.

1865—1872.

The war between the States had lasted a little more than four years. It was waged by the Confederates with the great object of maintaining the inestimable sovereign right of local self-government, while it was waged by the Federals, as they declared, with the sole object of “maintaining the Union under the Constitution.”

When the Confederate armies surrendered, the mask hitherto worn by the War Party of the North was dropped, and they no longer cared to conceal that all their talk about “the Union” was false sentiment to delude the public. They determined that the South should not be members of the Federal Union on any terms of equality, but should be held as conquered provinces.

In this grave crisis Gov. Brown called a meeting of the Legislature, but the military who were now in control in Georgia would not allow it to assemble.

A few days afterwards an armed force, led by a Federal Captain surrounded the Executive Mansion at night, and notified the Governor that he was to be arrested. He quietly showed his parole as commander-in-chief of the State forces, which he had received from the Federal Gen-

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eral, Wilson. The Captain informed him that he was ordered to take that from him. The Governor indignantly protested against this outrage, as he had not violated his parole, and the faith of the United States Government was pledged to protect him. However, he could not resist an armed force, and in the end had to give it up. He was allowed only thirty minutes to prepare for his departure, and was denied a moment in private with his family. He was taken to Washington City and put in Carroll prison, where he was detained a week and then released.

During the war Gov. Brown had nobly done his duty, and had always maintained the honor of Georgia; but when he returned home, acting as if not only the *cause*, but the *principle*, for which Georgia had fought was lost, he resigned the high office with which he had been intrusted for the fourth time, and advised all Georgians to acquiesce in the arbitrary measures of the Federal Government.

The night, indeed, was black and fearful; a howling tempest raged, and the old Ship of State was lashed by the turbulent waves until it seemed that she must be swamped in the surfs at last. Some few Georgians, with Gov. Brown, took to the life-boats; but the great majority of our people stood by the old Ship, preferring to go down with her—if it needs must be—if she could not weather the storm.

Gov. Brown's successor was appointed by the Federal Government, with the title of "Provisional Governor." So, for the first time since Georgia ceased to be a colony of Great Britain, a Chief Magistrate not of her own choosing occupied the Executive Chair. Under the arbitrary rule of the military, a citizen could not carry on his ordinary

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occupation, could not vote, could not even get a letter out of the post-office, without taking an oath of allegiance to a government from which they had suffered such gross wrongs. Moreover, this "iron-clad oath," as it was called, was not allowed to every one; something like twenty thousand Georgians, including many of the leading men of the State, were not permitted to take it. Georgia law was set aside, and there was no appeal from military authority. Robbery, murder and every kind of lawlessness ran riot over the State, and every newspaper teemed with accounts of crime.

This disorder and defiance of law was increased when the Federal Government established what was known as the Freedmen's Bureau. It belonged to the War Department, controlled all subjects relating to the negroes, and managed, besides, what Congress was pleased to call "abandoned lands." In short, it was a government machine, and its agents exercised the power of a Russian Autoocrat. The Freedmen's Bureau Act, and, later, the Civil Rights Act of Congress were both enforced in Georgia by the military.)

A Federal Brigadier-General ordered Gen. Toombs' wife, who was living quietly at home, in Washington, to vacate her house, as he intended to take possession of it as "abandoned property," and use it for the Freedmen's Bureau with which he was connected. Another Federal General revoked the order and allowed Mrs. Toombs to retain her property. In Athens, wagons were driven into a gentleman's lot and a thousand dollars' worth of railroad iron hauled off, for which no compensation could ever be obtained. Thus, in every county, property was placed at the caprice of military officers.

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Warrenton, in Warren county, was considered, during the war, a very safe place, and being at the same time quite accessible, a large quantity of cannon and ordnance, commissary and quartermaster's stores, were kept there. At the surrender they were destroyed or removed, and never fell into the hands of the Yankees, but the town was immediately garrisoned by Federal troops, who made themselves very objectionable to the citizens. In a spirit of retaliation, the young ladies of the place set their wits to work to torment them all they could.

On one occasion the most popular girls gave a concert and invited all the Yankee officers, who felt much gratified by the compliment, as they well knew how they were hated by the people, but looked sorely crestfallen when they found that they had to listen to nothing but Confederate war songs and battle pieces. At last, when a pretty little sparkling brunette began to sing "The Conquered Banner," with a shadow upon her bright face and a tender pathos in her voice, it was too much for the Yankees, and they left the hall in a body; so when the last soft note quivered upon the air, they were all on the outside of the building, lingering around and peeping through the windows. Afterwards they sent the young ladies word that they were going to arrest them. That was just fun for the girls, and they straightway devised some other way to annoy them.

They went horseback riding with their horses' ears ornamented with tiny Confederate flags; then, at night, they would throw wide open all the windows, sit down to their pianos and sing "Dixie," "The Bonny Blue Flag," and other war songs, until they were tired out.

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Their parents, at length, put a stop to this display of patriotism, fearing that the rough soldiers might say something rude to them. Still, the girls found ways to let "all the world" know that they gloried in not being "reconstructed."

The authority of the Federal Government was accepted in Georgia from necessity, not from choice. Our people had been overcome by superior numbers and greater resources, but they had not been convinced that their course was wrong.

In Savannah, the Federal General in command issued an order against any man appearing on the streets in a Confederate uniform. When it was represented to him that the returned soldiers had nothing else to put on, nor any money to buy another suit, he revoked the order with the proviso that the military buttons should be either cut off or covered. The next day "the boys in gray" appeared on the streets with every button wrapped in crepe.

From the time that Oglethorpe planted his colony upon Yamacraw Bluff, Georgia had never passed through such an ordeal as the present. Nine tenths of her sons were practically disfranchised because they had served the Southern Confederacy, and all the conditions of life were new; their servants were no longer subject to their control, and most of their property was scattered to the four winds of heaven. It tested the blood that had come down to them from Cavalier and Huguenot, from Scotch and Irish ancestry. The private life of many Georgians, for the first few years after the war, beggars description; but the energy and patience of the men and the fortitude of the women rose to the occasion.

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*“The surrender found a gentle, shrinking, Georgia woman on the Florida line, nearly four hundred miles from her once luxurious home, from which she had fled in haste as Sherman ‘marched to the sea.’ The husband was with Gen. Lee in Virginia. The last tidings came from Petersburg—before Appomattox—and his fate was uncertain.

“Hiring a dusky driver, with his old army mule and a wagon, she loaded the latter with the remnant of goods and chattels that were left to her, and, placing her four children on top, this brave woman trudged the entire distance on foot, cheering, guiding and protecting the driver and her little ones in the tedious journey.

“Under an August sun, through sand and dust she plodded along, footsore and anxious, until she reached the dismantled home and restored her little stock of earthly goods under their former shelter.

“When her soldier husband had walked from Virginia to Georgia, he found, besides his noble wife and precious children, the nucleus of a new start in life, glorified by woman’s courage and fidelity under a most trying ordeal.

“For a twelve-month the exigencies of their situation deprived her of a decent pair of shoes; still she toiled in the kitchen, the garden, and, perhaps, the open fields, without a repining word or complaining murmur. The same material is found in a steel rail as in the watch spring, and the only difference between the soldier and his wife was physical strength.”

This was no exceptional case. The hardships of Georgia women were extreme and long-continued.

*Mrs. W. H. Felton in *Atlanta Constitution*.

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(In October after the war ended, a Convention met in Milledgeville to re-establish the State Government, if possible. While they were in session, the authorities at Washington sent them a telegram to the effect that the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which was the abolition of slavery, and, also, the repudiation of the war debt would be deemed essential before Georgia was recognized as a State. Our people were honorable in their every instinct, and they made an earnest protest against the dictation of the Federal Government, especially in the matter of ignoring the war debt. They adopted a new Constitution for Georgia, which abolished slavery, and ordered an election for governor.)

During this same month, a very perfect annular eclipse of the sun was visible in Georgia; a most interesting and unusual spectacle! The unobscured part of the sun presented the appearance of a beautiful luminous ring. The landscape was veiled in a half twilight, and animals and fowls appeared uneasy. The chickens, especially, seemed disturbed, and stood around in the yard irresolute about going to roost.

In one of our up-country towns a gentleman asked a privileged old negro if she had been looking at the eclipse.

"No, sir," she replied, "I don't waste no time looking at such things. It ain't a sareumstance, nohow, to ole Virginny, whar I come from. We had better 'clipses than this, nearly ev'ry week, up dar!"

(By the end of December, the required oath had been taken by most citizens who were permitted to do so, and they were endeavoring to pursue their daily occupations in peace. (Georgia also had a governor of her own choos-

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ing, Hon. Charles J. Jenkins, one of her noblest sons; but he could not be inaugurated without the consent of the Federal Government. The Legislature then in session elected Alexander H. Stephens and Herschel V. Johnson, United States senators; but neither they nor our representatives were allowed to take their seats. Still, Georgia was paying her proportion of the taxes, and the Federal Government was guilty of the same wrong (taxation without representation) for which the thirteen colonies had censured Great Britain and gone to war with her in 1776.)

The President of the United States now proclaimed that Georgia had adopted the Thirteenth Amendment; but this State was not a member of the Union, was not represented in Congress, so her vote could not be legally counted.

Our beloved State had now become a land of memories which endeared her a thousandfold to the hearts of her sons and daughters! "A land without ruins is a land without memories—a land without memories is a land without liberty. A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see, but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land beautiful and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of the heart and history. Crowns of roses fade—crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixes take deepest hold of humanity; the triumphs of might are transient, they pass away and are forgotten; the sufferings of Right are graven deepest on the chronicles of nations.")

CHAPTER XLIX.

RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD. (CONTINUED.)

1865--1872.

When the Congress of the United States met in the winter of 1865-66, the War Party of the North had a majority in both Houses. They proposed the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, which would allow all negroes to vote who were twenty-one years of age and upward, and at the same time disfranchise hundreds of thousands of the white men of the South. This amendment also prohibited any Southerner from holding office if, before the war, he had ever held any position of honor or trust, State or Federal, from the highest to the lowest. This act was passed in face of the fact, that in several Western States negroes were not allowed to vote, and Congress had never presumed to interfere with those States. It was at this time that these agitators were first called by the party name of "Radicals."

Georgia and the other Southern States, emphatically refusing to consider the new amendment, were declared to be in a state of "rebellion"; so the Reconstruction Committee of Congress was created, and martial law was proclaimed in time of peace. The Constitution gave Congress no such right, therefore it was a gross usurpation of power.

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The State of Georgia was now wiped out by Act of Congress, and, with Florida and Alabama, was called "District Number 3." The Federal General Pope, who was put in command, had absolute power over the life, liberty and property of our citizens. Elections according to legal form were abolished whenever it was his desire. A mayor for Augusta and a sheriff for Bartow county were appointed by a Federal officer. It was threatened that the University should be closed, and that the appropriation due it from the State should be withheld, because one of the students made a speech at commencement that was considered objectionable by the Commander of "District Number 3." The subject of the speech was "The Vital Principles of Nations —Obedience to Organic Law." This brilliant young man subsequently served his State as a legislator, and made for himself an honorable career. Dr. A. A. Lipscomb, the Chancellor of the University at that time, dissuaded the Federal officer from executing his threat.

Thus was inaugurated a new war. (Georgia's Constitution was set aside; Georgia's sons were not allowed to vote; and the Fourteenth Amendment, under the dictation of the bayonet, was declared to have been adopted. Georgia was treated like a conquered province, and proclaimed to be no longer a member of the Union; and yet, constitutional amendments were submitted to her as a sovereign State, to be accepted or rejected.) The inconsistencies of the Federal Congress and their usurpations of power from the beginning of the war, had been amazing! And it had been still more amazing that none of the Northern or Western States had protested against it!

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Warren county was situated in "the black belt"; that is, it was in a section where the negroes outnumbered the white people. The Yankee soldiers and the agents of the Freedmen's Bureau filled the heads of the negroes with erroneous ideas, and kept them in a continual ferment. They were told that they would be the lords of the whole country in a few years, and were encouraged not to work for white people. The negroes almost ceased to work, but they had to live, so petty thieving and other lawlessness in this county became intolerable.

A fifteen-year-old negro boy went to a gentleman and asked what he would take for his house, saying he wished to buy it. The boy meant no insolence and the gentleman was simply amused. He well knew who had confused his ideas about the rights of property and all other rights.

A mean white man in this county, who sided with the Yankees (belonging to the same class who became Tories in the Revolutionary war), and who had made himself very obnoxious to all decent people by his incendiary talk, was one night peppered with bird shot. It could not hurt him, and was only done to frighten his cowardly soul; but the whole county was at once put under martial law. For years a command of Federal soldiers was stationed in Warrenton. From time to time both officers and men were removed, and an entirely new set took their places. It was feared that, if they remained there too long, they might learn to like the people and show them some kindness and sympathy. The life and liberty of every honest white person in the county was at the mercy of the Federal Major in command.

RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD.

These were also trying times for our negroes, who were constantly being told that their late masters were their greatest enemies. There were so many bad influences brought to bear upon them, the wonder is that more acts of violence were not committed. Many of the young negroes had become dissipated and were easy tools in the hands of the Radicals, but through it all, with comparatively few exceptions, the negroes behaved with respect and decorum towards their owners. Still, petty thieving was universal, with sometimes a midnight robbery or a murder, which was traced to negroes under Radical influences.

Later on, when the negroes discovered that these strangers cared nothing for them except to use them as political tools, it was to their owners that they instinctively turned for aid and sympathy in misfortune, and they never appealed in vain. When Georgians again obtained control of their State Government, they protected the negroes, and have assisted them from that day to this, in every way possible.

By this time the agents of the Freedmen's Bureau had perpetrated so many outrages against the negroes, that the United States Congress could no longer ignore their misdeeds, so they were removed, and Federal officers were put in their places in "District Number 3."

A host of Yankees, either left by the Federal army or subsequently sent down from the North, now swarmed in Georgia. They had no permanent habitation here, no interest, no property, no sympathy with us. Their sole purpose was to hold office, get money, and slander our people. They were called "carpet-baggers," and the penniless adventurers were called "sealawags.")

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During this horrible period, which was neither peace nor war, Benjamin H. Hill, who had recently been very active in re-organizing the Democratic party in Georgia, wrote a series of papers called "Notes on the Situation," embodying arguments of great power against the Reconstruction policy. These "Notes" merit the name of "Philippies." In one of them he thus briefly describes the position of Georgians at this time: "The complying accept, the resolute reject, none approve, while all despise!"

Gov. Jenkins went to Washington and made a brave fight for Georgia in the judicial forum, but his eloquence and the justice of his cause were alike unavailing. His manly advice to his fellow-citizens in this crisis was, "a firm but temperate refusal of acquiescence" in any of the Reconstruction measures. Georgia, as a State, has never countenanced usurpation nor injustice, and she entered her protest now, though her voice was unheeded.

During those days of lawlessness and misrule, a party of Radicals and Federal soldiers were sent to Elbert county to establish a Freedmen's Bureau. The first night after their arrival, their camp was surrounded, and though no one was visible, the welkin rang with shouts, hoots, yells and the snapping of guns and pistols, until it seemed as if pandemonium was turned loose. This deafening noise was kept up, hour after hour, so that sleep fled from the eyes of the intruders. Before the break of day the sounds gradually grew fainter, until they melted away in the woods.

The next day the Radicals left without accomplishing their purpose, saying they would return with a regiment of Federal soldiers and burn every house in the county; but nothing more was ever heard of them.

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Elbert was the banner county of Georgia during the Reconstruction period. No Freedmen's Bureau was ever established there, nor was a single Radical vote cast while Georgia was in the power of the Federal Congress.

The reason for this happy state of affairs was that Elbert county was far from the railroad, and was inhabited by a people of pure Southern blood, whose lands were not for sale. Their beautiful plantations had descended from father to son, for generations—in some instances from the Colonial period—so there was no alien blood to cause a division of the people, and Elbert was a unit against Radicalism.

In December, 1867, the Congressional Reconstruction Convention, backed by the military, was in session in Atlanta. It was composed, with few exceptions, of inferior white men and negroes. The Convention had been empowered to levy a tax to pay its expenses, which shows that Congress had not intended that the money should be drawn from the State treasury. However, at the end of two or three weeks, "the poor whites" and the negroes were clamoring for their pay, and the all-absorbing question was how to obtain the necessary money.

Col. John Jones was the Treasurer of Georgia at that time. According to the law, in order to draw any State money, it was first necessary to get a warrant from the Governor and then present it to the Treasurer.

The leaders of the bogus Convention finally put their heads together and passed a resolution instructing the State Treasurer to pay their agent forty thousand dollars, to defray the expenses of the Convention. In the meantime, Gen. Pope had been relieved of the command of "District

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Number 3," and Gen. Meade put in his place. A copy of this resolution, indorsed by Gen. Meade, was carried by the agent to Milledgeville, presented to Col. Jones, and the money demanded.

The Treasurer politely but firmly replied that he could not pay out money without an Executive warrant. Hearing this, the agent at once returned to Atlanta, well knowing it would be a waste of time to apply to Gov. Jenkins, who regarded the Convention as an illegal body.

The firm and patriotic stand of Georgia's Governor caused Gen. Meade considerable embarrassment. He finally sought an interview, in which he asked:

"Do I understand, that you would not have responded to the Convention's order for an Executive warrant?

"Certainly not!" answered the Governor.

Gen. Meade then said he regretted the existence of such a condition of affairs, and asked his reasons for acting as he was doing in this matter.

Gov. Jenkins promptly replied that, under the Constitution of Georgia, which he had sworn to support, no funds could be drawn from the treasury except by an Executive warrant for an appropriation made by Georgia law. In this case the legislature had made no appropriation.

Gen. Meade listened to the Governor with profound attention, and admitted that as a citizen he did not materially differ from him; but as a Federal officer whose duty it was to enforce the reconstruction measures of Congress, he would be compelled to remove the Governor if he did not re-consider his determination. This threat did not in the least disturb Gov. Jenkins, and he courteously replied that his decision would never be changed. Gen. Meade said, he

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would give him time to re-consider the matter, and then took his leave.

In the tempestuous years that followed the surrender the Confederate soldier was pushed into the background for a while by the force of circumstances, but he was very dear to the heart of Georgia and constituted an undereurrent of great power in the land. In the first legislature that was convened after hostilities ceased, a majority of the members were old citizens of the State, and they voted an appropriation to buy artificial limbs for Georgia's maimed soldiers. Before the war had been ended a year, Mrs. Mary Ann Williams, the lady who instituted the "Wayside Homes," suggested that the 26th of April, the day on which Gen. Joseph E. Johnston surrendered, should be set apart annually to decorate the graves of our gallant Confederate dead. In her communication to the Press she wrote: "They died defending the life, honor and happiness of the Southern women. . . . All did their duty and to all we owe our gratitude. Let the soldiers' graves, for that day at least, be the Southern Mecca to whose shrine her sorrowing women, like pilgrims, may annually bring their grateful hearts and floral offerings."

The idea found ready response in every city, town, village and hamlet, not only in Georgia, but throughout the South; and Memorial Day became an established custom and legal holiday in Georgia.

This noble woman received a large share of love and gratitude from her State, and when she died, eight years later, she was buried with military honors. Her grave is decorated every Memorial Day with the same high respect as if she had been a Confederate soldier.

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Georgia's record as a member of the Southern Confederacy will never be forgotten; and "the names and deeds of her soldiers will live in memory and be perpetuated as legends, and thus treasured up as themes for song and story, for ages to come!"

Let the generous youth of Georgia, through whose veins courses the blood of Confederate heroes, keep their memories green and emulate their virtues and their patriotism!

CHAPTER L.

RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD. (CONTINUED.)

1865—1872.

Georgia's intrepid Governor, Charles J. Jenkins, knew his duty and dared to perform it in the face of Federal bayonets. He issued an order suspending the collection of the taxes by which the bogus Convention was trying to raise money, and instructed Col. Jones to conceal the State funds.

Only a few days after Gen. Meade's visit, the Governor received a letter from him demanding an Executive warrant for forty thousand dollars. In his reply, he respectfully but positively refused to comply with the demand. So Gen. Meade ordered his removal from the office to which he had been elected by the people of Georgia, upon the ground that he denied the validity of the reconstruction laws.

In a short time after this, Gen. Thomas Ruger, of the Federal army, called at the Executive Mansion. It was so evident that he was reluctant to tell the object of his visit, that Gov. Jenkins met him half way by remarking: "I have been informed that Gen. Meade has removed me from office, and appointed you as Provisional Governor, to assume my duties."

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"That is my business here," said Gen. Ruger, "and I hope, Governor, that you will offer no resistance."

"Before answering you," responded the Governor, "permit me to ask you a question. Are you instructed, if necessary, to use force to dispossess me of this office?"

Gen. Ruger's face flushed as he replied: "I am, sir; and here are my orders."

Gov. Jenkins quietly inspected the document, which was signed by Gen. Meade, and then made the noble reply which won for him the title of "*Grand old Roman*": "Sir, you have the army of the United States at your back, and I can summon not even a respectable police force. I therefore elect to bow out to you, rather than to a file of soldiers with muskets and bayonets; but I denounce this proceeding as an outrage upon the rights of this State, and had I an adequate force I would resist you to the last extremity."

After some further conversation, Gen. Ruger asked why he had suspended the collection of taxes ordered by the Convention. Gov. Jenkins declined to render any account of his official acts to the new Provisional Governor appointed by the military.

The words used by Gen. Meade in his written order appointing Gen. Ruger, were that he was "*detailed for duty in the District of Georgia*," to be provisional governor. This base usurpation of State authority on the part of the Federal Government, in time of peace, is without parallel in the annals of any government calling itself a republic.

From the Executive Mansion Gen. Ruger hastened to the office of the Treasurer, but he found only an empty vault and some old books. As Col. Jones refused to give any information, an order was issued for his arrest, and a

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new Treasurer was appointed. Gov. Jenkins' order suspending the collection of taxes was at once revoked. The earnings of the State Road were also paid to the bogus Treasurer and used for illegal purposes by the usurping government.

In the meantime, Gov. Jenkins had hastily arranged his affairs and returned to his home in Augusta. The State funds, the Great Seal of Georgia, and some valuable documents had been carefully concealed, and never passed into the hands of the Federals.

Our Governor did not sit idly at home and leave his beloved State to her fate, but exhausted every effort to prove that the reconstruction laws were unconstitutional. Gen. Ruger ordered his arrest, but the officials everywhere in the State disregarded the order, and made no effort to interfere with his movements; but when our Governor discovered that the Supreme Court of the United States was overawed by the Radicals, and redress at that time was impossible for Georgia's wrongs, he retired with his family to Nova Scotia.

While Georgia was suffering from the despotism of the Reconstruction Acts of Congress, the aliens who ruled our State moved the capital to Atlanta. They hoped that this change would win North Georgia to their interests, but the people of that section never for a moment swerved from their duty. Atlanta had risen, phenix-like, from its ashes, and was again a flourishing town, with as large a population as it had possessed before it was burned by Sherman.

It was the policy of the Federals to keep up a semblance of law, so they now ordered that there should be an election for governor.

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The Radicals, some time before this, not content with having the Federal Government and army at their back, had formed a secret society, called the Union League, to influence elections in the South. Negroes who were notoriously corrupt, held offices of trust in Georgia, and ignorant ones were put on the grand juries and sat in the legislature. There was absolutely no redress in any legitimate way for the enormities practiced in our State, and the Ku-klux Klan sprang into existence, preserving peace and order to a large extent by playing on the superstitions of the negroes and the low white people. The name originated from imitating the call of a hen to gather her chickens under her wings when danger threatens them.

The members of this mysterious Klan were never seen except at night, and then they were always mounted. They came and went like phantoms, and the footfall of their horses never made a sound, as their hoofs were covered with half-tanned leather, or wrapped in hay which was tied on with a piece of cloth. It was a dreadful sight to the ignorant to see a troop of horsemen all shrouded in black and as silent as the grave, ride swiftly up to a house, surround it, gaze at it earnestly, with red, green and blue lights flashing from their bodies, and then melt away as silently as they had come. These masqueraders were always enveloped in a loose black robe, with a black calico mask that fell down over the shoulders. On top of this mask was sometimes worn a grotesque or hideous head-dress. On one occasion an ingenious Kuklux wore an illuminated skull.

The Kuklux made a powerful impression on the imagination of the ignorant, which neither time, nor a knowledge of the means used to frighten people, has been able to entirely eradicate.

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Late one night, a negro who was returning home along a country road, without having heard a sound to break the stillness, suddenly found himself by the side of a horseman who looked to be ten feet in height. He took off his head, and in very polite terms asked the negro to hold it while he arranged his backbone. The face of the negro turned to an ashy hue, and without uttering a word, he disappeared in the woods.

One of the most awe-inspiring things about the Kuklux was their amazing swiftness and profound silence. They rarely uttered a word, if they could make a sign answer the purpose. One hot night in midsummer, when the silvery rays of the full moon were glorifying earth and sky, a solitary Kuklux rode up to a negro's house and demanded a drink of water. The family dared not refuse it, and one of them tremblingly carried out a bucket and a dipper. To the horror of the spectators, the phantom raised the bucket to his lips and, draining it dry, immediately departed like a shadow.

Mischief-makers and those who were trying to stir up the evil passions of the negroes were warned in a hollow and sepulchral voice to quit the county. If the offense was stealing, the rogues were told in some blood-curdling manner that they would have to leave the neighborhood if they did not behave themselves, and one admonition conveyed in that awful manner was usually sufficient.

The terror with which the negroes regarded the Kuklux Klan produced some ludicrous mistakes. At this time Union Point was a small country village, divided between the Baptists and the Methodists. An Episcopal clergyman, desiring to have services for the benefit of a few mem-

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bers of his church who lived in that vicinity, borrowed the Methodist church for the occasion. His coming created a great sensation, as very few of the people had ever heard the Episcopal service. Curiosity was so strong that the crowd was increased by quite a large gathering from the country. The men collected around the church door waiting for the minister; and, as was usual in Georgia, a good many negroes were grouped on the outskirts of the crowd to see what was going on. Instead of entering the church directly, the clergyman approached by a back way, that he might have an opportunity to put on his robe behind the church. As soon as the negroes caught sight of him coming around the corner of the building, they yelled, "Kuklux!" "Kuklux!" and in the twinkling of an eye every one of them had vanished.

During these evil days, the negroes held the balance of power in Georgia, and the ballot-box was guarded by Federal bayonets. It was almost impossible to identify the average plantation negro, so when the time came for the gubernatorial election ordered by the Federals, the Radical manager had such as he needed transported from one place to another, and the same negro could cast several votes without much fear of detection.

In spite of all this wickedness, the heroic John B. Gordon, who had been put forward by the Democrats, was undoubtedly elected, but the office was awarded to a Radical, Rufus Bullock, who was a native of the State of New York. Anything that a negro or a Radical would swear to, was considered legal evidence by the Federals; so, when the election went Democratic, the Radical manager of elections, E. Hulbert, wrote to one of his agents: "We

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want affidavits proving force, fraud and intimidation in violation of general orders. We must have them, and plenty of them. Go to work and get them up at once."

When the usurper was inaugurated Governor of Georgia, Gen. Meade declared military authority at an end; which simply meant that Federal officers would not be so conspicuous as formerly, but would hide the despotism of their Government with the cloak of so-called law.

Before this election came off, early in the summer of this year of feverish excitement, an illiterate, disreputable white man, named Ashburn, who lived in a low negro quarter in Columbus, was one night killed by an unknown mob. As he was an extreme Radical, and had made incendiary speeches to the negroes, the military at once took the matter in hand and arrested, upon mere suspicion, some twenty young men of respectable families. There was no trial by jury under military despotism, and it was whispered that the murder was the work of Kuklux. These young men were carried to Fort Pulaski, which had been converted into a military prison, and there thrust into dungeon-like cells, whose horrors were scarcely inferior to the Black Hole of Calcutta. Neither beds nor blankets were allowed them, and they were tortured by myriads of mosquitoes. Their rations were fat pork, and beef which was too unsound to eat. To each of them was given an old oyster can in which both soup and coffee were served. They were denied all communication with their friends. Afterwards, when they were transferred to the McPherson Barracks, in Atlanta, the treatment given them was no better.

If there was one thing more than another that a Carpet-bagger and a Scalawag hated, it was a gentleman, and they

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rejoiced when he was humiliated and treated with indignity.

Much cruelty was practiced upon the negro witnesses to force them to testify against the Columbus prisoners as the Radicals desired. An instrument of torture was invented, called the "sweat-box," and put in Fort Pulaski. It was just large enough to admit the victim, and was arranged by screws for compression, so that a force could be brought upon the prisoner sufficient to squeeze the breath out of him. The box was also provided with a steam apparatus, connected with it by pipes. By simply turning a faucet, jets of steam were thrown into it until the heat became unbearable. Three witnesses suffered this torture, one of whom was a negro. He, poor soul, cried out in a few minutes, that he would swear anything if they would only let him out of that box.

The torture of prisoners without any sort of trial or any evidence against them, fired the heart of Georgia for many years, and caused it to throb with indignation.

Finally, when the military gave way to the Radical Governor, Gen. Meade issued an order adjourning the military commission that was trying the Columbus prisoners, and they were turned over to the civil law. Alexander H. Stephens, Martin J. Crawford, Gen. Benning, and several other prominent lawyers whom Georgia has delighted to honor, became counsel for the prisoners. At last, these innocent young men were released on bond, permitted to return home, and the matter was dropped.

Under Rufus Bullock, our beloved State was given over to the hands of carpetbaggers and scalawags, whose conduct was more outrageous than ever before. These panni-

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less adventurers heaped injuries and insults upon our people, and robbed the very negroes whom they were using as an instrument to uphold their power.

When crimes were committed by their followers, means were always found to exempt them from punishment, while stories of the brutality of Georgians to their negroes were industriously manufactured, and sent to the Republicans as stock in trade for their party. The more hideous the tale, the more it was relished at the North, and each one was rolled as a sweet morsel under their tongues.

The acts of the Congress of the United States, each year after the war ended, justified more and more emphatically the necessity that was placed upon Georgia to sever her connection with the Federal Union, in order to maintain her honor and her self-respect, even at the expense of wounds and desolations and death! Time, the great Mother of Truth, will vindicate the position of our State.

CHAPTER LI.

RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD. (CONCLUDED.)

1865--1872.

The State Democratic Convention and the Legislature both met in Atlanta in July, 1868. Many of our leading public men were there, and it was thought to be a suitable occasion for a political mass-meeting. About twenty thousand Georgians gathered on that memorable occasion, which witnessed the largest mass-meeting ever before held in our State. To accommodate the crowd, an immense bush arbor was erected in what was then a large, open space on Alabama street. The four orators were Gen. Howell Cobb, Gen. Robert Toombs, Hon. Benjamin H. Hill, and Col. Raphael J. Moses. They hurled their anathemas against the Reconstruction Acts, in fiery addresses that were afterwards called the "Bush Arbor Speeches." Mr. Hill had already revived the drooping spirits of the Democracy by the trumpet blast of his "Notes on the Situation," and men were eager to hear what further message he had for them. He came grandly to the front, and displayed his splendid eloquence in denouncing the usurpation of power by the Federal Congress.

Although it was a hot summer day and the hard plank benches in the arbor were uncomfortable to the last degree, they were closely packed. Georgians sat there for five

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hours, unconscious of the lapse of time, as they enthusiastically listened to the burning eloquence of those speakers, and overwhelmed them with applause whenever they gave the Reconstructionists a hard thrust. It was noted that among the audience were many ladies, who hung with rapt attention upon the words of the orators.

There had never been in Georgia an era of more universal excitement than the present. The Legislature which was now in session was not entirely under Radical influence, and a vote of the majority expelled the ineligible negroes who had been seated. This action put the bogus Governor, the other Radicals in Georgia, and the United States Congress in a ferment. The Reconstruction Committee sat, and, by the next year, Georgia was declared to be in a state of rebellion and was again put under military rule.

October 9th, 1868, four days after the Legislature adjourned, Gen. Howell Cobb died of heart disease in New York City. The suddenness of his death was a great shock to our whole State, where he had so long been loved and honored. Georgia mourned him as a favorite son, for he had always defended her with sword, pen, and eloquent tongue. He was comparatively a young man when he was first elected to the Congress of the United States, but he soon took a high position among the leaders of his party, and eventually, as a statesman, became one of the political lights of America.

Again, in 1869, with glaring inconsistency, Georgia was called upon to ratify another Constitutional Amendment, the Fifteenth, by which negroes could hold office; yet it was declared by the Federal Congress that Georgia was not a State.

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It was the policy of the Radicals to imbitter Georgians and their negroes, but in this unholy design they never succeeded to any appreciable extent. Still, they continually made the effort, and “the Southern outrages” weapon was freely used, the bogus Governor giving his official sanction to the slanders.

The Federal General, Terry, was now in command in Georgia; but Rufus Bullock, without any authority, issued a proclamation calling the legislature to assemble, and signed himself “Provisional Governor,” though he had not received that appointment from Congress. The Legislature which convened under these circumstances, in January, 1870, was a parody on government. The Radical, Benjamin Conley, who was President of the Senate, said in his address to that body: “The Government has determined that in this republic—which is not, never was, and never can be a democracy—that in this republic, Republicans shall rule.”

A Federal officer sending his orders to the House of Representatives that such and such members could not be seated, was one of the strange acts now witnessed. The arbitrary measures and lawlessness of this body of men were an outrage on decency, and many disgraceful scenes occurred. Democrats were turned out and negroes seated, for no other reason than that the Radicals so willed it. A Democratic senator was not allowed to take his seat, because he had sold beef to Confederate soldiers. Things went from bad to worse until the bogus Governor obtained entire control of the Legislature, and all honest Republicans were disgusted with their own work. Afterwards, a Republican from Georgia, in a speech before the United

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States Senate, thus spoke of this legislature: "Men looked amazed and aghast. If there ever were Kuklux in Georgia, it occurred to me that this was about the time they ought to have shown themselves—when a stranger, a man wholly a stranger to the Legislature, and almost to the whole people of the State, appeared there and occupied the chair of the Speaker, thundering out his edicts to the representatives of the people, ordering them to disperse and begone to their homes, adjourning them at his pleasure and calling them back when he pleased, and these obedient servants of the people going and doing his behests! Why, sir, the scene was pitiable!"

The aliens who were now running the State Government were guilty of a frightful degree of fraud in every department. Corruption ran rampant, and they tried to drag this grand old State to the lowest depths of degradation by publishing to the world that it was ravaged by the Kuklux Klan. To give some color to the tale, a number of citizens from North Georgia had been dragged from their homes and humiliated by imprisonment in Atlanta. An examination showed not a vestige of evidence against them, and they had to be released.

Backed by United States bayonets, and with their hands up to the elbows in the treasury of Georgia, the Carpetbaggers squandered money for bribes, for private entertainments, for personal aggrandizement and ambition, and Georgia people had to foot the bills—their enemies, in triumph, gloating over their defenseless condition.

While these disgraceful scenes were being enacted in our beloved State, Georgia's Governor was an exile, and her

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sons could only look on with horror at the misdeeds of the men in power. They had no alternative but to adopt the Fabian policy of watching and waiting.

At length, the evil conduct and mismanagement of the Carpetbaggers in control, became so notorious that the Federal Congress was forced to investigate the matter. The corruption of Rufus Bullock was proved, but he was not deprived of his power—only a vote of censure being passed upon him.

In the summer of this year, the Democrats held a Convention in Atlanta. Gen. Alfred H. Colquitt, who had illustrated Georgia on the battle-fields of two States, was elected President. Many prominent Georgians who had taken no active part in public affairs since the war, appeared in this Convention, the object of which was to consolidate party elements in opposition to the rule of Carpetbaggers. There were now, as always, shades of political difference among Georgians, but they all called themselves Democrats in their fight with the Republicans. Standing squarely upon the old platform of the sovereignty of the State, the members of the Convention invited all Georgians to unite with them in a zealous effort to change the usurping and corrupt administration of the State Government. When the elections came off in the fall, in spite of the military guards at the polls to influence votes, the Democratic majority was large.

While this canvass was in progress, the illustrious Confederate General, Robert E. Lee, died. Georgia shared the profound grief felt by the whole South at the loss of this renowned chieftain, and paid appropriate honors to his memory. In Savannah, when the sad news was known

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the performances were discontinued at several places of amusement, and the audiences sadly dispersed to their homes. It was in this city that Gen. Lee performed his first military service, when he was a young lieutenant of engineers, just graduated from West Point; and again, in the war between the States, the "Forest City" was his home while he was commander of the defenses on the Southern coast.

As soon as the Republicans learned the results of the fall elections they pronounced them illegal. The 8th Congressional District, which Alexander H. Stephens had rendered famous, was declared to be in a state of rebellion and put under martial law. Linton Stephens, ex-justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia, was ordered to be arrested. He had been very prominent in the Democratic Convention, and also in organizing the elections throughout the State, and had especially taken an active part in preventing illegal voting in Sparta, where he resided. He voluntarily answered to the warrant without arrest, as soon as he heard of the order.

He was carried before Commissioner Swayze, a Federal Carpetbag officer at Macon. The speech in which he made his defense was matchless. "The wealth of all forensic literature may be searched in vain for a performance that surpasses it in point of genuine manliness, civil courage, nervous English and the eloquence of patriotic fervor, or cogent, compact, red-hot logic." This remarkable speech ended with these patriotic words: "If angry power demands a sacrifice from those who have thwarted its fraudulent purposes, I feel honored, sir, in being selected as the victim. If my suffering could arouse my countrymen to a

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just and lofty indignation against the despotism which, in attacking me, is but assailing law, order and constitutional government, I would not shrink from the sacrifice, though my blood should be required instead of my liberty!"

Judge Stephens was dismissed under bond, to appear before the next Federal court in Savannah. At this term of the court the indictment was ignored by the grand jury and nothing more was ever heard of the matter.

The Carpetbaggers, who were still in power, saw that the Georgians were surely, even though slowly, getting control. A Democratic victory meant an inquiry into their mismanagement. Knowing that their acts would not bear investigation, they stuck together and made one last desperate effort to keep in power. Their most effective weapons in the fight were still "Southern outrages" and "the horrors of the Kuklux Klan," that "band of secret assassins." It certainly was not a good showing for the Federal Government, nor for the Carpetbaggers, with unlimited power, and the United States army at their back, that none of these criminals were ever caught and brought to justice. Does it not prove that the "Slander-mill" was but another political machine of the Republican party?

While these events were progressing, and the Republican edifice in Georgia—which had been erected on such a false foundation—was toppling to its ruin, the bogus Governor, with great secrecy, resigned, turning over his office to one of his confederates, Benjamin Conley. He then fled from the State, a fugitive from justice. It was seven days after his flight before it was known to the public, and then he was beyond pursuit. It must be borne in mind that none of the official acts of this usurper were legal.

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An investigation of State affairs showed an unparalleled degree of corruption, and that Georgia had been saddled with an enormous debt. The incredible sum of two million dollars was spent in one year upon the State Road alone. The Carpetbagger, Foster Blodgett, was superintendent of the Road, and he used it to advance Radical power. Over a thousand names of officers appeared upon its pay-roll, many of whom had never rendered any service whatever; they were simply political employees, retained to assist in keeping the Carpetbaggers in power, and they had lived off the people whom they so vilely oppressed.

When the legislature met and was organized, James M. Smith, a gallant Georgia Colonel in the war between the States, was chosen Speaker of the House. Benjamin Conley, who was playing the role of Governor, should have resigned—according to law—as his term as President of the Senate had expired, but he refused to do so. With wonderful patience, the Democrats in the legislature declined to wrangle over the matter, but left it to the people of Georgia to decide by calling an election for Governor, to be held during the following December. Col. James M. Smith was put forward by the Democrats and elected. He had no opposition. The Republicans, with the odium upon them of the rascalities of carpetbag government, nominated one of their number, James Atkins, but he declined to make the canvass.

For years Georgia had been groaning under woes and insults innumerable—had been ruled by foreigners hostile to her interests—but she had grappled bravely with Radicalism and fought it whenever opportunity offered. Three times had civil law been set aside in this State and martial

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law imposed upon it; seven times had the President and the Congress of the United States bent their energies to keep this impoverished commonwealth in the condition of a conquered province; but this had been impossible, and once again Georgia was under the control of her own sons.

James M. Smith, the successor of Gov. Jenkins, was inaugurated January 12th, 1872, amid universal rejoicing. It will be noted that when the Confederate soldiers were allowed to vote, they rallied to the rescue of their beloved State and delivered it from Carpetbaggers, Scalawags and bayonet rule.

These aliens left Georgia without funds with which to carry on the Government, and without credit. In this emergency, Gen. Toombs and some other gentlemen supplied the necessary money until taxes were collected.

When Georgia was redeemed from military despotism, Gov. Jenkins returned from his exile. A full and just account of the State funds was rendered, and the *Great Seal* and the valuable documents were returned. The letter of the "grand old Roman" to Gov. Smith concluded as follows: "The removal of the books and papers was simply a cautionary measure for my own protection. Not so with the *Seal*. That was a symbol of the Executive authority, and although devoid of intrinsic material value, was hallowed by a sentiment which forbade its surrender to unauthorized hands.

"Afterwards, whilst I was in Washington vainly seeking the interposition of the Supreme Court, a formal, written demand was made upon me by Gen. Ruger for a return of these articles, with which I declined to comply.

"The books and papers I herewith transmit to your Ex-

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cellency, that they may resume their places among the archives of the State. With them I also deliver to you the *Seal* of the Executive Department. I derive high satisfaction from the reflection that *it has never been desecrated by the grasp of a military usurper's hand, never been prostituted to authenticate official misdeeds of an upstart pretender.* Unpolluted as it came to me, I gladly place it in the hands of a worthy son of Georgia, her freely chosen Executive, my first legitimate successor."

The courage and integrity of Gov. Jenkins were fully appreciated by the legislature then in session, and they enthusiastically endorsed his conduct in a series of resolutions; a fac-simile of the Great Seal, wrought in solid gold, was presented to him in the name of the grateful people whose rights he had so bravely defended. The gold seal had the words "In Arduis Fidelis" engraved upon its face. Words were never more descriptive of character, and to-day they are carved upon his monument.

Gov. Jenkins was nearly seventy years of age when he received this testimonial from Georgia. In accepting it, he said: "I would not exchange it for star or garter, or other badge of knighthood—nor yet for highest patent of nobility ever bestowed by king upon subject."

As Judge of the Supreme Court and Governor of Georgia his record was bright and stainless, and the annals of Greece and Rome can show no finer example of matchless fidelity! One of the most glorious chapters in the history of this proud commonwealth, is the fearless patriotism of Charles J. Jenkins, the hero of the reconstruction period.

CHAPTER LII.

REBUILDING THE STATE.

1872—1880.

It must awaken a feeling of pride in the heart of every Georgian to read the story of how the people of this commonwealth, with unbroken spirits, undaunted courage and imperishable hope, passed through that terrible crucible of misfortune, when the attempt was made to wrest their destinies from their control, when there was no protection of property or security of person in this State, and when its very name was blotted out by Act of Congress. It has been recorded how bravely they breasted the tide of adversity, until their efforts were crowned with success and they had established the rights, the honor and the dignity of Georgia. All her true sons rallied to the standard that had GEORGIA emblazoned upon its folds. Above their support of one man or opposition to another, arose their devotion to this commonwealth. Thus, in the hour of her bitter trial was our beloved State more fortunate than that great republic of antiquity, of which in a momentous crisis it was so truly said: "There was a party for Cæsar, a party for Pompey and a party for Brutus, but no party for Rome!"

Georgia had lost nearly half the accumulated capital of a century; but her sons and daughters had gone bravely to

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work to rebuild the waste places, which once more were beginning to blossom like the rose. Even in the midst of her poverty, educational interests were not neglected, and the mint at Dahlonega had become the North Georgia Agricultural College.

The rights of a sovereign State were now conceded to Georgia by the Federal Government; but it will be noted that the Constitution of the United States, as framed by our forefathers, had been materially changed, and union by consent, as far as Georgia was concerned, had ceased to exist.

It was about this time that the Legislature elected Gen. John B. Gordon to the United States Senate. The interest in his election was so great, that the galleries were crowded, and, when the result was announced, there was the wildest enthusiasm. Thus did Georgia delight to honor the Confederate soldier! In the Senate he was soon recognized as an eloquent and leading member of the Democratic party.

At the same time, Alexander H. Stephens, after an absence of thirteen years, took his seat in the Federal Congress as Representative. He was elected and re-elected, until at length he became popularly known as the "Great Commoner." On one occasion, when he was a candidate for re-election, an impatient constituent asked:

"What are you doing in Congress, anyway? We don't see much use in sending you back, as it seems, when you are there, you can't do anything for us."

Mr. Stephens' wonderful patience was a marked characteristic, and his great heart always beat in sympathy with his people, so he replied mildly: "My friend, I don't ask your suffrage for what I have done, but for what I have kept the Republicans from doing."

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The first reunion of Confederate soldiers ever held was by the Third Georgia Regiment, at Union Point, in the summer of 1874. It was at the suggestion of Capt. C. H. Andrews and his comrades of Company D. The object was simply to renew a comradeship formed amid the stern realities of war, and to perpetuate the glorious record of a regiment whose battle-flag was never touched by hostile hands, though the Third Georgia participated in every important engagement of the army of Northern Virginia, from Malvern Hill to Appomattox.

Union Point offered her fair grounds for the occasion, and tendered the veterans the hospitality of the village, giving them a grand banquet. The old regimental flag, pierced and torn, but never surrendered, was stretched across the stage where the orators of the day were seated. Claiborne Snead, of Augusta, the surviving Colonel, delivered a glowing address which evinced great patriotism and expressed much pride in his regiment.

Following the example of the 3d Georgia, reunions soon became general all over the South. As the central purpose of each organization was historical, their meetings have kept history from being falsified.

That Georgia loves her old soldiers is shown by the fact that she is the only State that has provided pensions for their widows, and that all disabled soldiers can do business within her boundaries without paying such license as the law may require of other persons. Here, "young and old venerate the heroic memories of the Confederate struggle for independence, and children's children will learn with their earliest breath to lisp the names of the great chieftains of the South, and with their youngest emotions to admire and emulate their illustrious examples."

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Gov. James M. Smith, formerly Colonel of the 13th Georgia Regiment, after doing good service for the State at a critical period, was now succeeded by Gen. Alfred H. Colquitt. Such was the enthusiasm created by the nomination of this distinguished Confederate soldier, that it swept over the State like a tidal wave, and he was given the largest majority ever polled in Georgia.

This was the year to elect a President of the United States, and the same great majority was given in Georgia to the Democratic candidate. Some Democratic clubs in Texas had challenged any State to show a larger majority than their commonwealth; Georgia won the trophy, which was a magnificent silk banner.

When Georgia's sons had freed her from military rule, true to their traditional generosity, they turned to help South Carolina and Louisiana when they were groaning under the heel of the despot. Gen. John B. Gordon, in the United States Senate, spoke bravely for South Carolina when she was misrepresented by her slanderers. He rendered so many other important services to that State, that the ladies of Columbia presented him with a testimonial of their appreciation. It was a sterling silver baptismal font for his youngest born, whom he had named Carolina. It was made in a novel but beautiful shape, having on one side the arms of South Carolina, and on the other side those of Georgia, with appropriate inscriptions.

The people of Georgia now began to discuss the propriety of calling a Convention to frame a new Constitution, as they were unwilling to live under the one that had been adopted at the dictation of Federal bayonets.

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In July, 1877, there assembled in Atlanta the ablest body of men that had met in Georgia since the Secession Convention. This Convention was composed of some of the strongest and best men in our State, among whom were seventeen judges. There was a strong representation of the old men who had served Georgia both before and during the war. The President of the Convention was Ex-Gov. Jenkins, now over seventy years of age. The young members were in perfect sympathy with the old men; they all worked together for the good of the State, and framed and adopted the present Constitution of Georgia. Gen. Toombs was one of the leading spirits in the Convention. He inaugurated the Railroad Commission law, and left his impress in other ways upon the new Constitution. This instrument, framed by the free will of Georgia people, prohibits any increase of the public debt or any use of the people's money except for State Government.

This Convention finally disposed of the question of certain fraudulent bonds which the Radicals had saddled upon Georgia. Agreeing with the Supreme Court and the Legislature, that Georgia could make no compromise with corruption, they declared the bogus bonds to be null and void.

The bankers in New York City who were identified with Bullock and Kimball in their financial operations in Georgia, misrepresented the facts and slandered our State through the Press to suppress any investigations, but they did not succeed. Georgia insisted on a careful inquiry into the facts, for the bonds were either legal or fraudulent, and she was determined to have the truth. When they were proved beyond all question to be fraudulent, Georgia

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stoutly refused to shoulder a contract of bayonet and Carpetbag usurpation. While the validity of the bonds was being tried by the Court, Rufus Bullock did not appear to give his evidence for their solvency. Why did he not come forward, stand his trial, and tell the court what he knew about the matter, or protest against their verdict? He thought it more prudent to remain still in a distant State and keep in hiding from the just indignation of Georgians.

When the bogus bonds were first issued, Gen. Toombs, in his uncompromising war upon them, said with prophetic ken that the day would come when "we will adopt a new Constitution with a clause repudiating these bonds, and like Etna spew the monstrous frauds out of the market"; after many days, the joyous time had arrived, and Georgia did, indeed, renounce the contract made by bayonet usurpation rather than by the act of her people.

When the Convention was in the midst of its labors, and while there was yet much to be done, the money appropriated by the Legislature for their expenses was exhausted. In this crisis, Gen. Toombs furnished the necessary funds from his private purse. Every man in the Convention rose to his feet to vote him thanks. Of all that assembly, he alone remained seated, covering his face with his hands to hide the tears that started to his eyes at this quick recognition of his patriotism.

When the new Constitution was submitted to a vote of the people, it was overwhelmingly adopted. At the same time, the question was left to the people what town should be the capital. There was quite a lively contest between Milledgeville and Atlanta. The latter received a majority

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of the votes and so became legally the capital of Georgia. Since that time, the city has continued to grow and prosper with marvellous rapidity.

Later on, the old State-House and grounds at Milledgeville were turned over to the Trustees of the University for the purpose of establishing a branch college for Middle Georgia, which is now a large and prosperous institution.

The Legislature which met this year elected Hon. Benjamin H. Hill to the United States Senate. He had been a representative for two years; he had also served in the Confederate Senate during the whole period of the war between the States, and had acquired honor and distinction in both bodies. He continued in the United States Senate until his death. It was said of him that "upon his lips had the mystic bee dropped the honey of persuasion." He was emphatically a Georgian, and if honey hung upon his lips, Georgia bees gathered it from her own flowers and hoarded it there.

As this period drew to a close, Georgia was occupied with the full restoration of her material resources and financial position, in which she met with signal success.

CHAPTER LIII.

REBUILDING THE STATE. (CONTINUED.)

1880—1890.

Georgia now began to make some progress towards a permanent prosperity, in spite of the fact that she was paying annually five million dollars as her share of the war tax exacted by the Federal Government, not one cent of which was distributed within her borders, and much of which was used to pay pensions to the Federal soldiers who had invaded her territory and destroyed her property.

Firm in her self-reliance, Georgia could afford to wait for justice. The war had retarded her enterprises for full fifty years, but her manufacturing interests were building up in all parts of the State, and commerce was flourishing. She had fine public schools in every county, with Dr. Gustavus J. Orr, a man of ability and character, as State School Commissioner; she had a continually extending railroad system, and her valuable mines were being developed. All this was the work of Georgia people, proud of the resources of their State and true to her historic traditions.

Our negroes have saved Georgia from an influx of the laboring classes of Europe, who are unwilling to compete with them. Thus, immigration is so slow that the strangers who settle here become Georgians, instead of our State being dominated by foreign customs and foreign ideas, and Georgia land is saved for Georgia people.

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In the first year of this decade, Gen. Colquitt made his second race for Governor. Some of his acts as Executive had been so unpopular that he encountered much opposition. One of the issues raised against him was that he had appointed ex-Gov. Joseph E. Brown to fill the unexpired term of Gen. John B. Gordon, who had resigned his seat in the United States Senate.

Many of our leading men were engaged in this gubernatorial campaign, which was heated and bitter. Gen. Henry R. Jackson, who had taken no part in politics since the war, came forward now and threw the whole weight of his high character, poetic diction and matchless eloquence into the scale for Colquitt. Gov. Colquitt was re-elected by a handsome majority, and the legislature endorsed his course by returning Gov. Brown to the United States Senate.

This legislature also elected James Jackson (who was one of the associate justices) Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court. He had made a fine record before the war between the States, both as judge of the Superior Court and member of Congress. Very fond of the law, with a vigorous intellect, a large, sympathetic heart and clean hands, he was eminently fitted to wear the ermine.

He was a grandson of that illustrious James Jackson who was a general in the Revolutionary war, who had a seat in the United States Senate when it was an honor to be there, who assisted in exposing the Yazoo fraud, and who was once Governor of this great State. So, by right of inheritance, Chief-Justice Jackson loved justice and hated fraud and deceit. In his decisions he employed feeling as well as thought. "It is perhaps not unusual to find men

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with great power of mind associated with defective moral powers, or to find men of great power of feeling associated with weakness of intellect; but here were strength of mind and moral stamina together. Thus equipped, thus armed, he did his work with skill, fidelity and power." It is an onerous and responsible position to be the head of the administration of Georgia's laws, but the new Chief-Justice filled the place with eminent success. May his spotless character be an enduring example for his young countrymen!

In October, 1881, Georgia became prominent before the world in the International Cotton Exposition, which was held for three months in Atlanta, a city, at that time, with less than fifty thousand inhabitants. This was the first great exposition ever held in the South.

The site selected for the buildings became known as Oglethorpe Park, a beautiful piece of ground at a convenient distance from the city. The "main building" was in the shape of a Greek cross, with wings; it was constructed as a model cotton factory without any ornamentation or elaborate finish, but simply showing an edifice adapted to manufacturing cotton in the South. There were several other large buildings, so that the exhibits covered twenty acres of floor space.

Cotton-seed were obtained from all parts of the world where the plant flourishes—from Asia, Africa and the isles of the sea—so that the royal staple that clothes the world could be seen in all stages of its culture in well-arranged plats. The foreign plants, preserving their peculiar characteristics, grew side by side with Georgia cotton.

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Experiments showed that the South was the favored home of this plant "whose growth is the idyllic poem of our people, and its mature existence a system of political economy. It is the source of the hoarse shout of the steam engine; it is the melody of the soft song of the spindle and loom; it is the fairy of the waterfall; it is warmth, it is comfort, it is beauty. It is the pride of our fields, the source of our wealth, the king of our commerce."

Bags, bales and packages of cotton from foreign countries were exhibited, showing how the natives prepared it for market. There was also a truly wonderful display of every kind of machinery used in manufacturing cotton. Distant States sent fine specimens of their woods, minerals and agricultural products; and there were also exhibits of the commerce and manufactures of the world. Everything that could be raised on a Georgia plantation was there, with woods from our forests and ores from our mines. From the gold belt of our State was shown the precious metal—in combination, free gold, and nuggets—with the machinery used in extracting it.

The Exposition was opened with most imposing ceremonies in the presence of an immense crowd. When it was presented to the public, Georgia's Governor, Alfred H. Colquitt, formally received it in a short, but eloquent address.

Ex-Gov. Vance, of North Carolina, at this time a United States Senator, delivered the speech of welcome, in which he thus referred to the recuperative power of Georgia and the other Southern States: "To every one present or to come, we extend a southern welcome, warm as our sunshine, and bid him behold what can be done by a land

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whose fields were but yesterday ‘kneaded into bloody sods by the maddening wheels of artillery,’ whose beasts of burden were swept away by devastating armies, whose noblest sons were slaughtered in battle, whose homes were burned with fire and whose governments have passed through an era of corruption worse than anarchy. We invite you with pride to witness these conclusive tests of the genial nature of our climate, the fertility of our soil, the energy of our people, the conservative vitality of our political institutions; in short, we invite you to see that we have renewed our youth at the fountains of industry and found the hills of gold in the energies of an imperishable race.”

The ceremonies were appropriately closed with a poem written by Paul Hamilton Hayne. Then the big Corliss engine began to throb, the machinery to move, and the first Cotton Exposition of the world was opened.

Among the Southern States, Georgia ranks second in raising cotton, and, after New Orleans, Savannah is the largest cotton market in the world; so the Exposition was a great event in Georgia’s history, and it gave considerable impetus to her prosperity. After the fair was over, the buildings were utilized as a cotton factory, the name of which, Exposition Mills, tells the tale of its origin.

As Gov. Colquitt’s administration drew to a close, white-winged Peace and smiling Prosperity rested upon Georgia’s broad domain, and her sons were enjoying the fruits of their labors. But a loss that Georgia could ill afford at this time, soon cast its dark shadow over the whole State.

In the solemn stillness of the early dawn of an August day, Hon. Benjamin H. Hill died after a long and distressing illness. Gov. Colquitt ordered the capitol to be draped

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in mourning and the flag to be displayed at half-mast. On the day of the funeral business was suspended in our cities and towns, and to the tolling of church bells the citizens gathered to give expression to their sorrow. In Atlanta, his home at the time of his death, private houses as well as the public buildings wore the insignia of mourning. Thousands came from every part of the State to participate in the last sad rites, and the streets were thronged with a sorrowful multitude.

As patriot and statesman, Benjamin Harvey Hill was the peer of Crawford, Troup, Forsyth and Berrien. Georgia guards his ashes well, and his fame is among her proudest treasures. Friend and foe paid beautiful tributes to his splendid intellect and superb oratory. As eulogies were pronounced over him, the story of his fame rehearsed, and tender farewell words were spoken, he received no higher praise than the simple statement: "He loved Georgia."

Soon after the death of "Ben Hill," as his admirers loved to call him, a movement was begun by the people of Georgia to erect to his memory a monument which should stand in the capital of the State. The necessary funds were to be raised by very small contributions, so that every citizen might have the privilege of contributing. A gentleman, remarking that to give to the Hill monument was a pleasure which he wished all his family to share, suggested that each of his children should give twenty-five cents, and each of his negroes ten cents, which was cheerfully done. This incident illustrates the universal feeling of the State in this matter.

When the legislature met in the fall of 1882, Gov. Colquitt's term having expired, he was sent to the United

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States Senate. Alexander H. Stephens, "the sage of Liberty Hall"—now passed his seventieth year—was his successor. He resigned his seat in Congress to accept the nomination for Governor, and was elected by a majority of sixty thousand.

Since the capital had been changed to Atlanta, a building known as Kimball's Opera House had been used as a State-House, and it was called the capitol. There the oath of office was administered to Gov. Stephens by Chief Justice James Jackson, in the presence of the legislature in joint session. Gov. Colquitt, the State-House officers, Justices, Gen. Toombs, and a part of Georgia's delegation to the United States Congress were on the stage, and a large audience in the galleries. Gov. Stephens received the Great Seal of the State, around which heroic memories now clustered, and delivered it to Secretary of State Barnett. The new Governor's inaugural address was a masterly appeal for the maintenance of State's Rights.

As a part of the ceremonial the band played "Dixie." It had now become an established custom in Georgia, that this national air of the South should be given at least once on all public occasions.

In his private and political character Gov. Stephens was a model of purity, and his genius shone like a planet with steady rays. He had served Georgia since his early manhood; and when he became her Chief Magistrate he threw his whole heart into the office, never neglecting the smallest detail that should demand his attention. Few public men have loved Georgia and her people so ardently. Education was a subject that deeply interested him, and for years he had at his private expense kept a number of young men at school.

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To foster education has ever been one of the distinguishing characteristics of our people. The land is dotted with altars dedicated to learning. Our chief gala days have always been the annual commencements. On these occasions, the statesman, the lawyer, the planter, the divine, the physician, the journalist, the teacher, the merchant, the mechanic, the old and the young crowd the academic halls. This devotion to knowledge is one of the germs of Georgia's greatness. How much nobler are such festive occasions than the Olympic games of Greece and the gladiatorial contests of Rome!

O, young Georgians, "knowledge is power"; but intelligence without virtue and patriotism can never lead to the highest individual development, nor place your State upon that lofty pinnacle of fame for which all her true sons are striving!

CHAPTER LIV.

REBUILDING THE STATE. (CONTINUED.)

1880—1890.

While Alexander H. Stephens was Governor, the 150th anniversary of the settlement of Georgia drew near, and it was decided to celebrate the day in a manner worthy of the State.

Historic Savannah, the birthplace of the colony destined to become a mighty sovereign State, was selected to be the scene of the festivities. This city was the home of a race antedating the Indians; here Tomo-chi-chi and Oglethorpe passed through the streets in friendly converse; here "Liberty boys" and "Red Coats" rushed together in deadly conflict; and here Confederate heroes for four years kept the Federal fleet at bay, until at last, from the land side, the "Blue coats" seized the nest after the eagle had flown.

Savannah was for two days given up to this anniversary, which is called the Sesqui-centennial. The principal streets were elaborately decorated, and there was a splendid military pageant, with Col. C. W. Anderson, grand marshal. There were civil processions, too, and flags and banners, and fireworks and banquets. The city was crowded with visitors, as children gathering to celebrate their mother's natal day. The most unique feature of the occasion was a realistic representation of the landing of Oglethorpe and his reception by the Yamacraws.

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A perfect mass of humanity watched with intense interest as a small vessel—symbolical of the Anne, on which Oglethorpe and the colonists arrived one hundred and fifty years before—came slowly up the river; as it passed the city front to the landing place it was greeted with the wildest enthusiasm. When the voyagers stepped ashore they were received by Tomo-chi-chi, a medicine man, Mary Musgrove, and other prominent Indians of the tribe. Then, forming in procession under the escort of the Savannah cadets, and headed by a band of music, they all marched to the stand which had been erected for them, and upon which the splendid pageant was arranged. Oglethorpe made a speech to “my brother, Tomo-chi-chi,” and the Mico responded in fitting words of welcome. This spectacle merited and received great applause.

In the midst of all the fine sights that the patriotism of Savannah had prepared in honor of this anniversary, the most prominent object of interest was Gov. Stephens. Every one tried to get a peep at this illustrious man, who had so long been honorably identified with the history of Georgia. As he stepped from the train on his arrival in the city, his reception had been an enthusiastic ovation. His special escort, the gallant “Georgia Hussars,” in fine uniforms and mounted on superb horses, gave tone and dignity to the welcome.

He was the orator of the occasion and delivered his speech at the theatre, where Gen. Henry R. Jackson presided over the ceremonies, seated upon the stage in the historic Oglethorpe chair. When Gov. Stephens appeared, the vast crowd that filled the theatre, as by one impulse, rose to their feet to do him honor. The opening prayer was made by

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the oldest minister in the city, Dr. Axson, of the Independent Presbyterian Church.

The Governor's speech was of great historic interest. He described the planting of the colony, the birth and growth of the State, the principles upon which our institutions are based, and Georgia's claims to honor from all nations. The address was received with such prolonged applause that it was some time before order could be restored. Then Gen. Jackson read the "Commemoration Ode," written for the occasion by Paul Hamilton Hayne, whom he eulogized as the "poet of the South, laureate by royal power of his own genius." The exercises at the theatre closed with a benediction by Rev. Thomas Boone, of Christ Episcopal Church.

This brilliant celebration of Georgia's natal day and the founding of Savannah was a memorable occasion in the history of our State.

Nothing showed more conclusively the kind of manhood there was in Georgia, than the condition of the Confederate soldiers within her limits. While the Federal soldiers were pensioners on the bounty of their Government, and one of their most prominent Generals did not hesitate to stretch out his hand for money from the Federal Government, with few exceptions, Georgia soldiers were not only self-supporting, but occupying most of the positions of trust and emolument; they were our governors, judges, legislators, State-House officers, county and city officers, and our congressmen and United States Senators. The men who wore the gray" had not only illustrated Georgia in battle, but brought her through that most fiery trial—the reconstruction period—as pure as incorruptible gold, and Georgia

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loved them well. The empty sleeve, the halting gait and the unsightly scar appealed to her heart with an eloquence which no words could match !

Gov. Stephens had often expressed the wish that he might "die in harness," and in less than a month after the Sesqui-centennial his lamp of life went out before daylight, one cold, crisp Sunday morning. Few Georgians have occupied so much space in the public eye of America and Europe. He climbed the hill of fame until he reached its highest summit, and there was nothing left for him to gain. It was a noble rounding of his public career to die Governor of his native State. In private life "he did good by stealth and blushed to own it fame."

Georgia paid every possible honor to her dead Governor. His body was placed in a casket of gold-bronze with silver handles, and reposed in state in the Senate Chamber while people were gathering from the mountains to the sea, and from other States, to take part in the obsequies. Flowers were sent from every part of Georgia to decorate his bier. On the day of the funeral the whole State suspended business, and memorial exercises were held in the different towns.

In Atlanta, on the morning of that day, a meeting in honor of the dead was held in the Hall of the House of Representatives, which was elaborately draped in mourning. Gen. Henry R. Jackson's speech was impassioned and poetic; that of Col. C. C. Jones, Jr., was a ringing eulogy; and that of Dr. H. V. M. Miller was a fine analysis of character. Besides these gentlemen, ex-Gov. Colquitt, Gen. John B. Gordon, Judge Martin J. Crawford and Senator Joseph E. Brown made tender and impressive ad-

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dresses. Gen. Toombs was also there—now gray-bearded and feeble. His eyes were full of tears and his voice tremulous with the memories of forty years, as he pronounced a eulogy over his friend.

In the afternoon, the usual funeral services, in which clergymen of all denominations took part, were held in the same Hall. The casket, with its magnificent floral designs, was placed in front of the Speaker's desk, and the Hall was crowded with men who occupied places of high trust in the land. As the remains of Georgia's Governor were borne to the cemetery, the hearse was drawn by eight pairs of black horses, and eight of the Georgia Hussars acted as special escort. The military from different parts of the State swelled the long procession. There were thirty companies, in fine uniforms, slowly marching to the sound of martial music. It was a touching sight to see ten negro companies among them. From the capitol to the cemetery, both sides of the street, for over a mile, were densely crowded with sorrowing spectators.

The Right Rev. Bishop Beckwith received the body at the cemetery and committed it to the temporary tomb prepared of solid granite. The mass of flowers scattered in profusion around it, testified to the love and honor felt for Gov. Stephens by his countrymen. The sun was just sinking to rest when the famous Chatham Artillery fired the parting salvo, the crowd slowly dispersed, and Alexander H. Stephens "was left alone with his glory."

According to Georgia law, if a Governor dies in office, the President of the Senate becomes Governor until an election can be held. The Hon. James S. Boynton, who had made a distinguished reputation as presiding officer of the Sen-

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ate, now became our Governor, and administered the affairs of state with eminent success.

When the election came off in May, the Hon. Henry D. McDaniel, of Walton county, often a member of the State Senate, and a distinguished Confederate soldier, was chosen to fill the Executive Chair, and was afterwards re-elected to a second term. Entering Confederate service as first lieutenant in the famous 11th Georgia Regiment, he was chosen major during the second year of the war. In the second day's battle at Gettysburg, he came out of the action in command of his regiment, and in the third day's fight he led Anderson's Georgia Brigade, which had suffered heavy losses in field officers and other officers and men. In the severe action near Hagerstown, Md., in which the 11th Georgia was particularly exposed, Maj. McDaniel, commanding, was desperately wounded. His life was saved by a rare surgical operation; but, alas! he was left with other severely wounded Confederates, in the hands of the enemy, when Gen. Lee's army recrossed the Potomac. After the war was over, he was kept a prisoner by the Federals for more than three months. Except when he was wounded and a prisoner, he was never absent from his command, unless on detached service of some kind, under orders. How well he performed his duty was shown by the confidence and esteem of those who served with him in the army, and of those who suffered with him in hospital and prison!

In the fall of the year 1884, the time for electing a President of the United States had again arrived. The Democratic party under the leadership of Grover Cleveland won a great victory over the Republicans, who for twenty-four

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years had controlled the Federal Government. Georgia had contributed her share to this satisfactory result; and there was great rejoicing all over the State, with patriotic speeches, torchlight processions, showers of fireworks and streets full of people.

At this time, Georgia was steadily gaining in all the elements of material prosperity, and her credit was excellent. Under Democratic rule, her noble son, Gen. Henry R. Jackson, was appointed United States Minister to Mexico, in recognition of his eminent qualifications for the position.

Kimball's Opera House, which had been doing duty as a State-House since the capital was removed to Atlanta, was entirely unsuited for the purpose, and the Legislature appropriated one million dollars to erect a new building to be called the Capitol. It was to be located in a fine square of four acres, near the center of the city.

It was a perfect autumn day with all the beauty of summer—as the frost had not yet touched the foliage—when the corner-stone of this magnificent edifice was laid, September 2d, 1885. It was a huge piece of highly polished Georgia marble, of variegated tints, and weighing seven thousand five hundred pounds. It is the largest and finest corner-stone ever laid in the South.

Gov. McDaniel, the Legislature, and a large crowd of representative Georgians looked on with absorbing interest while the Grand Lodge of Georgia performed the ceremony. Never before had such a large number of Masons gathered in a Georgia city. The stone was laid at the northeast corner of the building, according to the custom of this ancient and honorable order. As the choir, com-

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posed of a hundred voices, sang "Great Architect of Heaven and Earth," the stone was slowly lowered to its place. When the craftsmen had done their work, the Grand Master, Hon. John S. Davidson, of the State Senate, pronounced it true and trusty, and then poured upon it corn, wine and oil, emblematic of plenty, gladness and peace.

Senator Robert G. Mitchell had been appointed to receive the stone, as he was chairman of the committee on Public Property; he also introduced the orator of the day, Gen. A. R. Lawton, who had served Georgia so well with his sword in the conflict of arms, and by his statesmanship in "the piping times of peace." He made a grand speech, worthy of himself and of the occasion.

In December of this year, one of the most conspicuous figures in the State, Gen. Robert Toombs, was removed by death. He had always been in the forefront of public affairs. He had been pressed for President of the Southern Confederacy; had been premier of its cabinet; had fought both in Virginia and Georgia, and was among those ever-to-be-honored Georgians who redeemed our State from Radical rule. A large number of public men attended his funeral, and a beautiful eulogium was pronounced over him by the Rt. Rev. John Beckwith, Bishop of Georgia.

In deference to Mr. Toombs' expressed wish, there was no ostentatious display over his remains. He sleeps his last sleep in the cemetery at Washington, near his lifelong home. Above his grave rises a handsome marble shaft, bearing the simple inscription, *Robert Toombs*.

His life is written on the pages of the history of his State; his grave is a sacred spot to every Georgian.

CHAPTER LV.

REBUILDING THE STATE. (CONTINUED.)

1880—1890.

The next year after Gen. Toombs died, when fair Flora had decked the fields and hillsides with tender green and filled the woods with flowers, the Hill monument—the first ever erected by Georgia to one of her statesmen—was completed. It is a statue of heroic size, presenting a good likeness of the distinguished Senator, made of Italian marble and mounted on a massive pedestal.

The first day of May was set for the unvailing ceremonies, and it was considered a proper occasion to invite the honored President of the Southern Confederacy to be present, as Mr. Hill had been the ardent supporter of his administration. As Pres. Davis had depended on Gen. Lee in the field, so he had leaned upon Mr. Hill in the Senate. When it was known that he had accepted the invitation, the whole State rejoiced and assisted Atlanta in her elaborate preparations to receive him. The city was literally deluged with flowers—from the wild honeysuckles of the woods to the most costly exotics—which the Southern Express Company carried without charge.

A special train, with the engine and each car handsomely decorated, having on board Gen. Gordon and other distinguished Georgians, was sent to Montgomery, Alabama, to

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meet Pres. Davis. The citizens of every Georgia town through which the train passed bearing our honored guest, assembled at the depot to see him, and show with what loving reverence he was enshrined in their hearts. He reached Atlanta in the afternoon of the last day of April. As the engine rushed into the city and stopped at the depot, Georgia's Governor and about fifty thousand people were there to welcome Mr. Davis. He was placed in an elegant carriage, drawn by six white horses, and a thousand veterans acted as his special escort. A gay cavalcade, composed of a long line of carriages and dashing cavaliers on horseback, with the band playing "Dixie," followed him from the depot to Mrs. Benjamin Hill's residence, which was to be his home during his sojourn in Atlanta. His ride was made glorious with the love of a great commonwealth! As his carriage slowly passed from the depot up Pryor street to Peachtree street, and up Peachtree to Mrs. Hill's residence, about six thousand school-children scattered flowers in front of it—the horses' feet never touching the ground, as every inch of it was covered: the carriage wheels seemed to roll through banks of flowers, while the very heavens echoed with shouts and cheers of welcome.

The next morning the city was brightened by the splendor of an unclouded Southern sun, and fanned by the sweet breath of May. Atlanta was swarming with people, and Confederate veterans were there by the thousands to honor Hill, and to greet their Chieftain at the base of the Hill monument.

A grand procession was formed in front of Mrs. Hill's residence, in which Pres. Davis, "the observed of all observers," was the most conspicuous figure. His carriage

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was preceded by the Governor's Horse Guards and two other military companies. Ten veterans of the Mexican war led the column of Confederate soldiers; next came the veterans who had lost an arm or a leg in the recent war. It has been estimated that not less than five thousand veterans were in that remarkable procession. Silver threads were thickly strewn among their dark locks, and Care with her terrible finger had traced many a deep wrinkle upon their faces, but the stamp of a noble manhood was still upon their brows. Behind the Confederates, the young men, each with his badge of gray, marched in a double column, delighted to be called "the young vets."

The procession, amid soft strains of music, marched to the monument, where the final honors were to be paid to Senator Hill by his State. So dense was the throng of spectators that every balcony and stairway was crowded and the sidewalks were impassable. All the Southern States were represented in that vast crowd, as well as some of the far distant States beyond Mason and Dixon's line. It was only after repeated efforts that a squad of policemen succeeded in keeping a space clear for the procession.

The streets along the line of march were handsomely decorated, with here and there a Confederate flag side by side with the flag of the United States. The speakers' platform was shaded by a gray canopy, and at its entrance a United States flag fluttered to the breeze, while the Confederate flag was furled and tied with gray ribbon, mutely telling the fall of a grand young nation. Near by was the statue of the illustrious Hill, covered with a white veil. As far as the eye could reach there was a vast sea of humanity. Such a crowd never before thronged the streets of any Georgia city.

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Little girls, carrying baskets, scattered flowers within the enclosure around the platform until the ground was almost concealed: when the procession arrived, upon this natural carpet Pres. Davis' carriage was driven, with four lines of veterans on either side. A great shout rent the air as he was assisted to his seat upon the platform. Since he touched Georgia soil the crowd had never caught a glimpse of him without the wildest enthusiasm.

Seated upon the platform were Gov. McDaniel and other distinguished Georgians, with the orator of the day, Hon. J. C. C. Black of Augusta. Gen. Longstreet was placed near Pres. Davis, as were Mrs. Hill, Miss Varina Davis, and other ladies.

Atlanta's brilliant young journalist, Henry W. Grady, the son of a Confederate soldier, was master of ceremonies. The exercises were opened with an exquisitely touching prayer by Gen. Clement A. Evans, a soldier of the Cross and of the Confederacy, who had been Senator Hill's pastor. Most earnestly he besought the blessing of the "Sovereign Father of all men" upon Georgia, the veterans, and the dead Senator's wife and children.

Then the statue was presented to the State by Dr. R. D. Spalding, President of the Hill Monument Association, in a short but graceful address, in which he said of Hill: "He no less signally illustrated the honor of Georgia than her most distinguished sons, from Oglethorpe, the founder of the commonwealth, to Toombs, the dead Mirabeau of the South."

As his voice died upon the air, Capt. Burke removed the veil, and the statue was saluted with spontaneous cheers. Gov. McDaniel accepted it in one of the happiest

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speeches of his life, in which he called Georgia's great men "the jewels of the commonwealth."

Col. Black's oration held the attention of the audience for over an hour, as he paid tribute to the great Senator, and to Georgia, and portrayed the illustrious part that Southern statesmanship had played in founding the Federal Government and in adding to the glories of the United States. In referring to the undying influence of greatness and goodness, he said: "And to-day, there comes to us and shall come to those after us, the voice of our dead, solemn with the emphasis of another world, more eloquent than that with which he was wont to charm us. It says to us: 'Children of Georgia, love thy mother. Cherish all that is good and just in her past. Study her highest interests. Discover, project and foster all that will promote her future. Respect and obey her laws. Guard well her sacred honor. Give your richest treasures and best efforts to her material, social, intellectual and moral advancement, until she shines the brightest jewel in the diadem of the Republic.'

In his peroration, turning to Pres. Davis, who, for twenty years had lived in poverty and obscurity, and who alone had borne the reproach of our enemies and the obloquy of defeat, Col. Black eulogized his "matchless eloquence," his "dauntless courage," and his "lofty patriotism." It set the people wild with gladness, and it was some minutes before the tumult subsided. Then Mr. Grady, in an impassioned speech, introduced Pres. Davis. Seventy-eight winters had bleached his hair and he was too feeble to make a set speech, but he advanced to the edge of the platform for a brief address; again the air was rent with a great shout, and it was some time before the thunderous applause could be

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stilled, so quickly could the Confederate leader touch the mighty heart of Georgia! In a few minutes' talk he placed his tender offering upon Hill's grave, in words that will be treasured as long as noble sentiments are honored! He beautifully said: "If I were asked from Georgia's history to name the three men who were fair types of Georgians I would take *Oglethorpe*, the benevolent, *Troup*, the dauntless, and *Hill*, the faithful." He ended his address with this good wish for our beloved State: "Let us love Georgia and her rights; and may her rights of freedom and independence, such as your fathers gave you, be yours and your children's forever!"

When the unveiling exercises were ended, Miss Varina Davis, born in the Confederate White House, at Richmond, Va.—hence called "the daughter of the Confederacy"—was led forward by Dr. Spalding and Mr. Grady, and introduced to the crowd. She received a grand ovation; every hat seemed to fly into the air, and the very earth seemed to shake with mighty cheers. Then President Davis held an informal reception on the platform. He had not strength to stand or shake hands, so he remained seated while the Veterans filed past, each one gently touching his hands and then moving on. With warm, loving enthusiasm, the wives and children of Confederates crowded forward, asking that they, too, might touch his hands. Tears stood in thousands of eyes, as high and low, rich and poor, vied with each other to do him honor, for he still suffered, a vicarious sacrifice for his people. Our enemies called him "traitor," and the Federal Government still denied him all the rights of citizenship.

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Jefferson Davis was crowned that day in Georgia with a diadem more beautiful than ever graced the head of conquering hero—the undying love and honor of a great people!

When the reception was over, his hat was taken by the Veterans as a memento. They afterwards cut it into several hundred pieces and distributed it into sixty counties.

This ovation to an unsuccessful leader cannot be matched in history, ancient or modern. Georgia honored herself in honoring Pres. Davis, who represented the principles for which she fought in the war between the States.

Georgia has her own peculiar traditions, memories and sentiments; she has been true to them in the darkest hours of her existence, as well as in the brightest days of her prosperity.

CHAPTER LVI.

REBUILDING THE STATE. (CONTINUED.)

1880—1890.

From time immemorial, in all Anglo-Saxon lands the month of May has been dedicated to social gatherings and outdoor festivities. Georgia has always observed this ancient custom of the mother country; but never before had she seen such a May as this one of 1886.

The public pulse had not ceased its quick beating over the stirring scenes at the unveiling of the Hill Monument, when the eyes and heart of the State were turned towards Savannah. This city had decked herself in gala array to celebrate for one week the hundredth birthday of the Chat-ham Artillery, the oldest military organization in Georgia and one of the oldest in America. It had welcomed George Washington to Savannah, had paraded at the funeral of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, had been out in the war of 1812, had assisted in the public ovation to Gen. LaFayette when he visited Georgia, had served well in the war between the States, and not many weeks agone, had stood by the grave of Gov. Stephens.

This centennial celebration was made the occasion of the largest military display ever seen in the South, companies being present from all parts of Georgia, and from other States. The commanding officer of the encampment

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was the intrepid Col. Olmstead; the place was called "Camp Washington," after the first President (the friend and encourager of the Chathams), who had walked over this very spot when he was examining with such vivid interest the earthworks and other evidences of the efforts of the patriots to retake Savannah.

There were military drills for which large prizes were offered, and there were contests and tournaments. During this festive week the entire city was beautifully decorated. An old, battle-worn flag was displayed which had often figured in honor of Georgia. In the war of 1812 it had floated over a privateer, and at the Sesqui-centennial it had proudly waved over the head of Gov. Stephens as he delivered the last speech of his life.

The presence of Pres. Davis and "the daughter of the Confederacy" contributed largely to the enthusiasm of the occasion. Savannah received them with the same love which they had found everywhere in Georgia. This was not the first time Miss Davis had felt the protecting arms of our State around her; when she was a wee baby, fair Macon had sheltered her and her sick mother.

The members of the Chatham Artillery wore gray uniforms with just enough red and gold trimmings to make them attractive. Their caps were solid red, with gold lace bands.

One of the great features of the celebration was an immense military procession, in which the historic "Washington guns," the most sacred heirloom of the Chathams, had the place of honor. The procession was inspected by Governor McDaniel, and then continued its march until it paused to salute Pres. Davis, who was seated in a carriage

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with the two famous Georgia Generals, Lawton and McLawns. The spectators saw such a sight as they can never see again, as that splendid body of military paid special honors to the venerable chieftain of the South. There was scarcely a dry eye in the vast crowd. As his carriage, following the procession, drove into the park, the Chatham Artillery were firing their salute of one hundred guns, but the cheer that went up when the spectators caught sight of the President, drowned the roar of the cannon.

From the day when Savannah was a small village with a few straggling houses among the pines, she has been celebrated for her hospitality, public spirit and enterprise. Many have been the notable banquets enjoyed within her gates, but none of them surpassed the one spread by the Chatham Artillery for this occasion. Their spacious gun yard was floored, roofed over, and profusely decorated, the ceiling being festooned with banners. Long tables stretched from end to end of the yard, at which sat more than three hundred guests, among whom was Pres. Davis. When the dainty viands had been enjoyed, the first regular toast was, *Washington*, then *Georgia*. Gov. McDaniel, in responding to the latter, said: "Visitors are always satisfied with Georgia, if they see it through the medium of the Forest City's hospitality."

Breaking in upon the regular order of the toasts, Capt. Saunders, of the "Old Guard" of New York, who sat very near to Pres. Davis, turned to him and exclaimed: "In the name of the State of New York, I propose the health of Mr. Davis and three cheers for him." The health was drunk standing, and the cheers were given with a right good will that came straight from the heart. Gen. John

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B. Gordon was among the post-prandial orators, all of whom were most happily chosen, and the intellectual part of the feast was greatly relished. This banquet was one of the notable features of the centennial.

Pres. Davis' love for children was well known, and during his short sojourn in Savannah he addressed the children of all the schools, gathered in Chatham Academy. Gov. McDaniel was present on this interesting occasion, so the children enjoyed the two-fold pleasure of seeing Jefferson Davis (one of the most prominent figures in modern American history), and the Chief Magistrate of our own great State.

During this gala week the new bronze tablets on Gen. Nathaniel Greene's monument were unveiled with fitting ceremonies, a fine oration being delivered by Col. C. C. Jones, Jr., of Augusta. He was eloquent, scholarly, patriotic, and emphatically the Georgia Historian. As he finished his speech, the Chatham Artillery awoke the echoes on every side with a salute of thirteen guns, one for each of the original sovereign States. Such care of a monument, and such imposing ceremonies around it, contradict the old adage that "republics are ungrateful."

The interest in this memorable week was enhanced by the formal opening of the "Telfair Academy of Arts and Sciences." It is a fine structure, filled with costly works of art, a gift to the city from Miss Mary Telfair. She was a descendant of Edward Telfair, who was prominent in the Revolutionary war, and afterwards Governor of Georgia.

When the festivities of the centennial were over, beautiful Savannah had increased her claims to be numbered among the prominent cities on the Atlantic coast.

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In November of this year, when the Legislature assembled, Gen. John B. Gordon was inaugurated Governor, having been elected to succeed Gov. McDaniel. Gen. Gordon was loved not only in Georgia, but throughout the South for his war record, of which the glorious scar upon his face, caused by a saber cut, was a constant reminder. It will be remembered that he was elected to this office during the reconstruction period, but under bayonet rule was "counted out," so it was with peculiar gratification that the people of Georgia saw him occupying the Executive Chair. During the two years of office, his administration of state affairs was so popular, that at the end of his term he was re-elected.

The January following Gordon's first inauguration, Chief-Justice Jackson died. The bench and bar of the State paid him marked respect as their official head. Memorial exercises were held in the Supreme Court room, and every honor possible was shown at his funeral, Georgia's Governor being one of the pall-bearers. Among the universal eulogies, nothing was said more beautiful and true than "the man obscured the statesman and judge"—so pure was his character and so broad the sweep of his affections.

His successor was Logan E. Bleckley, who some years before had been Associate-Justice. When he lost his health from overwork, he resigned from the Supreme Bench with a poem which stands to-day upon the grim records of the court. The moral of the poem is that labor is the twin brother of happiness. No other lawyer living could have done this thing without an appearance of incongruity. With him it was simply natural, and his state of health contributed pathos to its reading.

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Towering head and shoulders above the majority of men, the peculiar genius of Judge Bleckley is as unusual as his stature—his legal mind having metaphysics and poetry engrafted upon it. He says: “My devotion to law is the spiritual consecration of a loving disciple, a devout minister.” No more fitting appointment could have been made for the head of the judiciary, as his unbending integrity is only equaled by his learning in the law.

This decade is noted for the number of its celebrations attended by public festivites. In 1887, beginning on Washington’s birthday, Savannah joyfully threw open her gates for three days in honor of the unveiling of a monument to Sergeant William Jasper, who lost his life at the siege of Savannah in 1779. His grave is unknown, but his memory is kept green by a grateful people. The Governor and his staff were the guests of the city during the celebration. Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, with a distinguished party, was also in the city at this time.

In July of this same year, the University celebrated with a grand banquet, the completion of the first hundred years of its existence. The high value to Georgia of this institution is attested by the long list of illustrious names it has given to the State.

The work on the new Capitol had been steadily progressing for five years; towards the end of March, 1889, it was completed, and the commissioners who had its construction in charge turned it over to the Governor. “No State or country can match the story of its building. It is the history of one of the best pieces of public work ever performed in the United States; a record of honest, conscientious dis-

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charge of duty; and the building will stand as a monument to the men who caused it to be erected." It is the first capitol ever built in America without a scandal, and the commissioners confined themselves strictly within the appropriation given them by the Legislature. In this instance, a small sum, unused, was returned to the treasury.

The Georgia Capitol is built in the Classic Renaissance style, of oölitic limestone, a material most elegant in color and texture. It is a grand and imposing edifice comprising three stories and a basement. Lines of grace and beauty are not lacking to soften its massive appearance. Pilasters with carved capitals sustain the entablature and give the building elegance and variety. The pediment over the main entrance is supported by six monolithic columns, containing a carved representation of the coat of arms of Georgia. An open rotunda extends from the first floor through the upper stories, to a height of 172 feet. The floors are supported by masonry arches and wrought steel beams. The halls, entrances and corridors are paved with marble or encaustic tiles. Very little wood is used in the entire structure, rendering it as nearly fire-proof as possible, that the priceless archives of Georgia which are kept there, may be protected against the flames.

Rising above the main roof is the stately dome, visible for miles. It is surrounded by a colonnade appropriately embellished, which furnishes a marked and striking feature of the building. Surmounting the whole is a statue of Freedom, holding a torch. The names of the Commissioners are inscribed on a bronze tablet. All of them were Confederate soldiers but two, who were only sixteen years of age when the war ended. Two of them were distin-

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guished generals, and a third commanded a battery in sight of the spot where the building stands.

The Capitol is the official home of the Governor and all the State-House officers; here, also, is the Hall of the House of Representatives, the Senate Chamber, the Supreme Court Room, and the State Library. Overlooking the Representatives' Hall and the Senate Chamber are great galleries, where the public can congregate and listen to the proceedings of the Legislature.

The Capitol is Georgia's Pantheon. The splendid statue of Senator Hill stands in the rotunda, while here and there over the building portraits of Georgia's famous sons look down upon us, to instruct, to inspire and to guide.

The formal ceremonies over the new Capitol took place in the Hall of Representatives on the 4th day of July, while the Legislature was in extra session. Capt. Evan P. Howell, in the name of the building commissioners, presented it. Gov. Gordon, accepting it for the State, said in his speech: "There is not a stone, a pound of iron, or dust of lime used in this building, from its foundation stone to dome, but is as pure and free from corruption as when it reposed in the bosom of mother earth."

The Legislature, by a resolution, thanked the Capitol Commissioners for "the faithful and economical manner in which they had discharged their trust and completed a structure which is substantial, grand and imposing in its character, elegant and commodious in its arrangements, and adapted to the requirements of the great and growing State of Georgia."

These sentiments of the Legislators were endorsed by our entire State.

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From an early period in the history of the United States all the States had observed George Washington's birthday with public rejoicings; and, now, in the last year of this decade, the Georgia Legislature accorded the same honor to Gen. Robert E. Lee, making his birthday, January 19th, a State holiday.

Early in December of this year, a wave of sorrow swept over Georgia when the news was received that Pres. Jefferson Davis had died in the city of New Orleans. Funeral ceremonies were held in nearly every town in the State, in memory of the man whom Georgia delighted to honor; and not Georgia only—for, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, the South was in tears. “On the plains of Texas, in the deep forests of Arkansas, on the grassy slopes of Kentucky, on the banks of the Virginia rivers, upon ‘the red, old hills of Georgia,’ the people gathered to pay him a tribute of respect; but the heart of each one was with that silent sleeper who was lying by the side of the ‘father of waters.’ Jefferson Davis had stood by the cradle of the Confederacy and looked forward into the future without fear; four years later, he had leaned over its coffin, and looked back at the past without shame.”

CHAPTER LVII.

REBUILDING THE STATE. (CONTINUED)

1890—1893.

The new year found Georgia still advancing in all industrial pursuits and in the arts and sciences. She is the second cotton and rice producing State in the South; she leads her section in the cultivation and exportation of vegetables, melons and peaches, and the forests in the lower part of the State furnish large quantities of turpentine and lumber which are in constant demand. Upon her old hillsides and in her valleys, plants and roots are found which possess the most wonderful healing properties; iron, coal, marble and manganese are largely mined, and she has not only utilized the wonders of steam, but of electricity. Before the war between the States, Georgians were entirely an agricultural people; now they have also become an inventive and manufacturing people.

From a remote period our climate has been celebrated for its healthfulness, the aborigines being exceedingly long-lived. Tomo-chi-chi at ninety was strong in body and vigorous in mind; Brim, the Emperor of the Creeks, lived one hundred and thirty years; but now, by violating the laws of nature, our people often miss the best advantages of their fine climate, and cut short their days.

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Georgia points with pride to the progressiveness and hospitality of her beautiful cities and towns; but her true greatness lies in the united fame of her illustrious sons—in their moral wealth of high resolves and fearless purposes; in their noble exertions and generous sacrifices in the cause of truth, justice and liberty; and to-day “the historic past salutes a glorious future!”

Gov. Gordon's second term expired in the fall of this year and he was sent to the United States Senate. “Remembrance is all the gratitude that posterity can show for good and brave actions.”

The new Governor was Hon. William J. Northen, of Hancock county, who was a Confederate soldier. His father was in the war of 1812: in the war between the States, though too old for active service according to law, he volunteered and organized a company of which the Governor was a member. Others of his family joined different organizations, to fight for Georgia's rights.

Gov. Northen was elected as the representative of the planting interests, and brought integrity, ability and dignity to the chair of Jackson, Milledge and Tattnall. The beauty and chivalry of Georgia crowded the galleries of our splendid new Capitol to hear his inaugural address. The oath of office was administered by Chief-Justice Bleckley, whose towering form, patriarchal beard and solemn tones made the scene peculiarly impressive.

While the new Governor was the faithful Executive of the whole State, he proved himself the special champion of the interests that Georgia holds most dear—the Confederate soldiers, the farmers, and the school children.

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Georgia was represented in Congress at this time by a very strong delegation. The Democrats controlled the House of Representatives, and our State had the honor of supplying the Speaker, Hon. Charles F. Crisp, of Americus. He was a Confederate soldier, and while our beloved State was yet in the power of Carpetbaggers and Scalawags, he was a member of the Democratic Convention to nominate a Governor, afterwards becoming a circuit judge. He had won a name in the national councils which reflected credit upon Georgia. As presiding officer of the House he was calm and gentle, but very firm, and on many trying occasions showed his fitness for the position.

His townsmen testified their appreciation of the honor bestowed on him, by presenting him with a gavel. It is ten inches long, made of highly polished oak, with gold bands around the head and a silver hand typhon on the handle. The bands are engraved with these words: "Presented to Hon. Charles F. Crisp, Speaker of the House of Representatives, by his constituents of Americus, Georgia." This beautiful gavel was sent in a handsome velvet-lined oak case.

The day has passed away, if it ever existed in Georgia, when the boys only were the hope of the commonwealth. To give girls an opportunity to become self-sustaining had been much discussed over the State, and at length the idea assumed definite proportions. The scheme originated in 1885 through the suggestion of Col. J. Colton Lynes in a commencement oration delivered before the Literary Societies of Shorter Female College, at Rome. His chivalrous championship of a more practical education for women

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was taken up later by Mr. Henry W. Grady, who, by time and again writing editorials upon the subject, kept the idea before the people. The Georgia Woman's Christian Temperance Union espoused the cause with enthusiasm, the State Press became interested, and, finally, the Legislature passed an act establishing the "Girls' Normal and Industrial College."

The old and historic Executive Mansion at Milledgeville was utilized for the purposes of this school. Here girls can acquire a good education, besides learning some industrial art—from cooking and dressmaking, to book-keeping, telegraphy, stenography and typewriting—as a means of livelihood.

The year 1892 will always be noted in the annals of Georgia for the obstinate fight made by the Democrats to carry their party to victory. In the last presidential election, the Democratic nominee, Grover Cleveland—who stood for re-election—was defeated, and now he was again put forward as the standard-bearer of the party.

In Georgia there was division in the ranks of the Democracy which complicated the fight. Many planters, thinking a new organization would have their interests more at heart, joined what was popularly known as "the third party," not pausing to consider that every vote cast against the Democrats was a help to the Republicans, the political enemies of Georgia.

The farmers are the backbone of our State, and when the war ended disastrously, this class above all others found it hard to adjust themselves to the new order of things, and they had been the greatest sufferers. To repair their broken fortunes, they bought their provisions and planted cotton

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almost exclusively. During the reconstruction period, Gen. Toombs had warned them against the folly of having their corneribs and smokehouses in the West; but such was their infatuation for cotton that he pleaded with them in vain. If his counsel had been followed, not one of Georgia's beautiful acres would now be in the anaconda grasp of a mortgage.

Georgia is, first of all, an agricultural State, and formerly a large proportion of her gentry lived in the country. Most of her great men have been raised on plantations, whose pure air and broad fields were their kindly foster-mother. But, year after year, her farmers have grown poorer, which accounts for the dissatisfaction of many of them in the great politieal battle fought this year. The majority of Georgians were true to the old principles, and from the mountains to the sea rallied to the party of their fathers.

When the spotless sword of Lee was sheathed at mournful Appomattox, "the cause" was not so "lost" as it seemed to be. The Democratic party of the United States in their Convention at Chicago to nominate a President, pledged themselves to a tariff measure which is identical with the article of the Constitution of the Confederate States regulating a fiscal policy. The wisdom of Alexander H. Stephens saw this day. He often said that unless the Democratic party in the South made some fatal blunder, the North would one day discover that the Confederate Constitution was better than the original one, and might be cardinally adopted by the whole Union.

October 11th of this year was the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. The occasion was observed as a general State holiday, and celebrated with

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great enthusiasm in Atlanta. Capt. John Milledge, of the Governor's Horse Guards, was chief marshal of the day. He directed the movements of a great military and civic parade that traversed the principal business streets, and then ended their march at the Capitol. One division of it was composed entirely of school boys. Among the novel features in the procession were two hundred gaily decorated bicycles, and a tally-ho containing thirteen young girls, representing the original States.

When the procession reached the Capitol, the different divisions were grouped around it, while six hundred girls as a chorus stood upon the steps. In front of the chorus, extending to the sidewalk, were children under twelve years of age, the girls in the center and the boys on either side. There were prayers, music and patriotic songs, then the celebration ended with a Columbus salute of thirteen guns by the Atlanta Artillery.

In the meantime, the political warfare was vigorously kept up. Georgia did good work in the national campaign, and furnished orators for other States, from Maine to California. At the same time a heated gubernatorial canvass was in progress. The Democrats, with Gov. Northen as their choice, were fighting "the third party" which had seduced so many of our farmers from their allegiance, with its impractical schemes of relief. The Democratic party well deserved the confidence of Georgia. It had driven the Carpetbaggers from power and banished from our limits Federal bayonets at the polls; had brought the State from poverty to whatever prosperity she enjoyed; had placed her financial system on an honest foundation, so that her credit was high and her bonds were eagerly sought; had

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framed our present Constitution, which stands as an everlasting bulwark between the people and oppression by monopolies. Twice only in sixty years had Georgia's electoral vote been cast for any but the Democratic candidate for President; the exceptions being when the Whigs carried the State. Among the sisterhood of States, Georgia has always ranked high as the earnest advocate of the political principles of Thomas Jefferson, which, more than those of any other party, guard the interests of the whole people. The Georgia Democrats can show a grand record; and this year victory again perched upon their banners. Our State Press deserves special mention for its ceaseless work in behalf of the Democracy. It was the watchman upon the tower, and it shared the honors of the triumph.

When the State elections came off in the fall, Gov. Northen was re-elected, and Georgia still presented a solid front to the Republican party. This happy termination of the fight within our State limits did not quite satisfy our people, and they waited with intense anxiety to hear the result of the Presidential election.

CHAPTER LVIII.

REBUILDING THE STATE. (CONCLUDED.)

1890—1893.

During the early November days of 1892, when Georgia was eagerly expecting news of how her sister States had cast their Presidential votes, no one wholly escaped the feeling of excitement that pervaded her borders, and Time seemed to lean heavily upon his scythe as the hours dragged slowly along. At last, the watching and waiting were ended and the glad tidings came flashing over the telegraph wires that Grover Cleveland was elected, and our State was wild with joy.

The most dramatic incident that occurred in Georgia in connection with this great victory, took place in Atlanta. Since the reconstruction period there had been kept in that city a small cannon, called the "Constitution cannon," after Atlanta's popular daily. Its mission was to celebrate Democratic victories, and for that purpose it had made journeys all over the state, but was always carried back to the permanent home, Atlanta. It had been taken on the special Davis train to Montgomery to fire salutes at each station as the great flower-decorated engine rushed onward to Atlanta, bearing the Confederate Chieftain.

So many glorious memories clustered around this gun that it came to be regarded with reverence all over Georgia;

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it was the special pet of Mr. Henry W. Grady, the patriotic and brilliant editor of the Atlanta "Constitution." In the Presidential contest of 1888, when Cleveland stood for re-election, Mr. Grady with his own hands loaded it with a heavy charge, intending to reserve for himself the pleasure of touching it off to announce the expected victory; but the Democrats were defeated and the gun could not be fired. He was much distressed over the defeat, but, never for a moment doubting that in liberty-loving America the Democratic party would ultimately triumph, he carefully primed the cannon, and over the touch-hole pasted a piece of paper upon which was written the words: "A charge to keep I have"; and the gun was carefully put away with a letter written by Mr. Grady detailing these circumstances and expressing the hope that he would touch off the load four years later to celebrate a Democratic triumph. He requested that if the icy hand of death was laid upon him before that happy day arrived, the cannon should be placed in front of the "Constitution" building and tell the news for him to the people of Atlanta whom he had loved so well. In less than a year, the gun and its charge had become sacred by the death of the gifted editor.

Every one in the city knew the story of Grady and the cannon, and now in this memorable November, when news of Democratic victories came pouring in from different States, a dense crowd besieged the "Constitution" office. The little cannon was brought out and planted in front of the building, but not for worlds would that sacred charge have been fired until the good news was certain. It was understood that when the report was heard there would no longer be any doubt about the victory.

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Too restless and excited to sleep, all night Tuesday, Atlanta poured herself into the streets, and every ear was strained to catch the expected sound; and when Phœbus came dancing forth, flooding the earth with his bright beams, the streets were still thronged and a great crowd was massed in front of the "Constitution" office. At last, early Wednesday afternoon, the editor received this telegram from the Chairman of the National Democratic Committee: "Cleveland is elected! Let Grady's gun speak!"

Instantly every man in the office rushed into the street, the editor tore away the paper that Grady's hand had placed upon the cannon, the fuse was lighted and the historic cannon, after four years of silence, proclaimed the glorious news, and a shout from fifty thousand glad hearts emphasized the report. The tale told by the Grady gun was caught up and re-echoed by the artillery that had been placed on the neighboring heights, while every locomotive and steam whistle took up the refrain, and the joy and the enthusiasm of the city were unbounded!

The Georgia Press displayed its triumphant happiness by such headlines as "Victory!" "Redeemed!" "Saved at Last!" "Hurrah! Hurrah!"

No State did any more than Georgia to place the party of Thomas Jefferson again in control of the Federal Government. Relieved somewhat from the oppressions and extravagances of Republican rule, and with renewed zeal for a good national government, our State took a long stride forward, and now occupies her proper position in the Federal counsels. A galaxy of gifted Georgians illustrated their State in both branches of Congress; Mr. Hoke Smith, of Atlanta, a leader in the legal profession, a man of fine

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business qualifications and an ardent advocate of tariff reform, became a member of the President's cabinet; and Georgia, also, had her share of Federal appointments both at home and abroad. Thus, through the talent and energy of her sons, did our beloved State win her way upward and onward!

Some years before this time, not long after the death of "the great Commoner," the "Stephens Monumental Association" was organized, with Hon. George T. Barnes as president. They had three objects in view: To purchase Liberty Hall, which for forty years had been Mr. Stephens' home; to build a Stephens High School, a memorial that would please him best, and to erect a monument to his memory. By May, 1893, all these objects had been accomplished.

In Georgia, the women have ever stood shoulder to shoulder with the men in their love for the State; and in this duty, they were, as usual, in the front ranks. Too much honor can not be accorded to Miss Mary A. H. Gay, who, leaving a pleasant home, gave her whole time without remuneration, to collecting funds for the Association. She is one of the thousands of Confederate heroines of whom the outside world will never hear, but who has helped to make their country glorious. In the war between the States she worked and suffered as much as if she had shouledered a musket and worn the gray.

As soon as the association purchased Gov. Stephens' old home, they removed his body from Atlanta and buried it there. The imposing monument, surmounted by a marble statue which is a perfect likeness of the great statesman, stands in the center of the white gravel-walk leading from

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the front gate to the house. Grass-covered grounds stretch away on either side, and the historic walls of Liberty Hall form a fitting background.

When the time arrived for unveiling the monument it was the greatest event that had ever happened in the pretty little town of Crawfordville. It was a perfect spring day with a cloudless sky, and the sun shone with mellow rays as it only shines in the beautiful Southland.

A large crowd of admiring Georgians gathered around a platform adorned with flowers, to witness the ceremonies, and to honor the memory of Gov. Stephens. Many of them had often listened to the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of the living Stephens. Hon. Horace Holden, of Crawfordville, the master of ceremonies, read letters of regret from Gov. Northen and other distinguished Georgians who were unable to be present. The Chief-Justice, lamenting his unavoidable absence, sent a noble sonnet which was read by Col. Patrick Walsh, of Augusta. Then this gentleman completely captivated the crowd by his eloquence in a short address, his graphic thought being that *truth* was the bed-rock of Stephens' character.

At the completion of his speech, he introduced Gov. Stephens' great-niece, Miss Mary Corry, who, stepping to the front of the platform, pulled the cord; the covering which wrapped the statue dropped to the ground, and the life-like features of "the great Commoner" stood unveiled. Like a flash, the golden sun folded it in a loving embrace, a band of twenty-five pieces pealed forth "Dixie," and a mighty cheer rent the air. The enthusiasm was intensified when a man, ascending the shaft, suspended a large and

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beautiful wreath of Georgia flowers from the shoulders of the statue.

When quiet was restored, the orator of the day, ex-Senator Thomas M. Norwood, of Savannah, made a grand speech. At the left of the monument is Gov. Stephens' grave, which on this occasion was entirely concealed, so great was the quantity of fragrant flowers scattered over it. Looking towards it, the orator said: "Here lies a Stephens —when comes another?"

In his peroration he said: "Young men of the South, I address you this solemn message: Take Stephens as your model, and imitate him in his loyalty to principle and in his purity. If you do this, the blessings which will follow will be the common heritage of your children and of our common country."

Thus did Georgia display her love and reverence for one of her greatest statesmen, and endeavor to perpetuate his memory.

The deepest shadow that now rested upon the picture of Georgia's prosperity was the overproduction of cotton. It had impoverished the producer, bringing in its train low prices, debts and mortgages. When our State and the rest of the South raise their provisions at home and regulate the production of cotton by the world's demand for it, there will be absolutely no limit to their enrichment.

When President Davis died, his body was placed in a vault in New Orleans, until it could be decided in what Southern city he should be buried. Georgia begged that he might sleep upon her bosom; but every other State in the South, also, wished the honor of guarding his sacred dust. It was now justly decided that his remains should

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be given to Richmond, the capital of the Southern Confederacy.

This charming month of May, a day of which had so recently been consecrated to the memory of the Vice-President of the Confederacy, had not ended when the funeral train bearing President Davis to his final resting place upon Virginia's sacred soil, passed through Georgia. The beautifully carved casket of antique oak was borne by a car whose sides were almost entirely of glass, the whole exquisitely decorated with flowers. When it entered our State, at every station on its route, fair women and sweet-faced children gathered to cast their floral offerings in its track.

It had been arranged that the car should stop a few hours in Atlanta and the remains lie in state in the Capitol. The funeral train was met at the depot by Gov. Northen—representing Georgia—all the military companies of the city, and several thousand people. The Confederate Veterans under the gallant General Clement A. Evans, had charge of the body while it remained in Atlanta. Tenderly they bore the casket from the car and placed it upon a caisson decorated with flowers and drawn by six fine gray horses, each led by a member of the Atlanta Artillery, dressed in gray uniform. The procession was one of the finest ever seen in our State. All business was suspended, and low, sad music was the only sound that broke the stillness as a loving people watched its progress to the Capitol. There the casket was placed in the rotunda upon a bier of fragrant flowers, where the Hill statue looked down upon it, and the sunlight softly kissed it.

As the thousands slowly passed through the Capitol to view the casket, numberless touching incidents occurred.

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“A woman in widow’s weeds, simply and poorly clad, as she passed the casket reached out a withered hand and patted it as lovingly and as tenderly as if it were a thing of life: ‘My husband was with him, you know,’ she said, apologetically, to a tall member of the Guard, while wiping her eyes with a pitiful little black-bordered handkerchief: and the Guard, instead of saying ‘Move on!’ as he did to the others, only turned away his head and appeared to have lost his voice.

“And the crowd continued to stream past, when another came through—a woman again: she stooped forward and reverently kissed the side of the casket as she murmured: ‘My brother loved him!’

“An old negro man and his wife paused for a moment before it, and he asked, hat in hand, if he could place at the foot of the casket the bunch of flowers he carried. Permission being given, he placed his humble offering among the costly exotics, and the Guard heard him say as he moved on: ‘Young master died for him, and he died brave!’

“A Georgia veteran threw one arm around a Confederate flag that was held by a South Carolina veteran over the heads of the passing throng, and pressed it to his heart, while with the other hand he touched the casket that held his chieftain.”

The multitude did not cease to file through the Capitol until the veterans took up their precious burden and slowly bore it out to the caisson to carry it back to the funeral train. Beautiful floral designs with attached cards, on which were written mottoes or verses, were sent from every part of the State to be taken to Richmond with the casket, and a special guard of honor accompanied it from Georgia,

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whose son, Gen. John B. Gordon, was the marshal of the day in the final ceremonies at Virginia's capital. As long as Georgians love civil liberty, so long will the name of Jefferson Davis be cherished in this great commonwealth!

* * * * *

What Georgia is to-day, in this year of grace, 1893, she owes to her own courage, energy, and favorable geographical position; a golden future awaits her, if young Georgians prove true to the principles and interests which they inherit. The infant colony planted by Oglethorpe in the wilderness, has grown to magnificent proportions; and no other equal space of the earth's surface surpasses it in all the elements of wealth, power and greatness. Her plighted faith has never been tarnished, and her benign government is founded on *Wisdom, Justice* and *Moderation*. Great is Georgia! grand in power and resources! The engine's ponderous tread, through sun-clad hills and stream-kissed valleys, bearing away the fruits of her looms and her orchards, her mineral and agricultural products, bespeaks her prosperity! She is great in the glory of her achievements, great in the historic records of her past, and sublime in her misfortunes! Rome had one Cornelia, Georgia had a thousand mothers of the Gracchi! As the sheaves of Jacob's sons bowed down to the sheaf of their younger brother, so great commonwealths bow to Georgia, hailing her as the EMPIRE STATE OF THE SOUTH.

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O, youth of Georgia, the honor of your State, her rights and her glory are in your hands! See to it, that you are faithful to the sacred trust that in the near future will be committed to your charge. See to it, that Georgia suffers no degeneration in your characters and in your lives, and struggle against the too utilitarian influences of this age.

The moral and political standard of Georgia, at present, is not equal to that set up and zealously guarded by our fathers. It is your highest obligation to restore the standard, and to transmit unimpaired the sentiments and characteristics of ante-bellum Georgia. Cherish a love for your State and keep a deep interest in all that belongs to her. Whatever lands her boundaries enclose should receive your love, for she spreads her broad aegis over every citizen, high or low, white or black. While you encourage the existence of national pride, never lose sight of our individuality as a State. A Georgian may boast of being the countryman of Washington, Jefferson and Lee, without losing the deeper recollection of being of the same State as McIntosh, Jackson, Milledge and Habersham; of Cobb, Stephens, Toombs and Bartow.

“ The red old hills of Georgia!
So bold and bare and bleak—
Their memory fills my spirit
With thoughts I cannot speak.
They have no robe of verdure,
Stript naked to the blast;
And yet of all the varied earth
I love them best at last.

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“ The red old hills of Georgia !
 My heart is on them now ;
Where, fed from golden streamlets,
 Oconee’s waters flow !
I love them with devotion,
 Though washed so bleak and bare—
How can my spirit e’er forget
 The warm hearts dwelling there ?

“ I love them for the living—
 The generous, kind and gay ;
And for the dead, who slumber
 Within their breasts of clay.
I love them for the bounty
 Which cheers the social hearth ;
I love them for the rosy girls—
 The fairest on the earth.

“ The red old hills of Georgia !
 Where, where upon the face
Of earth, is freedom’s spirit
 More bright in any race ?
In Switzerland and Scotland
 Each patriot breast it fills,
But sure it blazes brighter yet
 Among our Georgia hills !

“ And where upon their surface
 Is heart to feeling dead ?
And when has needy stranger
 Gone from those hills unfed ?
There, bravery and kindness
 For aye go hand in hand,
Upon your washed and naked hills,
 ‘ My own, my native land ! ’

“ The red old hills of Georgia !
 I never can forget ;
Amid life’s joys and sorrows,
 My heart is on them yet ;
And when my course is ended,
 When life her web has wove,
Oh ! may I then, beneath those hills,
 Lie close to them I love ! ”

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The liberty we now enjoy was won by the help of Georgians with the sword, with the pen, and with fiery words of eloquence in political assemblies. If there lives a Georgian with heart so dead that it swells not with pride when he hears the great names of Georgia's warriors, statesmen, and poets, may he go down to his grave "unwept, unhonored and unsung!"

Patriotism is a virtue that elevates character, leading men to right feeling and lofty sentiments. To claim kindred with the noble and great is in some degree to wish to be like them. To love our State should not be merely a matter of pride, or simply a sentiment, but a *principle*. May the burning words of Georgia's gifted son, Henry R. Jackson, find a quick response in the heart of each one of you: "I would that I had the power of presenting with the brevity which becomes an occasion like this, a worthy ideal of Georgia, the land of my love. But not as she lies upon the map, stretching from the mountains to the ocean, dear as she must be to her sons in all her varied features—in her mountains and her valleys, in her rivers and her cataracts, in her bare red hills, and her broad fields of rustling corn and of cotton snowy white, in her vast primeval forests, that call back in softer cadence the majestic music of the melancholy sea; and last, but not least, in our own beautiful but modest Savannah, smiling sweetly through her veil of perennial, and yet of diversified green.

"It is not the Georgia of the map I would invoke before you to-night. I would conjure up, if I could, the Georgia of the soul—majestic ideal of a sovereign State, at once the mother and the queen of a gallant people—Georgia as she first placed her foot upon these western shores and beckoned hitherward from the elder world the poor but the virtuous,

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the oppressed but the upright, the unfortunate but the honorable; adopting for herself a sentiment far nobler than all the armorial bearings of ‘starred and spangled courts, where low-born baseness wafts perfume to pride,’ taking for her escutcheon the sentiment, Poverty and Virtue! Toil and Be Honest!

“Next I would present you the Georgia who assumed to herself, in companionship with her sister colonies, the right to the exclusive exercise of original sovereign power, declaring and achieving her independence of the British Crown.

“And next the Georgia who through the lapse of nearly a century was illustrated in a Union of Confederated Sovereignties by the gallantry of her soldiers on the field of battle, by the wisdom of her statesmen in public council, by the virtue and self-abnegating devotion to the discharge of duty of her daughters in the modest seclusion of domestic life. And when I speak of her sons and daughters, I do not mean those simply who were born upon her bosom: I mean also, and I mean emphatically those who, like Crawford and Berrien, and Forsyth and Wilde, came to her from abroad, and added the rich bloom of their genius, learning and eloquence, to the pure wreath with which her children have enriched her regal brow—the only crown she cares to wear! I mean, also, and I mean emphatically, those like the distinguished commander of the gallant corps whose guests we are to-night (Capt. Wheaton, of the famous Chat-ham Artillery), who brought to her his whole heart, to plant it and to root it here: ever ready to take his place among the foremost in repelling her enemy, whether he came with streaming banners amid the thunders of war, or

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steals silently upon the poisoned currents of the midnight air.

“When ‘the winter of our discontent’ was resting heavily, gloomily upon us, at the holiest hour of the mysterious night, a vision of surpassing loveliness rose before me: Georgia, my native State, with manacled limbs and dishevelled locks, and tears streaming from weary eyes over a mangled form which she clasped, though with convulsed and fettered arms, to her bosom. And as I gazed, the features of the blood-stained soldier rapidly changed. First I saw Bartow, and then I saw Gallie, and then I saw Cobb; and there was Walker, and Willis, and Lamar; more rapid than light itself, successively flashed out the wan but intrepid faces of her countless scores of dying heroes; and she pressed them close to her bosom, and closer still, and yet more close until, behold, *she had pressed them all right into her heart!*”

“And quickly, as if it were in the twinkling of an eye, the fetters had fallen from her beautiful limbs, and the tears were dried upon her lovely cheeks, and the wonted fire had returned to her flashing eyes, and she was *all* of Georgia again; an equal among equals in a Union of Confederate Sovereignties. Yes! the Georgia of Oglethorpe, the Georgia of 1776, the Georgia of 1860, is the Georgia of to-day; is Georgia now, with her own peculiar memories, and her own peculiar hopes, her own historic and heroic names, and her own loyal sons and devoted daughters; rich in resources, intrepid in soul, defiant of wrong as ever she was.

“God save her! God save our liege Sovereign! God bless Georgia, our beloved Queen! God save our only Queen!”

THE END.



DEC 11 1933

